

MUSEUM

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

JUNE, 1832.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX.

It is a common panegyric among a certain coterie, upon any person whom they wish to honour as being fit for statesmanship, that he is a man who is equal to the times, or before the times; but in the case of the illustrious individual whose portrait graces the opposing page, although he is in the head and front of the movement, and at the top and bottom of the law,* it is very generally supposed that he is the man *behind* the *Times*; or, to drop mystification of all kinds, that his is the hand from which are discharged those articles, that atone by their lightning for the general heaviness of the thundering of Printing House Square.

The limits of our monthly page would not suffice to describe the multifarious avocations of the Journalist-Chancellor. On the wool-sack, leaping through cases, as Harlequin does through a hoop, without touching them, wonderful in agility and most dexterous in despatch, exciting the astonishment of the audience, and winning the tribute of a clap from the upper gallery of the press; in the House of Lords as droll as Punchinello, and about as dignified; in the *Edinburgh Review*, as airy as Jeffrey, and as deep as Mackintosh; in the *Times*, as oracular as a Stock Exchange reporter on the evening before settling day; at the Beefsteak Club as comical as he is in the House of Lords—great over a bottle, over a case, over a debate, over an article, it is impossible to say in which he is greatest; but truth compels us to lament that he had not originally turned his talents to the stage, for he certainly would have beaten Mathews out of the field in the versatility of the characters he could perform, and driven Yates into despair by the rapidity with which he altered his dresses.

* It is a fact, that the highest situation of the law, i. e. of Lord Chancellor, and the lowest which a gentleman can hold, that of Sergeant-at-Arms to the Court of Exchequer, are held at the same time by Lord Brougham.

Museum.—Vol. XX.

Our artist has taken him in the act of writing a leading article. He has, as it were, caught him in the *maner*. The hour is three—just in time for the latest touch for the morning,—the subject, in all probability, some abuse of Lord Grey (a favourite topic), under cover of a seeming panegyric. Perhaps it may be some of that simulated censure of himself, which is intended to throw a doubt upon the authorship; but when we look upon the eager eye, the relaxed wig, the flung-aside gown, the whole air full of grimace and grog, it strikes us that abuse of the venerable senior, as he calls him, who is now nepotising at the head of affairs, is the staple commodity which is flowing full and fast from his nimble and caustic pen.

And why should he not despise the imbecile congregation of idiots, on whose shoulders he pranced into Chancery, firmly holding the animals whose backs he bestrode by their elongated ears? They are his property—his own natural prey—and he is free to make *game* of them, especially since the new bill has put an end to the sin of poaching. We cannot conceive Brougham *ratting*. He may leave the set to whom he is now attached, but it will be much more in the character of a cat than a rat—he will not depart without showing that he possesses talons, which can turn upon the hand that patted him, and under whose smoothing pressure he had so long purred in hypocritical murmurings. The time is, we imagine, not far distant, when his bounce is to be taken, and his colleagues find themselves unable to keep him by the tail.

He has declared himself born in St. Andrew Square, in Edinburgh; others assign him a humbler birth-place in the Cowgate. To us, who consider all parts of Edinburgh perfectly equal in respectability, the controversy is of the smallest possible importance; but it is of more moment to decide what are his merits as a Chancellor and a statesman. The bar are rather hostile to his pretensions in the former character; but commend us to the cautious observation of the gentleman in parliament, who said that he would answer

that question categorically, if he were asked, at the end of fifty years,—but not before. His despatch, at all events, is undoubted. We may imitate the epigram on More, and say that such a brooming out of suits in Chancery is not to be expected "till a Brougham comes there again"—whether it is a *clean* sweeping, is a different question.

As a statesman,—but we fear the opinion of *Fraser's Magazine* on that point would be listened to with suspicion. So we leave him to his leader.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

AMERICAN POETRY.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

If it be seldom safe for one man to dislike, despise, or disparage another, it must always be dangerous for one nation so to regard or judge another nation, since the causes are then more numerous, and also more subtle in their workings, by which both feeling and reason may be perniciously biassed, in the formation of sentiments permanently cherished by people towards people, state towards state.

It is hard to know one's own heart, scarcely possible to know another's; and yet how rash are we, one and all, in attributing characters to individuals on imperfect knowledge even of their outward lives, in utter ignorance of their inner spirits! From certain circumstances in which we suppose we see them placed, but without understanding what produced that condition, and from a certain course of conduct which we suppose that we perceive them to pursue, but without any acquaintance with their multifarious motives, we too often confidently pass sentence on their duties and deserts, classing them in different orders of moral and intellectual worth, as we vainly believe, too, according to the commands of our conscience. But conscience, though stern and unrelenting in self-judgment, is not so when seeking to see into the impulses of the souls of our brethren; and is then indeed the sister of charity. She tells us to be less wary in bestowing our praise than our blame, our love than our hate, and that in the light of good-will we shall ever most clearly see the truth.

A very moderate experience, if accompanied with very moderate reflection, might suffice, one would think, to show us that we cannot otherwise be just. A holy caution is indeed one of the most conspicuous characteristics of that feeling and faculty within us that judges right and wrong; and we must not grant to "well-meaning people," as the weak and narrow-minded are too often called, the privilege of trying, and testing and deciding all human conduct by reference solely to what may happen to be the habitual prejudices and bigotries of their own understand-

ings, uninstructed and unenlightened by that large, that universal sympathy, without which there can be neither virtue nor wisdom.

Such errors, however, pass unheeded by, often with little visible injury done, in the narrow circles of private life, haunted, as they are, by too many foolish fancies and absurd surmises, whispered in the idle and empty talk of that confidential gossiping, which, not contented with the imaginary evil it condemns, is restless till it has created a seeming reality out of mere report, and infused perhaps a drop of pestilential poison into the otherwise harmless air of rumour, that circles round the dwelling of unsuspecting innocence.

How much wilful misunderstanding and misrepresentation of character and conduct do we see and hear every day, in the case of different professions! The soldier thinks the clergyman a hypocrite, because he wears a black coat; and the clergyman thinks the soldier a profligate, because he wears a red one; the cloth is thought to colour the character even to the very eye; and there is a mutual repulsion between those who by nature may be kindred and congenial spirits.

A more commonplace observation than the above, never trickled from grey-goose quill; and on that account we let it trickle from ours; for extend the spirit of it from trades and professions, each of which hangs together like a small commonwealth, and is composed of a peculiar people, to kingdoms separated by seas, and each swarming with its own life, and then you will find mighty nations regarding each other with just the same sort of feelings; millions, when leagued together under different laws and institutions, as blindly and senselessly ignorant of other millions, as Mrs. Grundy of the real character of Mrs. Tomkins.

It is right that every people should have its own national character, and the more strongly marked the better, for in such separation there is strength. But it is also right that each people should have large sympathies with the national character of all the rest. We speak of the good or the great;—and all are either the one or the other, who, with some vices, possess any strong and distinguishing virtues. But to have such large sympathies, there must be knowledge, and to have knowledge, we must scatter to the winds that visit us from afar, all such of our home-born and home-bred prejudices and bigotries as blind us to the perception of the same qualities in which we find our own pride and delight, when they exist in novel forms and combinations and habits in the character of the natives of other isles or continents, whether of alien, or of our own blood. * If alien, to do so may be more difficult; if our own, not to do so is more mean—or base—or wicked, and now we are brought to the point—shall English-

men and Scotchmen suffer themselves to be divided in soul, more than by seas, from their brethren the Americans—by the sullen swell or angry billows of animosity and hatred, more perilous far than all the storms that sweep the bosom of the wide Atlantic?

We are the children of one mother. Not merely of old mother Earth, though in all cases that consideration should be sufficient to inspire mutual love into the hearts of her offspring; but of the Island of the Enlightened Free: and never shall we believe that great nations can help loving one another, who exult in the glory of the same origin. Many passions may burn in their hearts, as they follow the career assigned them by fate, that shall seem to set them at war. Jealously may they regard one another in the pride of their ambition. Should their mightier interests clash, fierce will be the conflict. But if these may be pursued and preserved in peace, there will be a grandeur in the guarded calm with which they regard each other's power; and mutual pride, we may be well assured, in mutual prosperity. They—our colonists—thought themselves oppressed, enslaved, and they resolved to be free. We resolved to put them down as rebels. We fought and—they conquered. We were met by our own might—and need Old England be ashamed that New England triumphed? They grudged not afterwards—though they must have envied—our victories over our and Europe's foes, at Trafalgar, Talavera, and Waterloo. Ask them, the Americans, what nation of the Old World they love best, and that stands highest in their proud esteem? The nation from whose loins they sprung. Alfred, Bruce, and Washington, were our three great deliverers.

There is great grandeur in the origin of the civil polity of the Americans—in its sudden and strong establishment; and it is destined, we doubt not, to long duration, and a vast accumulation of power—a boundless empire.

The growth of the human race, in the course of nature, shows us first a family, then a tribe consisting of many kindred families, then a nation consisting of many kindred tribes. We find in the world several nations spread to a considerable extent by this natural diffusion; but in that case, the degree of union among the different tribes seems very loose, and not sufficient to prevent internal wars. Thus in Europe, in its primitive state, the Celtic, the German, and the Slavonic nations, have extended to great numbers, occupying wide countries; and the old remembrances of consanguinity, marked in speech, and in external appearance, with some community of usages, has maintained a loose union among them. In Asia, some of the great Tartar nations, and the Arabs also, offer similar examples, having remained till this day free from admixture of blood. These show how the traces of the primitive origina-

tion of political society may remain indelibly impressed upon it, through the longest succession of time.

But to form larger, and yet strongly cemented states, other principles have been necessary, and have been employed by nature—chiefly these two, voluntary Confederacy under a common head, and Conquest.

Of the permanent states, that have been formed at any time by voluntary Confederacy, the examples are not numerous, though some of them are not without splendour in the history of the world. In Italy, the Etrurian state appears to have been so formed, and it made great progress in early civilization. Its union, too, was of considerable duration. Among the Greeks we find different occasional leagues, but none that could be called durable, except the union of the twelve Ionic cities in Asiatic Greece, a defensive league which was managed by a diet of deputies from the different towns. This, however, could not be said to constitute a state or community, since each remained governed by its own independent laws. The Amphictyonic Council, in which the delegates of the principal states of Greece itself met to deliberate on questions of common interest, may indeed be considered as such a union, but of an imperfect kind. It showed a tendency to such combination, and how strongly the sense of a certain natural bond of union remains among those who still retain in language and usages the evidence of ancient consanguinity, since Greece, split into a hundred states, and divided by restless and fierce hostilities, still acknowledged herself as one whole; still revered that union which had been indelibly impressed upon her by the hand of nature. Among the leagues formed for temporary purposes, but which still bear evidence to the strongly-felt recognition of a natural union not to be abolished, must not be forgotten that which guarded her liberty and her rising glories, and which, alike by its own heroic splendour, and by the great deliverance it wrought, can never be separated from the remembrance of her deathless renown,—that warlike league of peace which purified with the blood of her invaders the soil which their feet had polluted, when the spear of liberty daunted barbaric hosts, and earth and sea, spread with the slain of his routed nations, justified the prophetic tears of the Persian king.

In modern Europe there are some instances of such unions by voluntary compact, which are remarkable as having given birth to states firmly knit, and of long endurance; though not of great magnitude. Such was the Confederacy of the Cantons of Switzerland; a league, in the first instance, of defence and deliverance, and which for centuries was as sacredly maintained, as it was heroically begun. The State of the United Provinces was such a league; giving rise to a well cemented political community, which, on dif-

ferent accounts, has made itself a name among the nations of Europe. The Empire of Germany is to be considered as the most illustrious example known to us of such an union; yet its history shows that that union, as it was more extended, was less strong. But look now at that part of America which was colonized from this country, offering a magnificent instance, to be distinguished from all others, of a defensive league terminating in the establishment of a glorious confederated State. If it should be able permanently to maintain its union, (which we do not doubt,) it will show that, in advanced civilization, it is possible for man to effect by deliberate political prudence that object, which, in early ages, nature has accomplished by far more violent means, of which the most cruel is conquest,—the establishment of extensive and well-united States.

That a great nation thus arising should have established a very different form of government indeed, from that under which its "Pilgrim Fathers" and their ancestors had lived, was inevitable; and much modified, doubtless, must now be the original European character of the race by the influence of the spirit of all its new institutions. But its essence is the same; and the freedom enjoyed by the citizens of that young Republic is to our eyes nearly identical with that in which we have so long gloried with permitted pride under an old Monarchy. Ours may be violently destroyed by sudden revolution; theirs may by slower change be gradually subdued; but true patriots in both great lands would be equally averse, we think, to dismissal from remembrance the manner in which arose each majestic edifice of power, and fear that any other innovation than that of nature and time might prove, in the event, irremediable ruin and total overthrow.

The Americans wonder, we know, at the infatuation of our rulers; nor, devoted as they are to their own form of government, can the more enlightened and generous among them help feeling sorrow to see the danger that threatens ours. This conviction, which they have not hesitated to confess, proves their sympathy with our love and pride in our own constitution, and that there is a community of highest feeling, in spite of the opposite nature of our politics, among the most enlightened lovers of their country, on the opposite shores of the Atlantic, on whose waters now meet in amity their saluting sails. May that amity be never broken nor disturbed; and by what other means may it be so strongly and sacredly preserved and secured, as by the mutual interchange and encouragement of all those pure and high thoughts—those "fancies chaste and noble," which genius brings to light into one common literature, eloquent in the same speech that, for so many centuries, has been made glorious by the loftiest conceptions of the greatest of

the children of men? No treaties of peace so sacred as those ratified in a common tongue; and the tongue we speak, already known more widely over the world than any other, (we do not include the Chinese,) is manifestly destined to communicate Christianity to the uttermost parts of the earth.

The treasures of our literature have been widely spread, and are every year spreading more widely over America; and theirs is winning its way among us, and indeed all over Europe. It is delightful to see how the spirit of ours is every where interused through theirs, without overpowering that originality of thought and sentiment which must belong to the mind of a young people, but which, among those who own a common origin, is felt rather by indescribable differences in the cast and colour of the imagery employed, than discerned in any peculiar forms or moulds in which the compositions are cast.

In political, in moral, and in physical science, the Americans have done as much as could have been reasonably expected from a people earnestly engaged, with all their powers and passions, in constituting themselves into one of the great communities of civilized men. Of every other people the progress has been slow to any considerable height of power and extent of dominion; and imagination accompanying them all the way from obscurity to splendour, a literature has always grown up along with their growing strength, and sometimes its excellence has been consummate, before the character of their civil polity had been consolidated, or settled down into the steadfastness belonging to the maturity of its might. But soon as her limbs were free to move obedient to her own will alone, America was at once a great country; there are no great and distant eras in her history, all connected together by traditionary memories embalmed in the voice of song. Her poets had to succeed her statesmen, and her orators, and her warriors; and their reign is only about to begin. The records of the nation are short but bright; and their destinies must be farther unrolled by time, ere bards be born to consecrate, in lyric or epic poetry, the events imagination loves. Now, her poets must be inspired by Hope rather than by Memory, who was held of old to be Mother of the Muses. They must look forward to the future, not backward to the past; and the soul of genius from that mystic clime may be met by the airs of inspiration. True, that the history of the human race lies open before them, as before the poets of other lands; but genius always begins with its native soil, and draws from it its peculiar character. Most of Sir Walter's immortal romances regard his own country—Wordsworth could have been born only in England. His Sonnets to Liberty are all over English, though they celebrate her virtues and her triumphs in all lands; his Ecclesiastical Sonnets could only

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have been breathed by a spirit made holy alike by the humble calm of the chapel not much larger than a Bowderstone, like that of Wasidale, and by the lofty awe of such a cathedral as that of Salisbury, or of York Minster itself, by twilight obscurely glimmering like some mysterious mountain. Genius, in America, must keep to America, to achieve any great work. Cooper has done so, and taken his place among the most powerful of the imaginative spirits of the age. Washington Irving did so in early life, and was likewise eminently successful, because intensely national. His later works are beautiful, but they are English; and the pictures they contain cannot stand beside those drawn of English scenery, character, and manners, by our great native artists, without an uncertain faintness seeming to steal over them, that impairs their effect, by giving them the air, if not of copies, of imitations. "Yet that not much;" for Washington Irving, as he thinks and feels, so does he write, more like us than we could have thought it possible an American should do, while his fine natural genius preserves in a great measure his originality, even when he deals with, to him, foreign themes, and treats them after an adopted fashion, that had been set by our own two most natural prose-writers, Addison and Goldsmith.

We shall ere long have other opportunities of speaking about the genius of the Americans; meanwhile, we turn our attention to the productions of Bryant, who has for a good many years been one of their most admired poets. Many of them have appeared at various times in periodical publications; and now collected together for the first time by Washington Irving, (it is delightful to see such service done by one man of genius to another,) they make a most interesting volume. "They appear to me," says the amiable editor, "to belong to the best school of English poetry, and to be entitled to rank among the highest of their class. The British public has already expressed its delight at the graphic descriptions of American scenery and wild woodland characters, contained in the works of our national novelist, Cooper. The same keen eye and just feeling for nature, the same indigenous style of thinking, and local peculiarity of imagery, which give such novelty and interest to the pages of that gifted writer, will be found to characterise this volume, condensed into a narrower compass, and sublimated into poetry."

To the American scenery and woodland characters, then, let us first of all turn; and while here we find much to please, we must strongly express our dissent from Mr. Irving's opinion, that in such delineations Bryant is equal to Cooper. He may be as true to nature, as far as he goes; but Cooper's pictures are infinitely richer "in local peculiarity of imagery;" and in "indigenous

style of thinking," too, the advantage lies with the novelist. But Bryant is never extravagant, which Cooper often is, who too frequently mars by gross exaggeration the effect of his pictures of external nature. The poet appears to be "a man of milder mood" than the romancer; and of finer taste. But there is nothing in the whole volume comparable in original power to many descriptions in the *Prairie* and the *Spy*. Neither do we approve the unconsidered praise implied in the somewhat pedantic expressions, "condensed into a narrower compass, and sublimated into poetry." None of these poems are long; but condensation is not by any means their distinguishing merit, especially of the descriptive passages; we see much simplicity, but no sublimation; and to us the chief charm of Bryant's genius consists in a tender pensiveness, a moral melancholy, breathing over all his contemplations, dreams, and reveries, even such as in the main are glad, and giving assurance of a pure spirit, benevolent to all living creatures, and habitually pious in the felt omnipresence of the Creator. His poetry overflows with natural religion—with what Wordsworth calls the "religion of the woods."

This reverential awe of the Invisible pervades the verses entitled "Thanatopsis" and "Forest Hymn," imparting to them a sweet solemnity which must affect all thinking hearts. There is little that is original either in the imagery of the "Forest Hymn," or in its language; but the sentiment is simple, natural, and sustained; and the close is beautiful. The one idea is that "the groves were God's first temples," and might have been solemnly illustrated; but there is not a single majestic line, and the imagination, hoping to be elevated by the hymn of the high-priest, at times feels languor in the elaborate worship. This, however, is very good:—

"Father! thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look
down
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy
breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-living
crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and
died
Among their branches, till at last they stood,
As now they stand, massive and tall and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker.

We said the sentiment was well sustained; but not in every part; nor do we hesitate to affirm that the lines immediately following "have no business there."

"No silks
Rustle, nor jewels shine, nor envious eyes
Encounter!"

Such sarcastic suggestions jar and grate; and it would please us much to see that they were omitted in a new edition. The grandeur of the grove temple, and the sincerity of the grove worship, needed not such paltry contrasts to make them impressive.

Had the poet's soul been possessed, as it ought to have been, by the "stilly twilight of the place," his visions had been sacred from such intrusion. But it is restored to a deepening sense of all the surrounding and overhanging solemnities—and breathes "here is continual worship!"

"Nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that 'midst its
herbs

Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and
grace,

Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—
By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated."

Again, to us the solemn strain is miserably
marred by an unhappy—and at such a time
we must think an unnatural allusion.

"Not a prince
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him!"

Can an American Republican not forget his
scorn of European kings even in the living
temple of God, embowered before his imagi-
nation in the bosom of the wilderness? But
the piety of the poet prevails over his politi-
cs the very next moment—and he beauti-
fully says,

"Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest-flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe."

The hymn then expresses the awe of the
singer's heart when he thinks of the great
miracle that still goes on in silence round him
—the perpetual work of creation, finished,
yet renewed for ever! And after some con-
genial reflections, and the expression of his
religious fear when God "sets on fire the
heavens with falling thunderbolts," a fear
which is very finely conceived stealing in
from afar upon the hush, he thus concludes
his "Forest Hymn," which—though very
good—might have been of "a higher mood."
Compare it with the "Lines on revisiting the
river Wye," by that great poet whom Mr.
Bryant wisely venerates, (composed we be-

lieve in early manhood,) and it will be felt,
perhaps, that Mr. Irving rashly says that his
friend's poems are entitled to "rank among
the highest of their class in the best school of
English Poetry." The close of the hymn,
we said, is beautiful.

"Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate
In these calm shades thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives!"

"Thanatopsis," ('tis a Greek compound,
English reader,) both in conception and exe-
cution, is more original; and we quote it en-
tire, as a noble example of true poetical en-
thusiasm. It alone would establish the au-
thor's claim to the honours of genius.

"To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When
thoughts

Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow
house,

Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart—
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings; while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice. Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course: nor yet in the cold ground
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourish'd thee shall
claim

Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements—
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude
swain

Turns with his share, and treads upon. The
oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy
mould;

Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with
kings,

The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good—
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past—
All in one mighty sepulchre! The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between—
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, pour'd
round all,

Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
 Are but the solemn decorations all
 Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes
 That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
 Of morning and the Barcan desert pierce,
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
 Save his own dashings; yet the dead are there,
 And millions in those solitudes, since first
 The flight of years began, have laid them down
 In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
 So shalt thou rest. And what if thou shalt fall
 Unheeded by the living, and no friend
 Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of Care
 Plod on, and each one as before will chase
 His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come

And make their bed with thee. As the long
 train
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes

In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
 And the sweet babe, and the grey-headed
 man—

Shall one by one be gather'd to thy side
 By those who in their turn shall follow them.
 So live, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan that moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to thy dungeon: but, sustained and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Would that some of the best American
 landscape painters would send us over some
 of their best pictures, that we, who we fear
 must never cross the Atlantic, might see with
 our bodily eyes shadows of the scenery of the
 New World! Is it superior in aught but trees
 to our own Highlands? They are not inferior
 in power to any other Alps. Bryant makes
 rare and little mention of mountains; nor in
 his descriptive poetry is there often the sound
 of cataracts. He makes not much even of
 "those great rivers, great as any seas," up one
 of which Coleridge makes his wild Leoni sail
 "to live and die among the savage men;" nor
 does he sketch out before our gaze the green,
 wide, interminable savannahs. But he makes
 us feel with himself the profound stillness—
 the utter solitude, of the bright and the hoary
 Forests, where youth and old—all gigantic—
 mingle in life, in growth, decay, and death,
 as if alien in their own ancient reign from
 every thing appertaining, however remotely,
 to the race of man. Uninvaded regions of
 mighty nature—yet cheerful with the songs

of birds, the hum of bees, the chirp of the
 squirrel, and brightened with ground-flowers
 that "soften the severe sojourn" with the pre-
 sence of the beautiful.

It is indeed in the beautiful that the genius
 of Bryant finds its prime delight. He ensouls
 all dead insensate things, in that deep and deli-
 cate sense of their seeming life, in which
 they breathe and smile before the eyes "that
 love all they look upon," and thus there is
 animation and enjoyment in the heart of the
 solitude. Here are some lines breathing a
 woodland and (you will understand us) a
 Wordsworthian feeling: while we read them,
 as Burns says, "our hearts rejoice in nature's
 joy," and in our serene sympathy, we love the
 poet.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE ENTRANCE TO A WOOD.

Stranger, if thou hast learnt a truth which
 needs

No school of long experience, that the world
 If full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
 Enough of all its sorrows, crimes, and cares,
 To tire thee of it—enter this wild wood
 And view the haunts of Nature. The calm
 shade

Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze
 That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft
 a balm

To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here
 Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men,
 And made thee loathe thy life. The primal
 curse

Fell, it is true, upon the unsmiling earth,
 But not in vengeance. God hath yoked to
 guilt

Her pale tormentor, misery. Hence these
 shades

Are still the abodes of gladness, the thick roof
 Of green and stirring branches is alive
 And musical with birds, that sing and sport
 In wantonness of spirit; while below
 The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,
 Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the
 shade

Try their thin wings, and dance in the warm
 beam

That waked them into life. Even the green
 trees

Partake the deep contentment; as they bend
 To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
 Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.
 Scarce less the cliff-born wild-flower seems to
 enjoy

Existence, than the winged plunderer
 That sucks its sweets. The massy rocks them-
 selves,

And the old and ponderous trunks of prostrate
 trees

That lead from knoll to knoll, a causeway rude,
 Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark
 roots,

With all their earth upon them, twisting high,
 Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet
 Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its
 bed

Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
 Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice
 In its own being. Softly tread the marge,

Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren

That dips her bill in water. The cool wind,
That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee,
Like one that loves thee, nor will let thee pass
Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace.

There are other three pieces in blank verse (which Mr. Bryant writes well—better, as far as we know, than any other American poet,) “Monument Mountain,” “a Winter Piece,” and the “Conjunction of Jupiter and Venus.” The “Winter Piece,” we think the best—and it reminds us—though ‘tis no imitation—of Cowper. Here is a splendid picture:

Come when the rains
Have glaz’d the snow, and cloth’d the trees
With ice,

While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach!
The incrusted surface shall upbear thy steps,
And the broad arching portals of the grove
Welcome thee entering. Look! the massy
trunks

Are cased in the pure crystal; each light
spray,

Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,
Is studded with its trembling water-drops,
That stream with rainbow radiance as they
move.

But round the parent stem the long low boughs
Bend in a glittering ring, and arbours hide
The grassy floor. Oh! you might deem the
spot,

The spacious cavern of the virgin mine,
Deep in the womb of earth—where the gems
grow,

And diamonds put forth radiant rods, and bud
With amethyst and topaz—and the place
Lit up most royally, with the pure beam
That dwells in them. Or haply the vast hall
Of fairy palace, that outlasts the night,
And fades not in the glory of the sun;—
Where crystal columns send forth slender
shafts

And crossing arches; and fantastic aisles
Wind from the sight in brightness, and are lost
Among the crowded pillars. Raise thine eye,—
Thou seest no cavern roof, no palace vault;
There the blue sky and the white drifting
cloud

Look in. Again the wildered fancy dreams
Of spouting fountains, frozen as they rose,
And fixed, with all their branching jets, in air,
And all their sluices sealed. All, all is light—
Light without shade. But all shall pass away
With the next sun. From numberless vast
trunks

Loosened, the crashing ice shall make a sound
Like the far roar of rivers, and the eve
Shall close o’er the brown woods as it was
wont.

We have quoted much that is beautiful; but do our readers find in it many “graphic descriptions of American scenery”—much “indigenous style of thinking, and local peculiarity of imagery,” “condensed into a narrow compass, and sublimated into poetry?” It seems to us that by leaving out a very few

allusions to objects living or dead, not native with us, it might be read to any familiar lover of nature, without his imagination being moved to leave the British isles, and fly to America. We have no right to complain that Mr. Bryant has presented us with such poetry—for much of it is exquisite; but is the scenery it paints as American as the scenery of the Task is English—and of the Seasons Scottish? If it be—then there is little difference between the character of the Old World’s aspect and of the New. But we feel that there is much difference—and that distinctive—while we are reading the novels of Cooper.

Be this as it may, there are sprinkled all over this volume felicitous lines, and half lines, and epithets, that, independently of the general fidelity and feeling of his descriptions, show that Bryant has learned—

“To muse on nature with a poet’s eye.”

Not a few such are to be seen in the passages already quoted—and here are some charming instances.

“Lodged in sunny cleft
Where the cold breezes come not, blooms alone
The little wind-flower, whose just opened eye
Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at,
Startling the loiterer in the naked groves
With unexpected beauty, for the time
Of blossoms and green leaves is yet afar.”

“Thou shalt look
Upon the green and rolling forest top,
And down into the secrets of the glens,
And streams that in their bordering thickets
strive
To hide their windings.”

— “to lay thine ear
Over the dizzy depth, and hear the sound
Of winds that struggle with the woods below,
Borne up like ocean murmurs.”

“All is silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Settling on the rich flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing.”

“Lo! where the grassy meadow runs in waves!”

“A thousand flowers
By the road side, and the borders of the brook,
Nod gaily to each other.”

(In the Sudden Wind.)

“On thy soft breath the new-fledged bird
Takes wing, half happy, half afraid.”

“Lo! their orbs burn more bright,
And shake out softer fires.”
(Jupiter and Venus.)

“Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look though its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if there were let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.”
(To the Fringed Gentian.)

These are a few specimens; but there are scores of others that show the observant eye

and the sensitive soul of the poetic lover of nature.

But there is much poetry in this volume of a kind that, to many minds, will be more affecting than any thing we have yet quoted—for it relates to the sons of the soil, whose races are now so sadly thinned, and as civilization keeps hewing its way towards the shores of other seas, will at last be entirely extinct—the Red Men of the Woods. Fine mention is made of them in the "Ages," the largest, but by no means the best poem in the collection. It contains, however, these stanzas:—

Late, from this western shore, that morning
chased
The deep and ancient night, that threw its
shroud
O'er the green land of groves, the beautiful
waste,
Nurse of full streams, and lifter-up of proud
Sky-mingling mountains that o'erlook the
cloud.
Erewhile, where yon gay spires their bright-
ness rear,
Trees waved, and the brown hunter's shouts
were loud
Amid the forest; and the bounding deer
Fled at the glancing plume, and the gaunt wolf
yelled near.

And where his willing waves yon bright blue
bay
Sends up, to kiss his decorated brim,
And cradles in his soft embrace the gay
Young group of grassy islands born of him,
And, crowding nigh, or in the distance dim,
Lifts the white throng of sails, that bear or
bring
The commerce of the world; with tawny
limb
And belt and beads in sunlight glistening,
The savage urged his skiff like wild bird on the
wing.

Then, all this youthful paradise around,
And all the broad and boundless mainland,
lay [ed
Cooled by the interminable wood, that frown-
O'er mount and vale, where never summer-
ray
Glanced, till the strong tornado broke his
way
Through the gray giants of the sylvan wild;
Yet many a sheltered glade, with blossoms
gay,
Beneath the showery sky and sunshine mild,
Within the shaggy arms of that dark forest
smiled.

There stood the Indian hamlet—there the
lake
Spread its blue sheet that flashed with many
an oar,
Where the brown otter plunged him from the
brake
And the deer drank; as the light gale flew
o'er,
The twinkling maize field rustled on the
shore!
And while that spot, so wild, and lone, and
fair,

A look of glad and innocent beauty wore,
And peace was on the earth and in the air,
The warrior lit the pile, and bound his captive
there:

Not unavenged. The foeman, from the wood,
Beheld the deed; and when the midnight
shade

Was stillest, gorged his battle axe with blood.
All died—the wailing babe, the shrieking
maid—

And in the flood of fire that scathed the glade,
The roofs went down, but deep the silence
grew.

When on the dewy woods the day beam
played;
No more the cabin smokes rose wreath'd and
blue,

And ever by their lake lay moored the light
canoe.

Look now abroad—another race has filled
These populous borders—wide the wood re-
cedes,

And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are
tilled;

The land is full of harvests and green meads;
Streams numberless, that many a fountain
feeds,

Shine disembowered, and give to sun and
breeze

Their virgin waters; the full region leads
New colonies forth, that toward the western
seas

Spread, like a rapid flame among the autumnal
trees.

Here the free spirit of mankind at length,
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall
place

A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race?
Far, like the comet's way through infinite
space,

Stretches the long untravell'd path of light
Into the depths of ages; we may trace,
Distant, the brightening glory of its flight,
Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.

The mind of the poet kindles, and right-
ly, at the prophetic visions of his country's
boundless dominion, thick peopled through
cultivated regions laid open to all the light of
heaven, and sheltering in the "horrid shades
forlorn," the last remnants of the aboriginal
hunter and warrior tribes. There is much of
sadness, but far more of joy, in the prospect
of the various and boundless provisions and
processes by which nature raises up the com-
plicated structures of civilized life as her wil-
dernesses fade before its march, and their in-
habitants pine away and perish. For look at
the numbers of a savage race, where a few
families or tribes occupy a wilderness for their
supply of game, and compare with it the
thronging population of some small spot
where the arts of civilized life are highly ad-
vanced. The savage race is often noble; and
when we contemplate the magnificence of the
mighty deserts which nature has spread out
for his paths, her mountains or her forests,

one might imagine that she loved her proud lonely son, roving in his unmolested solitudes. But we look at the course she has given to the world, and we see that she seems impatient of stretching out her ample domains for a few possessors. The nations of the earth advance incessantly from a rude to a cultivated state; and where the savage remains unaltered from age to age, in immutable barbarism, she sends her civilized children to dispossess him of the earth he has not known how to use, to thin his numbers, to lay waste the glory of her majestic reign, and to people and till her wildernesses. The first rude tribes that occupy a country, seem merely to have advanced one step in winning it from the wild beasts, and to hold it over for civilized man. Till he has ploughed his fields, and built his cities, and unfolded his arts, the land does not seem properly occupied by man. Then intellect awakens to its various works. Science and art arise, and the more complicated condition of life itself becomes the subject of thought. The moral nature of the species is unfolded—his manifold affections rise and spread—all the charities of life assume a higher tone—the altars and the temples of the gods are reared—war no longer burns around every dwelling—death hovers no more on sanguinary wings round every head—peace covers the land far and wide—and the soul undisturbed expands all its heaven-aspiring affections. The laws themselves of great states confirm their morality; and only as he is gradually formed under such institutions does man appear a moral being. How different is he who sat at his bloody feast, rioting with his comrades in the drunkenness of savage victory, and he who in the serenity of civilization, thoughtful and mild, maintains the blameless majesty of private life!

Yet even when surveying such changes as these, the spirit will often indulge in melancholy and almost regretful dreams of the wild life that has passed away, ennobled by the colouring and moulding of imagination far beyond the truth, till in the dead it beholds a race of heroes. In such a mood the following fine lines must have been composed—nor are they false to the nature which they adorn and dignify in the dust.

THE DISINTERRED WARRIOR.

Gather him to his grave again,
And solemnly and softly lay,
Beneath the verdure of the plain,
The warrior's scattered bones away.
Pay the deep reverence, taught of old,
The homage of man's heart to death;
Nor dare to trifle with the mould
Once hallowed by the Almighty's breath.

The soul hath quickened every part—
That remnant of a martial brow,
Those ribs that held the mighty heart,
That strong arm—strong no longer now.
Spare them, each mouldering relic spare,
Of God's own image; let them rest,

Till not a trace shall speak of where
The awful likeness was impest.

For he was fresher from the hand
That formed of earth the human face,
And to the elements did stand
In nearer kindred than our race.
In many a flood to madness tost,
In many a storm has been his path;
He hid him not from heat or frost,
But met them and defied their wrath.

Then they were kind—the forests here,
Rivers and stiller waters paid
A tribute to the net and spear
Of the red ruler of the shade.
Fruits on the woodland branches lay,
Roots in the shaded soil below,
The stars looked forth to teach his way,
The still earth warned him of the foe.

A noble race, but they are gone,
With their old forests wide and deep,
And we have built our homes upon
Fields where their generations sleep.
Their fountains slake our thirst at noon,
Upon their fields our harvest waves,
Our lovers woo beneath their moon—
Ah, let us spare at least their graves!

Perhaps the verses that follow are still finer—and we feel their pathos the more at this moment, from having just read in that most interesting new work, M'Gregor's *Northern America*, a vindication of the Indian character, as it is still seen in Canada. The remnant of the Indian tribes scattered over the Canadas, he tells us, exhibit a state of deplorable wretchedness. But a North American Indian, except when maddened or stupified by the liquors introduced by the Europeans, is the most dignified person in the world. He is never awkward, never abashed, nor ever ill-bred or abusive. The grave, dignified, taciturn, yet when occasion requires, elegant gentleman of nature, has never been properly respected by Europeans, and least of all by the English, who, to our disgrace, have on almost all occasions treated with contempt "the Stoic of the woods, the man without a tear." The proud heart of the Indian, deprived of his fine country, the forests of which once afforded him abundant game, and in the rivers of which he alone fished, rather than submit to the degradation of working for the robbers who now despise his race, pines in silent anguish, while he beholds the melting away of his tribe amidst the encroachments of Europeans. So far the excellent M'Gregor, in a work, the spirit of which may be estimated by such sentiments, and now for Bryant, who puts the expression of the same feelings into the lips of an

INDIAN AT THE BURYING-PLACE OF HIS FATHERS.

It is the spot I came to seek,—
My father's ancient burial-place,
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
Withdrew our wasted race.

It is the spot—I know it well—
Of which our old traditions tell.

For here the upland bank sends out
A ridge towards the river side;
I know the shaggy hills about,
The meadows smooth and wide;
The plains, that towards the summer sky
Fenced east and west by mountains lie.

A white man, gazing on the scene,
Would say a lovely spot was here,
And praise the lawns so fresh and green
Between the hills so sheer.
I like it not—I would the plain
Lay in its tall old groves again.

The sheep are on the slopes around,
The cattle in the meadows feed,
And labourers turn the crumbling ground,
Or drop the yellow seed,
And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,
Whirl the bright chariot o'er the way.

Methinks it were a nobler sight
To see these vales in woods array'd,
Their summits in the golden light,
Their trunks in grateful shade;
And herds of deer, that bounding go
O'er rills and prostrate trees below.

And then to mark the lord of all,
The forest hero, trained to wars,
Quivered and plumed, and lithe and tall,
And seamed with glorious scars,
Walk forth, amid his reign, to dare
The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

This bank, in which the dead were laid,
Was sacred when its soil was ours;
Hither the artless Indian maid
Brought wreaths of beads and flowers,
And the gray chief and gifted seer
Worshipped the God of thunders here.

But now the wheat is green and high
On clods that hid the warrior's breast,
And scattered in the furrows lie
The weapons of his rest;
And there, in the loose sand is thrown
Of his large arm the mouldering bone.

Ah! little thought the strong and brave,
Who bore their lifeless chieftain forth,
Or the young wife, that weeping gave
Her first-born to the earth—
That the pale race, who waste us now,
Among their bones should guide the plough.

They waste us—ay, like April snow
In the warm noon we shrink away;
And fast they follow, as we go
Towards the setting day,—
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea.

But I behold a fearful sign,
To which the white man's eyes are blind;
Their race may vanish hence, like mine.
And leave no trace behind—
Save ruins o'er the region spread,
And the white stones above the dead.

Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
Full to the brim our rivers flowed;
The melody of waters filled
The fresh and boundless wood;

And torrents dashed, and rivulets played,
And fountains spouted in the shade.

Those grateful sounds are heard no more;
The springs are silent in the sun,
The rivers, by the blackened shore,
With lessening current run;
The realm our tribes are crushed to get,
May be a barren desert yet.

Mr. Bryant has painted some beautiful pictures of the Indian female character. In "Mountain Monument" he tells the story of a young girl pining away in passion for a youth within the forbidden though not close degrees of consanguinity, and in settled sadness and remorse throwing herself from a rock. It is a tradition, and very touchingly is it narrated. But the "Indian Girl's Lament" will inspire more universal sympathy. Into her lips he puts language at once simple and eloquent, such as the true poet fears not to breathe from his own heart, when in mournful imagination personating a sufferer, knowing that no words expressive of tenderest, and purest, and saddest emotions, can ever be otherwise than true to nature, when passionate in the fidelity of its innocence, nor yet unconsolated in its bereavement by a belief that pictures a life of love beyond the grave.

THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT.

An Indian girl was sitting where
Her lover, slain in battle, slept;
Her maiden veil, her own black hair,
Came down o'er eyes that wept;
And wildly, in her woodland tongue,
This sad and simple lay she sung:

I've pulled away the shrubs that grow
Too close above thy sleeping head,
And broke the forest boughs that threw
Their shadows o'er thy bed,
That, shining from the sweet south-west,
The sunbeams might rejoice thy rest.

It was a weary, weary road
That led thee to the pleasant coast,
Where thou, in his serene abode,
Hast met thy father's ghost;
Where everlasting autumn lies
On yellow woods and sunny skies.

'Twas I the broidered moose made,
That shod thee for that distant land;
'Twas I thy bow and arrows laid
Beside thy still cold hand—
Thy bow in many a battle bent,
Thy arrows never vainly sent.

With wampum belts I crossed thy breast,
And wrapped thee in the bison's hide,
And laid the food that pleased thee best
In plenty by thy side,
And decked thee bravely, as became
A warrior of illustrious name.

Thou'rt happy now, for thou hast past
The long dark journey of the grave,
And in the land of light, at last,
Hast joined the good and brave—
Amid the flushed and balmy air,
The bravest and the loveliest there.

Yet oft, thine own dear Indian maid,
Even there, thy thoughts will earthward
stray—

To her who sits where thou wert laid,
And weeps the hours away,
Yet almost can her grief forget
To think that thou dost love her yet.
And thou, by one of those still lakes
That in a shining cluster lie,
On which the south wind scarcely breaks
The image of the sky,
A bower for thee and me hast made
Beneath the many-coloured shade.

And thou dost wait and watch to meet
My spirit sent to join the blest,
And, wondering what detains my feet
From the bright land of rest,
Dost seem, in every sound, to hear
The rustling of my footsteps near.

Many of the most delightful poems in this volume have been inspired by a profound sense of the sanctity of the affections. That love, which is the support and the solace of the heart in all the duties and distresses of this life, is sometimes painted by Mr. Bryant in its purest form and brightest colours, as it beautifies and blesses the solitary wilderness. The delight that has filled his own being, from the faces of his own family, he transfuses into the hearts of the creatures of his imagination, as they wander through the woods, or sit singing in front of their forest-bowers. Remote as some of these creatures are from the haunts and habits of our common civilized life, they rise before us at once with the strange beauty of visionary phantoms, and with a human loveliness, that touch with a mingled charm our fancy and our heart. Our poetic and our human sensibilities are awakened together, and we feel towards them the emotions with which we listen to sweet voices from unknown beings smiling or singing to us in dreams. For example—

A SONG OF FITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

Come, take our boy, and we will go
Before our cabin door;
The winds shall bring us, as they blow,
The murmurs of the shore;
And we will kiss his young blue eyes,
And I will sing him as he lies,
Songs that were made of yore:
I'll sing, in his delighted ear,
The island-lays thou lov'st to hear.

And thou, while stammering I repeat,
Thy country's tongue shall teach;
'Tis not so soft, but far more sweet
Than my own native speech;
For thou no other tongue didst know,
When, scarcely twenty moons ago,
Upon Tahiti's beach,
Thou cam'st to woo me to be thine,
With many a speaking look and sign.

I knew thy meaning—thou didst praise
My eyes, my locks of jet;
Ah! well for me thou won thy gaze,—
But thine were fairer yet!

I'm glad to see my infant wear
Thy soft blue eyes and sunny hair,
And when my sight is met
By his white brow and blooming cheek,
I feel a joy I cannot speak.

Come talk of Europe's maids with me,
Whose necks and cheeks, they tell,
Outshine the beauty of the sea,
White foam and crimson shell.
I'll shape like theirs my simple dress,
And bind like them each jetty tress,
A sight to please thee well;
And for my dusky brow will braid
A bonnet like an English maid.

Come, for the soft, low sunlight calls—
We lose the pleasant hours;
'Tis lovelier than these cottage walls—
That seat among the flowers.
And I will learn of thee a prayer
To Him who gave a home so fair,
A lot so blest as ours—
The God who made for thee and me
This sweet lone isle amid the sea.

This is the kind of love-poetry in which we delight. Such feelings affect us like flowers—pure, bright, balmy in their bliss, and yet ere long inspiring sadness, because we feel that, fragile as fair, they must soon decay. A flower of faultless and glorious beauty, just unfolded, seems as if it could not live on this earth and under these skies, if there were not some feeling for its loveliness to save it from harm. And this Ariosto must have felt, when, describing the rose which the virgin resembles, he says that sun, and air, and the dewy morning, and sky, and earth, incline towards it in favour. Such is the emotion with which our hearts regard Wordsworth's Ruth, "ere she had wept, ere she had mourned, a young and happy child." It is like a halo round the head of Spenser's Una. But the beauty of woman's soul is by the poets in a thousand ways idealized—floating before us as between heaven and earth; see Coleridge's Genevieve, Campbell's Gertrude, and the Shepherd's Kilmeny.

We turn from these sweet love-lays to a spirit-stirring composition, the "Song of Marion's Men." It is a beautiful ballad—with much of the grace of Campbell and the vigour of Allan Cunningham. The exploits of General Francis Marion, the famous partisan warrior of South Carolina, form an interesting chapter in the annals of the American revolution. The British troops were so harassed by the irregular and unsuccessful warfare which he kept up, at the head of a few daring followers, that they sent an officer to remonstrate with him for not coming into the open field, and fighting "like a gentleman and a Christian."

There is even more power in the "African Chief." The story of the ballad may be

* For the "Song of Marion's Men," see Museum, page 566.

found in the African Repository for April, 1825. The subject of it was a warrior of majestic stature, the brother of Yarradee, King of the Solima nation. He had been taken in battle, and was brought in chains, for sale, to the Rio Pongas, where he was exhibited in the market-place, his ankles still adorned with the massy rings of gold which he wore when he was captured. The refusal of his captor to listen to his offers of ransom, drove him mad, and he died a maniac.

THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

Chained in the market-place he stood,
A man of giant frame,
Amid the gathering multitude
That shrunk to hear his name—
All stern of look and strong of limb,
His dark eye on the ground :—
And silently they gazed on him,
As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought,—
He was a captive now,
Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,
Was written on his brow.
The scars his dark broad bosom wore,
Showed warrior true and brave :
A prince among his tribe before,
He could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake—
“ My brother is a king ;
Undo this necklace from my neck,
And take this bracelet ring ;
And send me where my brother reigns,
And I will fill thy hands
With store of ivory from the plains,
And gold-dust from the sands.”

“ Not for thy ivory nor thy gold
Will I unbind thy chain :
That bloody hand shall never hold
The battle-spear again.
A price thy nation never gave,
Shall yet be paid for thee ;
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,
In lands beyond the sea.”

Then wept the warrior chief, and bade
To shred his locks away ;
And, one by one, each heavy braid
Before the victor lay,
Thick were the platted locks, and long,
And deftly hidden there
Shone many a wedge of gold among
The dark and crisped hair.

“ Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold
Long kept for sorest need ;
Take it—thou askest sums untold,
And say that I am freed,
Take it—my wife the long, long day
Weeps by the cocoa-tree,
And my young children leave their play,
And ask in vain for me.”

“ I take thy gold—but I have made
Thy fetters fast and strong,
And ween that by the cocoa shade
Thy wife will wait thee long.”
Strong was the agony that shook
The captive's frame to hear,
And the proud meaning of his look
Was changed to mortal fear.

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His heart was broken, crazed his brain—

At once his eye grew wild—
He struggled fiercely with his chain,
Whispered, and wept, and smiled ;
Yet wore not long those fatal bands,
And once, at shut of day,
They drew him forth upon the sands,
The foul hyena's prey.

That Mr. Bryant's poetry may be seen in all its fine varieties, we quote three other compositions, inspired by love and delight in that benignant, bounteous, and beauteous Nature, who all over the earth repays with a heavenly happiness the grateful worship of her children. One of them, “ To a Waterfowl,” has been long and widely admired, and is indeed a gem of purest ray serene, of which time may never bedim the lustre. The others are new to us—and “ beautiful exceedingly.”

THE NEW MOON.

When, as the garish day is done,
Heaven burns with the descended sun,
’Tis passing sweet to mark,
Amid the flush of crimson light,
The new moon's modest bow grow bright,
As earth and sky grow dark.

Few are the hearts too cold to feel
A thrill of gladness o'er them steal,
When first the wandering eye
Sees faintly, in the evening blaze,
That glimmering curve of tender rays
Just planted in the sky.

The sight of that young crescent brings
Thoughts of all fair and youthful things—
The hopes of early years ;
And childhood's purity and grace,
And joys that, like a rainbow, chase
The passing shower of tears.

The captive yields him to the dream
Of freedom, when that virgin beam
Comes out upon the air ;
And painfully the sick man tries
To fix his dim and burning eyes
On the soft promise there.

Most welcome to the lover's sight
Glitters that pure, emerging light ;
For prattling poets say,
That sweetest is the lovers' walk,
And tenderest is their murmured talk,
Beneath its gentle ray.

And there do graver men behold
A type of errors, loved of old,
Forsaken and forgiven ;
And thoughts and wishes not of earth,
Just opening in their early birth,
Like that new light in heaven.

THE SKIES.

Ay ! gloriously thou standest there,
Beautiful, boundless firmament !
That, swelling wide o'er earth and air,
And round the horizon bent,
With thy bright vault and sapphire wall
Dost overhang and circle all.

No. 120.—3 D

Far, far below thee, tall old trees
 Arise, and piles built up of old,
 And hills, whose ancient summits freeze
 In the fierce light and cold.
 The eagle soars his utmost height,
 Yet far thou stretchest o'er his flight.

Thou hast thy frowns—with thee on high
 The storm has made his airy seat,
 Beyond that soft blue curtain lie
 His stores of hail and sleet;
 Thence the consuming lightnings break,
 There the strong hurricanes awake.

Yet art thou prodigal of smiles—
 Smiles sweeter than thy frowns are stern;
 Earth sends from all her thousand isles
 A shout at thy return;
 The glory that comes down from thee
 Bathes in deep joy the land and sea.

The sun, the gorgeous sun, is thine,
 The pomp that brings and shuts the day,
 The clouds that round him change and shine,
 The airs that fan his way:
 Thence look the thoughtful stars, and there
 The meek moon walks the silent air.

The sunny Italy may boast
 The beauteous tints that flush her skies;
 And lovely, round the Grecian coast,
 May thy blue pillars rise:
 I only know how fair they stand
 Around my own beloved land.

And they are fair—a charm is theirs,
 That earth, the proud green earth, has not,
 With all the forms, and hues, and airs,
 That haunt her sweetest spot.
 We gaze upon thy calm pure sphere,
 And read of Heaven's eternal year.

Oh, when, amid the throng of men,
 The heart grows sick of hollow mirth,
 How willingly we turn us then
 Away from this cold earth,
 And look into thy azure breast
 For seats of innocence and rest!

TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither, midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of
 day,
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pur-
 sue
 Thy solitary way?
 Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
 The desert and illimitable air—
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
 At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
 Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
 Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,
 Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
 And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall
 bend
 Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone—the abyss of heaven
 Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
 Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
 And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
 Guides through the boundless sky thy certain
 flight,
 In the long way that I must tread alone,
 Will lead my steps aright.

All who have read this article will agree with what Washington Irving has said of his friend—that his close observation of the phenomena of nature, and the graphic felicity of his details, prevent his descriptions from ever becoming general and common-place; while he has the gift of shedding over them a genuine grace that blends them all into harmony, and of clothing them with moral associations that make them speak to the heart. Perhaps we were wrong in dissenting from Mr. Irving's other opinion, that his poetry is characterised by "the same indigenous style of thinking, and local peculiarity of imagery, which gives such novelty to the pages of Cooper." His friend's descriptive writings, he says, are essentially American. They transport us, he adds, "into the depths of the solemn primeval forest, to the shores of the lonely lake, the banks of the wild nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland, rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of foliage, while they shed around us the glories of a climate fierce in its extremes, but splendid in all its vicissitudes." We object now but to the last part of this elegant panegyric. There are no fierce extremes in Mr. Bryant's poetry. That his writings "are imbued with the independent spirit and the buoyant aspirations incident to a youthful, a free, and a rising country," will not, says Mr. Irving, be the "least of his merits" in the eyes of Mr. Rogers, to whom the volume is inscribed; and in ours it is one of the greatest; for we, too, belong to a country who, though not young—God bless her, *could* Scotland!—hath yet an independent spirit and buoyant aspirations, which she is not loath to breathe into the bosom of one of her aged children—CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

From the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.

ACCOUNT OF A HURRICANE IN NORTH AMERICA.

BY J. J. AUDUBON, ESQ. F. R. S. L. AND ED.

VARIOUS portions of our country have, at different periods, suffered severely from the influence of violent storms of wind, some of

which have been known to traverse nearly the whole extent of the United States, and to leave such deep impressions in their wake as will not easily be forgotten. Having witnessed one of these awful phenomena in all its grandeur, I shall attempt to describe it for your sake, kind reader, and for your sake only, the recollection of that astonishing revolution of the etherial element.

I had left the village of Shawaney, situated on the banks of the Ohio, on my return from Henderson, which is also situated on the banks of the same beautiful stream. The weather was pleasant, and I thought not warmer than usual at that season. My horse was jogging quietly along, and my thoughts were, for once at least in the course of my life, entirely engaged in commercial speculations. I had forded Highland Creek, and was on the eve of entering a tract of bottom-land or valley that lay between it and Canoe Creek, when, on a sudden, I remarked a great difference in the aspect of the heavens. A hazy thickness had overspread the country, and I for some time expected an earthquake, but my horse exhibited no propensity to stop and prepare for such an occurrence. I had nearly arrived at the verge of the valley when I thought fit to stop near a brook, and dismounted to quench the thirst which had come upon me.

I was leaning on my knees, with my lips about to touch the water, when, from my proximity to the earth, I heard a distant murmuring sound of an extraordinary nature. I drank, however, and as I rose on my feet, looked towards the south-west, where I observed a yellowish oval spot, the appearance of which was quite new to me. Little time was left me for consideration, as the next moment a smart breeze began to agitate the taller trees. It increased to an unexpected height, and already the smaller branches and twigs were seen falling in a slanting direction towards the ground. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the whole forest before me was in fearful motion. Here and there were one tree pressed against another, a creaking noise was produced similar to that occasioned by the violent gusts which sometimes sweep over the country. Turning instinctively towards the direction from which the wind blew, I saw, to my great astonishment, that the noblest trees of the forest bent their lofty heads for a while, and, unable to stand against the blast, were falling into pieces. First the branches were broken off with a crackling noise, then went the upper parts of the massy trunks, and, in many places, whole trees of gigantic size were falling entire to the ground. So rapid was the progress of the storm, that, before I could think of taking measures to insure my safety, the hurricane was passing opposite the place where I stood. Never can I forget the scene which at that moment presented itself. The tops of the trees were moving in the strangest manner, in the central current of the tempest,

which carried along with it a mingled mass of twigs and foliage that completely obscured the view. Some of the largest trees were seen bending and writhing under the gale; others suddenly snapped across; and many, after a momentary resistance, fell uprooted to the earth. The mass of branches, twigs, foliage, and dust that moved through the air, was whirled onward like a cloud of feathers, and on passing disclosed a wide space filled with fallen trees, naked stumps, and heaps of shapeless ruins, which marked the path of the tempest. This space was about a fourth of a mile in breadth, and to my imagination resembled the dried up bed of the Mississippi, with its thousands of planters and sawyers, strewed in the sand, and inclined in various degrees. The horrible noise resembled that of the great cataracts of Niagara, and as it howled along in the track of the desolating tempest, produced a feeling in my mind which it were impossible to describe.

The principal force of the hurricane was now over, although millions of twigs and small branches that had been brought from a great distance were seen following the blast, as if drawn onwards by some mysterious power. They even floated in the air for some hours after, as if supported by the thick mass of dust that rose high above the ground. The sky had now a greenish lurid hue, and an extremely disagreeable sulphureous odour was diffused in the atmosphere. I waited in amazement, having sustained no material injury, until nature at length resumed her wonted aspect. For some moments I felt undetermined whether I should return to Morgantown, or attempt to force my way through the wrecks of the tempest. My business, however, being of an urgent nature, I ventured into the path of the storm, and, after encountering innumerable difficulties, succeeded in crossing it. I was obliged to lead my horse by the bridle, to enable him to leap over the fallen trees, whilst I scrambled over or under them in the best way I could, at times so hemmed in by the broken tops and tangled branches as almost to become desperate. On arriving at my house I gave an account of what I had seen, when, to my surprise, I was told that there had been very little wind in the neighbourhood; although in the streets and gardens many branches and twigs had fallen in a manner which excited great surprise.

Many wondrous accounts of the devastating effects of this hurricane were circulated in the country after its occurrence. Some log-houses, we were told, had been overturned, and their inmates destroyed. One person informed me that a wire sifter had been conveyed by the gust to a distance of many miles; another had found a cow lodged in the fork of a large half-broken tree. But as I am disposed to relate only what I have myself seen, I shall not lead you into the region of romance, but shall content myself with saying that much damage

was done by this awful visitation. The valley is yet a desolate place, overgrown with briars and bushes thickly entangled amidst the tops and trunks of the fallen trees, and is the resort of ravenous animals, to which they betake themselves when pursued by man, or after they have committed their depredations on the farms of the surrounding districts. I have crossed the path of the storm at a distance of a hundred miles from the spot where I witnessed its fury, and, again, four hundred miles farther off, in the State of Ohio. Lastly, I observed traces of its ravages on the summits of the mountains connected with the Great Pine Forest of Pennsylvania, three hundred miles beyond the place last mentioned. In all these different parts it appeared to me not to have exceeded a quarter of a mile in breadth.

From the United Service Journal.

TWO DAYS AT ST. HELENA.

BY AN OFFICER.

ABOUT four hours before daylight we were quite close to the south-east point of the Island of St. Helena, where stand the two high mountains called Diana's and Cuckoo Peak. It was not light enough to perceive more than their dark towering heads frowning grandly above us; the sides appeared rugged and precipitous to a degree. Just off the Point, and a little way from the land, are two small rocks, the one called the Pillar, or Isle of Hercules, and the other the Island of St. George. We had soon passed these, and at daylight were under Sugarloaf Hill; after a communication with a detached battery planted just beneath it, we continued towards the harbour. It would be impossible to convey by description an idea of the rugged exterior of this island—a cluster of spiral mountains, some running to considerable heights, and all presenting towards the sea a rugged inaccessible front, rising nearly perpendicularly from it, with not the least appearance of verdure, tree, or habitation. As Napoleon must be foremost in the thoughts of all who now visit St. Helena, it would be no great effort of the imagination to fancy it the mighty mausoleum of a mighty hero, erected purposely in the waste of waters another pyramid in another desert. As the day broke cloudily over it, and its peaks reared their dark heads like gigantic columns, the surf murmuring hoarsely at their bases, I could not view it with any other feelings. As the sun rose, we perceived Ladder Hill, and passing Munden's Point, a projecting part of the rock, having a battery upon it commanding the landing place, came suddenly in view of James Town, a lively-looking city, situated in a valley between Mount Rupert and Ladder Hill. The houses are light-coloured and neatly built, ascending from the sea towards the head of the valley, and have the appear-

ance from the roadstead of the fanciful arrangement of a Chinese picture. On the west, about 600 feet above it, stands Ladder Hill; its summit is covered with houses, and its bosom with lines of extensive fortification, commanding most effectually all the approaches from seaward; a very excellent winding road leads from the city up to it. On the east side of the town is Rupert's Hill, unadorned and barren. I landed about ten o'clock, and after a walk of ten minutes, through a line of papul trees, the outward side of the road being planted with cannon, I passed a drawbridge, and entered a gate which opened into a neat square, the church standing nearly opposite, and forming the end of the principal street, which leads directly from the centre of the square. Opposite the church is a very pretty garden, railed in, having for one side the back part of the castle—it runs to the base of Rupert's Hill; there are many rare and familiar plants in it. On the left hand of the gate, on entering, is the castle, and on the right stands a hotel, the board of which intimates that it was the only one at St. Helena. I took up my abode in it. I set out immediately and visited, in the first place, all the shops in the colony; I was surprised at their numbers and confounded at their dearth. Every shopkeeper keeps a miscellaneous depot, in which may be found the goods of every country, particularly of China. They are so greatly beyond the proportion of buyers in the colony, both in numbers and prices, that were it not for the continual visits of ships homeward bound from India, they could not exist; and even as it is they are obliged to add other occupations to their legitimate one of storekeeper. They are usually employed by ships to lay in their provisions and stock, which they purchase from the farmers, and calling themselves ship-agents, charge a most exorbitant price for every thing. A sheep of the Cape of Good Hope, costs 3*l.* 10*s.*; a fowl 5*s.*; a duck 7*s.*; 5*l.* was the price asked for a milch goat; a bag of potatoes, containing one cwt. a guinea. The last article is the growth of the island; it is a thin-skinned, pale, and waxy vegetable, although of very good flavour. When a number of passengers arrive at the same period, these agents entertain them at their houses as boarders, at a charge, I believe, of thirty shillings a day. Their houses are very good and comfortable—the servants are generally slaves; for though considerably ameliorated of late years, the custom is still in force here. I was struck with some advertisements upon that subject. I observed, through the city, for example,—"Wanted, for sale, a girl or woman."—"Strayed away, Mr. Scott's Margaret." I was doubtful whether this last alluded to an animal of the brute or human race; I was assured, however, it was one of the latter that had strayed from her fold.

If appearance may be considered a criterion of health, St. Helena must be one of the most

healthy spots in the world. The male part of the population look hale and florid as English residents, and the soldiers, in looks, dress, and smartness, might vie with any corps in the United Kingdom; they receive a ration of salt meat, rice, vegetables, and Cape wine; spirits have long been discontinued, and, indeed, the duty is so high upon the better quality of spirits, that it is never sold on the island, and the inferior description is totally prohibited. This conduces amazingly to health. The children of the Europeans are the most rosy and pretty little creatures I have seen for years, and the females appeared to me all beautiful. I know not whether being so long unaccustomed to rosy cheeks, with nearly four months of no fair cheeks at all, may have contributed to throw additional charms over these St. Helena Helens, but I am not willing to deduct one single beauty from them on that account, and must still think them really what they seemed to be. So notoriously healthy, however, is this island, that out of 5000, the present population, the average deaths in the year may be safely rated under fifty, and most of them old people and infants, who die everywhere.

The town is the quietest I have ever seen in my life; no carriages or bustle of any description; nothing broke its quiet during my stay but the church bells, and nothing varied its uniformity but the procession of a funeral, an old man who had died in his 75th year, a respectable inhabitant: he was attended by almost everybody in the place, arranged two by two, decently dressed in mourning, the clergyman leading the party all through the town, from the church to the burial-ground, its extreme length. This is the common custom, and befitting the isolated inhabitants of so remote a spot; every one must be deeply interested in the lot of his neighbour; they should feel but as one family. There was something beyond the common feeling for a departed brother in the mourning followers of the old man; three days before, he had a son, a farmer, who had not been long in the island, and who had succeeded to his father in the charge of the plantation. He went out in the morning to collect the eggs of the sea fowl, who lay them in the most precipitous parts of the rocks; they are esteemed as food, resembling very much in flavour the eggs of the plover. He ventured to a spot where he could proceed no farther; it was too narrow to turn—the footing was slight—he made an effort, and was dashed to pieces; he fell 600 feet without interruption. The accident was told to his old father, who just heard it and died. The son left a widow and three children, for whom a subscription-list was filling up very quickly and liberally.

Towards the upper part the valley becomes much compressed. The houses, although occupied by the lower order, are very neat, and there appears not the least filth about them.

Here are the barracks, the hospital, and a new public garden; a brewery also is established, in which beer is made from imported malt and hops; it is pretty good, and sold in the canteens. The dark people of the place are Africans, and their offspring by Europeans. A number of Chinese were engaged some years ago as labourers and mechanics, for a certain time; their mode of employment and price of labour was fixed by the government; their engagements expired some time ago, and they are now free; many have returned to their own country—the number now scarcely exceeds 120, it was formerly nearly 600. The garrison consists of about 800 men, artillery and infantry; the officers of the first service are of late years educated at the Company's academy at Addiscombe, and scientific pursuits have been very much encouraged in the island, by the establishment of an observatory, and the introduction to it of many philosophical and scientific works and instruments.

After having explored the town, I set off on horseback to visit Longwood, now become celebrated as the once residence of Buonaparte. It is distant something more than six miles from James Town, to the south-east. The road commences on the left of the upper part of the city, and winds by a gradual ascent round Rupert's Hill, after passing which a very different prospect opens; no longer rough and barren rocks: the hills are crowned with woods, the slopes verdant with grass, and enlivened with furze in blossom: the valleys are adorned with gardens, and occasionally very pretty houses appear on the summits of ridges, or, protected by their heights, rest midway down the hill. The wooded hills about Plantation House, on the opposite side of a deep dell, appear on the right hand; while on the left is the long ridge on which stands Longwood House, embosomed in a pretty shrubbery, having a thick plantation of pine-trees, and many others in the rising ground, behind it; the Alarm House on the bosom of a hill in front; and the Briars, the first residence of Napoleon, in a picturesque valley below. The connexion of all these spots with the last years of the late illustrious occupier, cannot fail to leave a deep interest in the minds of their visitors.

I passed insensibly the tomb of Buonaparte, and reached Longwood House before I was aware of it. The building in which the Emperor lived and died, stands nearly in the centre of an inclosed plain, approached by a very good road through an avenue of trees. The site of it is computed at 1762 feet above the level of the sea. The ocean is visible from the east of it; and immediately to the north are two very high and rugged hills, one from its shape called the Barn, 2015 feet; the other the Flagstaff, 2272. The house, no doubt, was very comfortable, but its present sad appearance obliges the spectator to sigh over the fate of him whose "ill-weaved ambition" re-

duced him to such a change. His billiard-room is a granary. A mill stands in the chamber where he breathed his last; chaff is kept in his dining-room; and horses are stalled where once stood his bed. "Just where that manger is, Sir, Bony used to lie," was the laconic description I received from a groom who was cleaning a horse in his bath! The whole of this part of the building forms the stable to the farm-house, the purpose to which the old house has been devoted. Nevertheless, little cause for pity can exist. Longwood, besides being the prettiest, has always been deemed the most healthy spot on the island: there is less damp there than any where else, from the adjacent heights breaking the clouds before they can reach it. It is and always has been the ground chosen for experiments in agriculture and planting,—a proof of its fertility and purity.

The peevish complaints of his attendants about "colds, catarrhs," damp floors, and poor provisions, which Napoleon never could have known, for my admiration of his character cannot allow such pitiful weakness to have emanated from him, have tended very much, in the minds of many, to traduce the public character of the government of that period, and the private qualities of their agents. It is the curse of greatness to be judged by common minds. So Napoleon had all his weakness "set in a note-book, conned, learned by heart," and given to the public.

I know not whether I take a proper estimate of the feelings of a truly high mind, but I cannot imagine they could ever degenerate to murmur, or sink into abuse, under circumstances however adverse and oppressive. Thrown from the highest pinnacle, it would be better surely to plunge at once to the bottom of the abyss, than totter on its verge, to be at last thrown in. "*Aut Cæsar, aut nihil*," Buonaparte had a just claim to assume in his prosperity; it should have still continued his motto in adversity. From nothing he became Cæsar; and when he could no longer keep the purple, "nothing" again was better than any grade between that and Cæsar! No place on earth could have been better chosen for that feeling than St. Helena;—every thing that a noble mind so circumstanced could desire. He was removed from all associations that could obtrude his former splendour on his mind; any lingering desire to rise once more must have been at once extinguished by its utter impossibility. He was merely removed to another world, possessed of all a private individual could require, to assume the mode of life his father led, and he was born to. Surely this was much better than a half-retirement in the world he once ruled in chief, to drag through an irksome seclusion in the midst of activity, interrupted by the gaze of the foolish and maddened by the pity of the wise.

The new house erected near the old one, but never occupied, is in a remarkably pretty

spot, and is a most excellent building; in fact, it is as handsome a single-storied house as could have been devised: the plantations about it are laid out with great taste. A small house in the neighbourhood was the habitation of Count and Countess Bertrand. Here the farmer resides. In one of the wings of the new building are a few silk worms, the mulberry being found to thrive very well in this neighbourhood. I fell upon it by accident, and found an old Frenchwoman and her daughter engaged in spinning off the silk: they were from Lyons. The demoiselle was *passablement jolie*; and the old woman wept like a child when I asked her if she ever heard from Lyons: it was in vain to pacify her; she continued to sob, "*Non, non, je ne reverrai plus Lyons, je ne reverrai plus Lyons*." Her daughter soon caught the infection, and I feared it would be impossible to resist: it was a scene for Sterne: when we were interrupted by some other visitors they were both in tears. The lower order of French are not a travelling race, and are miserable from their home, even if on the continent, but when they have to traverse the ocean, they are wretched indeed.

After roaming about the neighbourhood of Longwood, I returned towards the road, to seek for the tomb of Napoleon—the grand object of pilgrimage. About a mile from the gate, just where the road turns, I stopped to look about me, when a little boy, in the peculiar twang of St. Helena, asked me if I were looking for the grave—"For Boney," says he, "lies down there in the gutter!" This was too much; the great emperor lying in the gutter! I descended by an abrupt hill to the place so designated, and on a little green spot, beneath the shade of two weeping willows, three plain flat stones, coarse and unscrubbed, above him, reposes the man, who, while he lived, made the most sumptuous palaces of Europe his own. A railing surrounds his grave, and an outer one encloses the area of which it forms the centre, comprising, perhaps, a space of more than fifty feet square. The grass is green around it, but the willows wave sadly over it: they are the only leafless trees at St. Helena. Madame Bertrand scattered a few seeds of the "Forget-me-not" at his head. The flowers appeared above the ground for a short time, but soon died. The spot where she placed them has been marked, and although the tribute of her affection is for ever gone, the memory of her act will exist, I hope, with the care that has been taken to preserve it, for many a day. A clear spring rises near the head of his tomb, whence Napoleon and his household drew their water. A tumbler stands upon a stone near it, to invite the pilgrim to drink at the fountain where an Emperor quenched his thirst. It is said that Buonaparte chose, in the event of his being buried at St. Helena, the spot in which he now lies: it is retired, as a tomb should be, and very prettily situated. Many beautiful trees grow along

the surrounding heights, for it is placed in a valley, encircled by hills, and sweetly-scented geranium grows plentifully and gaily below it.

So sequestered a spot is not without its interruption, in the shape of an invalid serjeant, a species of Cicerone, as talkative and silly as the generality of the parrot tribe he belongs to. His duty is to take care of the tomb, and prevent the willows from being cut into slips and borne away, as relics of the dead. So perverse is this mode of showing respect, if for such it be meant, that the lovers of Napoleon, if the precaution were not taken to prevent it, would deprive his grave of the only ornaments that induced him to select it. It once was a custom to bear a tribute to a grave: modern habit has converted us into spoilers of the dead. A book is kept in the serjeant's room, for visitors to enter their names, and several volumes have been formed of these records. Many English have indulged in that lamentable love of folly which too frequently characterises them as travellers, and have polluted the shrines with nonsense and indecency. The French, who visit it in great numbers, have bowed with more devotion, and inscribed the outpourings of their feelings with frequently much simplicity and pathos. Some to be sure, have "soared in doggrel" to his memory, and others have allowed their warmth to betray them into an awkward dilemma for good Catholics. "*Cette sacrée Sainte Hélène*," is not an uncommon expression, forgetting, doubtless, what it entails upon the poor mother of another great Emperor, in bewailing the fate of "*Les Héros de la France*." In any other situation, I should have been amused with the garrulity of the guardian of the spot. But he was forever out of tune with my thoughts. He contrived to blend his own history so strangely with observations and anecdotes of all around, that it was scarcely possible to turn away from him. "There, Sir, there lies the great General. He *was* a man; a portly noble man as you would wish to see. His was the eye—such an eye! I can tell a gentleman at once by his eye. Ah! he was a fine officer: he offered me three pipes of wine on his birthday. A fine man! 'Give that,' says he, 'to the Red Regiment.' You know, Sir, I then belonged to the 53d: I am now—but stop, Sir, I'll tell you the whole history." Then began a tale that I feared never would conclude. It was interrupted occasionally, however, by allusions to the grave. "My aunt Barbara had me on her knee when Squire Wyatt came in. My aunt, Sir, (Bab we used to call her,) was just such another as Madame Bertrand. Ah! that was a good woman, Sir; here's where she sowed the Forget-me-not; and the ground was wet with her tears: the flowers grew, but they soon died. Poor Boney! So a mark is put up to show the spot, for gentlemen often ask, and I now show them without talking; not that I mind talking. Did you ever see the lines that

the captain of a ship wrote, Sir? I'll repeat them." He then repeated with so much emphasis, but so little discretion, about a dozen lines, that I could not understand a syllable; my old friend, however, was moved to tears by them. "Write your name in the book, Sir. Many gentlemen find their friends names in it; I hope you may do the same. A gentleman gave me five shillings, because he saw his wife's name in it." I understood the hint and acting at once upon it, was able to throw off my chatting attendant.

A good road ascends from the tomb to the highway, and in about an hour I was again in James Town.

On Sunday morning I rode up to the summit of Ladder Hill, on the west of the town. The batteries are in very high order, and the artillery are celebrated for their practice. The angle of depression is very great, but their precision is wonderful. From remembrance, I should think the works on this hill are about the same height, and have the same appearance as those over the town of St. Helier's in the Island of Jersey. They were not finished when I saw them in 1816, but I was struck with the similarity of the two hills. A road winds very easily round Ladder Hill, and is about three-quarters of an hour's walk. Some inconvenience in the hot weather attends the transport of provisions to the barracks on the height. After much rain, I am told it takes nearly three hours for the carts to reach them. The present governor has nearly completed a ladder up the face of the rock towards the town: the inclination is about 35 feet in 100: the height of the breach above, where it will finish, is 600 feet perpendicular. A stone way, of perhaps fifteen feet breadth, is laid down; in the centre are the steps, on each side of which are rail-roads of cast-iron, similar to the rail-ways in mines. The provision is drawn up in carts, worked by a species of windlass at the summit. It will, indeed, merit the name of Ladder Hill now. From it the road continues to Plantation House, the seat of the governor; a fine building, entirely surrounded by wood of every possible variety and country. The oak, the pinaster, the yew, and the cypress, is mixed with the poplar, the palm, and the cotton. The guava and the blackberry grow together: the tea-plant and the geranium; the tippara, or Indian gooseberry, joined with some of the indigenous plants of the island; several species of cabbage-tree, and the red-wood.

The mountains in the interior are far more wooded and fertile than those near the coast, even on their inner sides: these have very much the appearance of having been subject to fire. When the hills in some situations rise from deep valleys without any verdure, and nearly encircle them, you may almost imagine an extinguished volcano. Their brown, rough, and hard declivities, reminded me much of the appearance of the upper part of Vesuvius

and Stromboli. The great abundance of the prickly pear adds to the resemblance. The composition termed *terra puzzolana*, is found in great quantities about these spots, and is turned to good use in making cement, or lining aqueducts, and even roofing houses, when mixed with a little lime, about, I think, one-third.

The gardens and fields have a pretty appearance when sloping from the top of a ridge to the vale below. I thought in many instances, however, the inclination much too great. In heavy rain, grounds so situated are very likely to suffer from the descent of loosened matter from above, as well as from the rain itself; and the greater the extent of the sloping ground, the greater will be the mischief; every thing must give way, and the whole garden may be lost: if, instead, a number of small terraces were made, one above the other, and each well banked up, each having slope sufficient to prevent water lodging, and no more, the comparative injury would be nothing: what might fall upon the upper one could easily be prevented going further. That is the mode used in the Island of Malta, in Japan, Ceylon, and all hilly countries of the east; and in the highest cultivation of the world, on the face of the most abrupt mountains, where a great abundance of rain falls throughout the year, that method is never attended with loss. I mean the Himalaya Mountains in the north of Hindostan.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A POET'S DYING HYMN.

Be mute who will, who can,
Yet I will praise thee with impassion'd voice!
He didst thou constitute a priest of thine
In such a temple as we now behold,
Rear'd for thy presence; therefore am I bound
To worship, here and every where.

WORDSWORTH.

THE blue, deep, glorious heavens!—I lift mine eye,

And bless Thee, O my God! that I have met
And own'd thine image in the majesty

Of their calm temple still!—that never yet
There hath thy face been shrouded from my sight

By noontide-blaze, or sweeping storm of night:
I bless Thee, O my God!

That now still clearer, from their pure expanse,

I see the mercy of thine aspect shine,
Touching Death's features with a lovely glance

Of light, serenely, solemnly divine,
And lending to each holy star a ray

As of kind eyes, that woo my soul away:
I bless Thee, O my God!

That I have heard thy voice, nor been afraid,
In the earth's garden—'midst the mountains old,

And the low thrillings of the forest-shade,
And the wild sounds of waters uncontroll'd,

And upon many a desert plain and shore,
—No solitude—for there I felt Thee more:

I bless Thee, O my God!

And if thy Spirit on thy child hath shed
The gift, the vision of the unseal'd eye,
To pierce the mist o'er life's deep meanings
spread,

To reach the hidden fountain-urns that lie
Far in man's heart—if I have kept it free
And pure—a consecration unto Thee:

I bless Thee, O my God!

If my soul's utterance hath by Thee been fraught
With an awakening power—if Thou hast made

Like the wing'd seed, the breathings of my thought,

And by the swift winds bid them be convey'd
To lands of other lays, and there become

Native as early melodies of home:
I bless Thee, O my God!

Not for the brightness of a mortal wreath,
Not for a place 'midst kingly minstrel's dead,

But that perchance, a faint gale of thy breath,
A still small whisper in my song hath led

One struggling spirit upwards to thy throne,
Or but one hope, one prayer:—for this alone

I bless Thee, O my God!

That I have loved—that I have known the love
Which troubles in the soul the tearful springs,

Yet, with a colouring halo from above,
Tinges and glorifies all earthly things,

Whate'er its anguish or its woe may be,
Still weaving links for intercourse with Thee:

I bless Thee, O my God!

That by the passion of its deep distress,
And by the o'erflowing of its mighty prayer,

And by the yearning of its tenderness,
Too full for words upon their stream to bear,

I have been drawn still closer to thy shrine,
Well-spring of love, the unfathom'd, the divine;

I bless Thee, O my God!

That hope hath ne'er my heart or song forsaken,
High hope, which even from mystery, doubt,

or dread,
Calmly, rejoicingly, the things hath taken,

Whereby its torchlight for the race was fed;
That passing storms have only fann'd the fire,

Which pierced them still with its triumphal spire!

I bless Thee, O my God!

Now art Thou calling me in every gale,
Each sound and token of the dying day!

Thou leav'st me not, though earthly life grows pale,

I am not darkly sinking to decay;
But, hour by hour, my soul's dissolving shroud

Melts off to radiance, as a silvery cloud.
I bless Thee, O my God!

And if this earth, with all its choral streams,
And crowning woods, and soft or solemn skies,

And mountain-sanctuaries for poet's dreams,
Be lovely still in my departing eyes;

'Tis not that fondly I would linger here,
But that thy foot-prints on its dust appear;

I bless Thee, O my God!

And that the tender shadowing I behold,
The tracery veining every leaf and flower,
Of glories cast in more consummate mould,
No longer vassals to the changeful hour;
That life's last roses to my thoughts can bring
Rich visions of imperishable spring:
I bless Thee, O my God!

Yes! the young vernal voices in the skies
Woo me not back, but, wandering past mine
ear,
Seem heralds of th' eternal melodies,
The spirit-music, unperturb'd and clear;
The full of soul, yet passionate no more—
—Let me too, joining those pure strains, adore!
I bless Thee, O my God!

Now aid, sustain me still!—To Thee I come,
Make Thou my dwelling where thy children
are!
And for the hope of that immortal home,
And for thy Son, the bright and morning
star,
The Sufferer and the Victor-king of Death,
I bless Thee with my glad song's dying breath!
I bless Thee, O my God!

From the Monthly Review.

PRINCIPLES OF GEOLOGY.*

NOTHING has tended more to retard the progress of the science of geology, than the disposition which has hitherto seized almost every individual who has made it the object of his study, to rush into theory before he has collected a sufficient number of facts for the purpose of serving as a basis to his speculations. Although it is in truth a subject, the proper treatment of which depends upon a vast accumulation of evidence—of evidence gathered, not merely from one continent or island, but from every quarter of the globe, the beds of the rivers, lakes, seas, and oceans, as well as the mountains and plains, which have for ages been uncovered by water; yet, strange to say, men, who have had scarcely any facts before them, or a number of facts arising only from a very partial examination of the earth's surface, have been found to erect upon such a limited foundation a variety of crude systems, which it has been the business of the last twenty years to demolish, one after another.

No geologist with whose works we are acquainted, has seen into the folly of this mode of proceeding more clearly than Mr. Lyell. And accordingly he has, in his first volume, which we have already noticed,[†] as well as in the present volume, which now lies before us, confined himself to a judicious selection from the best authorities, assisted by his own obser-

vations, of such facts as serve to make us acquainted, as nearly as possible, with the actual condition of every part of the terraqueous globe. When he shall have placed those facts before the public, in such order of arrangement as is best adapted to display their individual and comparative value, then he thinks, and with a great deal of reason, that he will be in a situation to derive from them a series of conclusions, to which he may with some degree of justice apply the title of a practical theory.

The great object which Mr. Lyell has in view, is to show that the former changes that have taken place upon the surface of the earth, may be explained by reference to causes which are now in operation. It is obvious that if he succeed in accomplishing this object, he will have been enabled to elucidate many things which hitherto have been either looked upon as mysterious, or have been attempted to be accounted for by reasons which presuppose a greater antiquity for the creation of this planet, and of the animals that inhabit it, than the Scriptures authorize. He will also have been enabled to demonstrate the uniformity of the general system upon which Nature, as we call it, has acted, since the commencement of the earth's career, amid the many worlds of which it forms but a unit; thus he will have exploded all those visions about accident and fatality, with which some shallow philosophers have endeavoured to mislead mankind; and thus he will have vindicated the unity and omnipotence of the source from whence the laws for the government of the creation have emanated.

Of all the systems to which the heated fancy of man has given birth, in connexion with the science of geology, that of Lamarck is the most stupid and ridiculous. We use these bold terms, although we are aware that the notions which he has defended, have been entertained by other philosophers, both before and after his time. It was the leading point of his theory that, as "the individuals of each species change their situation, climate, and manner of living, they change also, by little and little, the consistence and proportion of their parts, their form, their faculties, and even their organization, in such a manner, that every thing in them comes at last to participate in the mutations to which they have been exposed." "Every considerable alteration," he adds, "in the local circumstances, in which each race of animals exists, causes a change in their wants, and these new wants excite them to new actions and habits; these actions require the more frequent employment of some parts before but slightly exercised, and their greater development follows, as a consequence of their more frequent use. Other organs no longer in use are impoverished and diminished in size, nay, are sometimes entirely annihilated; while in their place new parts are insensibly produced for the discharge of new

* Principles of Geology, being an Attempt to Explain the Former Changes of the Earth's Surface, by reference to Causes now in Operation. By C. Lyell, Esq. F. R. S. &c. &c. Vol. ii. Murray, London. 1832.

† See Museum, vol. xviii. pp. 13, & 107.

functions." We shall explain this extraordinary theory by one or two examples.

The frog was not originally, asserts Lamarck, (without a tittle of evidence to sustain his assertion), made web-footed in order that he might swim; but having for some reason betaken himself to the water in search of prey, he found it necessary to swim in pursuit of it, and in exerting himself in order to do this, he stretched out his toes to strike the water, and move rapidly along its surface. By repeatedly stretching out his toes, he got into the habit of extending the skin which united them at the base, and thus the broad membranes were formed, which are now found in his posterity! So also the gazelle was not originally endowed with a light and agile form in order to escape from his enemy; but having been frequently obliged to run with all the speed he could, from the tigers and other beasts of prey which he encountered in his path, he acquired the habit of rapid flight, and the form suitable to that object, which now distinguish gazelles in general! The change which was wrought in the camelopard is still more wonderful. It was originally a short-necked animal, but having been driven by some unexplained agency into the interior of Africa, where the soil was devoid of herbage, he was obliged to feed upon the foliage of lofty trees. He was, therefore, under the constant necessity of stretching his neck to the greatest possible height, in order to reach his food, and the habit, in the course of time, made his neck of the great length which we now see in all his descendants! Even man himself was not originally the being he now is, according to the Lamarckian system. He was at first a mere orang outang, and has obtained his present intelligence and form from the mere tendency to adaptation to new circumstances, which the changes in his wants and places of habitation have brought about! It would be idle to set about combating a theory of this description, which has not a single fact for its basis, except the power that man has everywhere exercised of taming and domesticating particular animals, and of giving new appearances to plants that are useful to him as vegetables, but bear little resemblance to the originals from which they have been derived. These are changes which we have ourselves produced—changes of which we have daily evidence before our own eyes. But they would afford no rational ground for arguing, because man has, by his superior intelligence and power, rendered subservient to his own purposes parts of the creation which originally were not so, in the same degree at least, that, therefore, all things animate and inanimate which we now see around us, are but modifications of their original species—that their original species has been lost, and that these, their posterity, have been altered to their present state by circumstances arising out of their respective

necessities, which necessities have been created by their being removed from their original situation.

There is no instance of what we may call modification of species, more striking than that which is exemplified in dogs. Man has transported them into different climates, has made them his companions, his servants, his guardians, has greatly improved them in manners and intelligence. But they have nowhere received new organs. In all the varieties that exist of the dog, the relation of the bones, according to Cuvier, with each other, remain essentially the same. Lamarck says, that the wolf is the original of the dog, but he has adduced no evidence whatever to countenance such an idea. It is very well known that the dog has become wild in Cuba, Hayti, and all the Caribbean Islands, but it has never been discovered that they reverted to wolves. They have hunted in packs of from twelve to fifty or more, in number, and have fearlessly attacked wild boars and other animals. It is said that, in their wild state, they most resembled the shepherd's dog: but even then their whelps were domesticated without any difficulty. Besides, there is, according to Pritchard, an essential difference, as to a part of the intestinal canal, between the internal organization of a dog and a wolf.

Besides, we find from the mummies that have been preserved of different animals in Egypt, that the Egyptian bulls, dogs, and cats, were in every respect conformable to the species of those different animals now living, although they have been carried by man to every climate, and forced to adapt themselves to circumstances very different from those by which they were surrounded in Egypt thirty centuries ago. These are facts that seem decisive against the visions of Lamarck, and those who, like him, have been advocates for the accidental transmutation of every species of animal from its original.

The error of this doctrine is, that it goes too far, and draws wide and sweeping conclusions from very limited premises. There are, undoubtedly, certain variations which take place in individuals, but which do not affect the species. For instance, the Alpine hare, and the ermine, become white during the winter; but in summer they resume their full colour. It is also well known, that if man use stratagem or force against a particular race of wild animals, they will become more cautious and cunning, in order to avoid his toils or to escape from his power, and their new instincts will become hereditary in their future generations. But here the improvement ends. If man increase his skill and address a hundred-fold, the persecuted animals cannot meet them by new precautions; they remain exactly in the stage of improvement to which the first effort for self-preservation gave rise. Mr. Lyell mentions several interesting facts, which show that mere modi-

fications in the individual, do not transmute the whole species.

"It is undoubtedly true, that many new habits and qualities have not only been acquired in recent times by certain races of dogs, but have been transmitted to their offspring. But in these cases, it will be observed, that the new peculiarities have an intimate relation to the habits of the animal in a wild state, and therefore do not attest any tendency to departure to an indefinite extent from the original type of the species. A race of dogs employed for hunting deer in the platform of Santa Fe in Mexico, affords a beautiful illustration of a new hereditary instinct. The mode of attack, observes M. Roulin, which they employ, consists in seizing the animal by the belly, and overturning it by a sudden effort, taking advantage of the moment when the body of the deer rests only upon the forelegs. The weight of the animal thus thrown over is often six times that of its antagonist. The dog of pure breed inherits a disposition to this kind of chase, and never attacks a deer from before while running. Even should the latter, not perceiving him, come directly upon him, the dog steps aside and makes his assault on the flank, whereas other hunting dogs, though of superior strength and general sagacity, which are brought from Europe, are destitute of this instinct. For want of similar precautions, they are often killed by the deer on the spot, the vertebrae of their neck being dislocated by the violence of the shock.

"A new instinct also has become hereditary in a mongrel race of dogs employed by the inhabitants of the banks of the Magdalena, almost exclusively in hunting the white-lipped pecari. The address of these dogs consists in restraining their ardour, and attaching themselves to no animal in particular, but keeping the whole herd in check. Now, among these dogs some are found, which, the very first time they are taken to the woods, are acquainted with this mode of attack; whereas, a dog of another breed starts forward at once, is surrounded by the pecari, and, whatever may be his strength, is destroyed in a moment.

"Some of our countrymen, engaged of late in conducting the principal mining association in Mexico, carried out with them some English greyhounds of the best breed, to hunt the hares which abound in that country. The great platform which is the scene of sport is at an elevation of about nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the mercury in the barometer stands habitually at the height of about nineteen inches. It was found that the greyhounds could not support the fatigues of a long chase in this attenuated atmosphere, and before they could come up with their prey, they lay down gasping for breath; but these same animals have produced whelps which have grown up, and are not in the least degree incommoded by the want of density in the air, but run down the hares with as much ease as the fleetest of their race in this country.

"The fixed and deliberate stand of the pointer has with propriety been regarded as a mere modification of a habit, which may have been useful to a wild race accustomed to wind game,

and steal upon it by surprise, first pausing for an instant in order to spring with unerring aim. The faculty of the Retriever, however, may justly be regarded as more inexplicable and less easily referrible to the instinctive passions of the species. M. Majendie, says a French writer in a recently-published memoir, having learnt that there was a race of dogs in England, which stopped and brought back game of their own accord, procured a pair, and having obtained a whelp from them kept it constantly under his eyes, until he had an opportunity of assuring himself that, without having received any instruction, and on the very first day that it was carried to the chase, it brought back game with as much steadiness as dogs which had been schooled into the same manœuvre by means of the whip and collar.

"Such attainments, as well as the habits and dispositions which the shepherd's dog and many others inherit, seem to be of a nature and extent which we can hardly explain by supposing them to be modifications of instincts necessary for the preservation of the species in a wild state. When such remarkable habits appear in races of this species, we may reasonably conjecture that they were given with no other view than for the use of man, and the preservation of the dog which thus obtains protection.

"As a general rule, we fully agree with M. F. Cuvier that, in studying the habits of animals, we must attempt, as far as possible, to refer their domestic qualities to modifications of instincts which are implanted in them in a state of nature; and that writer has successfully pointed out, in an admirable essay on the domestication of the mammalia, the true origin of many dispositions which are vulgarly attributed to the influence of education alone. But we should go too far if we did not admit that some of the qualities of particular animals and plants may have been given solely with a view to the connexion which it was foreseen would exist between them and man—especially when we see that connexion to be in many cases so intimate, that the greater number, and sometimes all the individuals of the species which exist on the earth are in subjection to the human race.

"We can perceive in a multitude of animals, especially in some of the parasitic tribes, that certain instincts and organs are conferred for the purpose of defence or attack against some other species. Now if we are reluctant to suppose the existence of similar relations between man and the instincts of many of the inferior animals, we adopt an hypothesis no less violent, though in the opposite extreme to that which has led some to imagine the whole animate and inanimate creation to have been made solely for the support, gratification, and instruction of mankind.

"Many species most hostile to our persons or property multiply in spite of our efforts to repress them: others, on the contrary, are intentionally augmented many hundred-fold in number by our exertions. In such instances we must imagine the relative resources of man and of species, friendly or inimical to him, to have been prospectively calculated and adjusted. To withhold assent to this supposition

would be to refuse what we must grant in respect to the economy of nature in every other part of the organic creation; for the various species of contemporary plants and animals have obviously their relative forces nicely balanced, and their respective tastes, passions, and instincts, so contrived, that they are all in perfect harmony with each other. In no other manner could it happen, that each species, surrounded as it is by countless dangers, should be enabled to maintain its ground for periods of considerable duration.

"The docility of the individuals of some of our domestic species, extending, as it does, to attainments foreign to their natural habits and faculties, may perhaps have been conferred with a view to their association with man. But best species should be thereby made to vary indefinitely, we find that such habits are never transmissible by generation.

"A pig has been trained to hunt and point game with great activity and steadiness; and other learned individuals of the same species have been taught to spell; but such fortuitous acquirements never become hereditary, for they have no relation whatever to the exigencies of the animal in a wild state, and cannot therefore be developments of any instinctive propensities."—vol. ii. pp. 39—42.

From these and a variety of other facts, which Mr. Lyell has collected with reference to this subject, he shows, in the most satisfactory manner, that species are not liable to be transmuted after the fashion which Lamarck has stated; that they have a real existence in nature; and that each species was endowed, at the time of its creation, with the attributes and organization by which it is now distinguished.

The author then proceeds to consider the laws which regulate the geographical distribution of each species. The study of these laws enables us to observe the position which different groups of species occupy at present; to learn how these may be varied in the course of time by migrations, changes in physical geography, and other causes, and whether the duration of species be limited; in other words, to know "in what manner the state of the animate world is affected by the endless vicissitudes of the inanimate." All the evidence upon this subject goes to establish the curious fact, that the globe has, as it were, been parcelled out amongst different "nations," as they have been called, of plants and animals. The exceptions to this general rule are to be traced to disseminating causes which are now in operation.

Humboldt shows, that mere diversity of climates will not enable us to explain why equinoxial Africa has no laurels, and the new world no heaths. Decandolle observes, that "it might not perhaps be difficult to find two points, in the United States and in Europe, or in Equinoxial America and Africa, which present all the same circumstances: as, for example, the same temperature, the same height above the sea, a similar soil, and an equal de-

gree of humidity; yet nearly all, *perhaps all*, the plants in these two localities shall be distinct." It is still more remarkable that this attachment to locality is found to exist even in marine vegetation; though little is known comparatively of the latter, yet it is, apparently, as divisible into different systems as the vegetation on the surface of the earth. There are, however, disseminating causes constantly in operation, which scatter the seeds belonging originally to one locality over a variety of other botanical provinces, where they take root and flourish. The winds, for instance, waft to distant lands a great number of seeds which are furnished with downy and feathery appendages, that enable them, when ripe, to float in the air. Heavier seeds are borne away by strong gales and hurricanes, which are also capable of removing not only seeds, but plants, insects, and eggs, to places which otherwise they never could have reached without the interposition of man. "The seeds of some fresh-water plants are, moreover, of the form of shells, or small canoes, and on this account they swim on the surface, and are carried along by the wind and stream. Others are furnished with fibres, which serve the purpose of masts and sails, so that they are impelled along by the winds, even where there is no current." Then there is the torrent to wash down the seeds from the top of the mountain to the valley, the river to bear them to the ocean, and the ocean to deposit them upon the most remote coasts. Some seeds have hooks, by means of which they adhere to the coats of animals that pass near them, and thus they are carried to distant places. Many seeds are eaten by birds, and other animals, a portion of which passes through their stomachs undigested, and are thus transferred from one spot to another. To these agencies add that of man, the most active and influential of all, whether it be intentional or unintentional. Indeed, it is supposed, with respect to our instrumentality in naturalizing species, that the number which we introduce unintentionally, as for example in wools and cottons, and other articles with which they are accidentally intermixed, exceeds greatly the number of those which we transport by design. The effect of these importations is to produce consequences of a much more extensive nature, than one is at first prepared to perceive.

"If we drive many birds of passage from different countries, we are probably required to fulfil their office of carrying seeds, eggs of fish, insects, molluscs, and other creatures, to distant regions; if we destroy quadrupeds, we must replace them, not merely as consumers of the animal and vegetable substances which they devoured, but as disseminators of plants, and of the inferior classes of the animal kingdom. We do not mean to insinuate that the same changes which man brings about, would have taken place by means of the agency of

other species, but merely that he supersedes a certain number of agents, and so far as he disperses plants unintentionally, or against his will, his intervention is strictly analogous to that of the species so extirpated.

"We may observe, moreover, that if, for former periods, the animals inhabiting any given district have been partially altered by the extinction of some species, and the introduction of others, whether by new creations or by immigration, a change must have taken place in regard to the particular plants conveyed about with them to foreign countries. As, for example, when one set of migratory birds is substituted for another, the countries from and to which seeds are transported are immediately changed. Vicissitudes, therefore, analogous to those which man has occasioned, may have previously attended the springing up of new relations between species in the vegetable and animal worlds."—vol. ii. pp. 84, 85.

Animals, as well as plants, would appear also to have been distributed over particular localities. Thus when America was first discovered, its indigenous quadrupeds were all dissimilar to those which were previously known in the Old World, with the exception only of the northern parts of both the continents, which in winter may be said to be joined together by the freezing of the narrow strait that separates them. Hence the whole arctic region may be said to be a province in itself, which contains many animals that are common to both hemispheres. But the temperate regions of both continents, divided as they are by a wide expanse of ocean, contain each a distinct nation of indigenous quadrupeds. In accordance with the same laws of distribution, we find the kangaroos, and other tribes of pouched animals, with some few exceptions, limited to New Holland. The islands of the Pacific, fertile though they be, can boast of no quadrupeds, except dogs, hogs, rats, and bats. The whales of the South Seas are easily distinguishable from those of the North; a dissimilarity of the same kind has been found in all the other marine animals of the same class, so far as they have yet been studied by naturalists.

Now all animals, whether they feed on plants, or other animals, have a tendency to scatter themselves over as wide a surface as they can; and in giving effect to this disposition, they are seldom checked, unless by uncongenial climate, by an inaccessible chain of mountains, or by a tract already occupied by hostile and more powerful tribes. They can all swim well, and therefore rivers or friths seldom retard their progress. When an elephant reaches a river which he wishes to cross, he fords it, if it be not deep, and if it be deep, he swims low, keeping only the end of his trunk out of the water, which affords him the means of breathing. Besides the necessity which is imposed upon carnivorous and herbivorous animals, of scattering themselves over a large area, it is an established

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fact, that they are actuated frequently by a migratory instinct, when they happen to be assembled in great multitudes, and are threatened by famine. In very severe winters, for instance, great numbers of black bears emigrate from Canada to the United States; whereas, in mild seasons, they remain in the north. The rein-deer of Scandinavia, the common squirrels of Lapland, the rats and lemmings of Norway, allow nothing to interrupt them in the course of emigration which they occasionally mark out for themselves. The lemmings "move in lines, which are about three feet from each other, and exactly parallel, and they direct their march from the north-west to the south-east, going directly forward through rivers and lakes; and when they meet with stacks of hay or corn, gnawing their way through them, instead of passing round." Immense troops of the wild ass, inhabitants of the mountainous deserts of Great Tartary, are found, during the summer, in the tracks east and north of Lake Aral. In the autumn, they move, in herds of hundreds and thousands, to the north of India, and after to Persia, on account of the greater warmth of the climate. The springboks, or Cape antelopes, migrate to the southern plains of Africa, not merely in thousands, but in myriads. So crowded are the herds, that, to use the description of Cuvier, "the lion has been seen to walk in the midst of the compressed phalanx, with only as much room between him and his victims, as the fears of those immediately around could procure by pressing onwards."

In addition to these voluntary migrations, others, of an involuntary kind, occasionally occur, which may account for the presence of animals in a part of the globe which they do not usually inhabit. Thus Polar bears are frequently drifted on the ice from Greenland to Iceland. Wolves, in the arctic regions, sometimes venture on the ice near the shore, upon which they occasionally surprise young seals asleep; the ice gets detached, and the wolves are carried out to sea, and sometimes drifted to islands or continents which they had no desire whatever to visit. Within the tropics, floating islands of matted trees sometimes do the work of the northern ice floes. The most extensive, perhaps, of these rafts, of which we have any record, is that of the Atchafalaya, an arm of the Mississippi, "where a natural bridge of timber, ten miles long, and more than two hundred yards wide, has existed for more than forty years, supporting a luxurious vegetation, and rising and sinking with the water which flows beneath it." Several small floating isles of this description, are occasionally encountered among the Moluccas; and Captain W. H. Smyth informed the author, that "when cruising amidst the Philippine islands, he has more than once seen, after those dreadful hurricanes called typhoons, floating islands of wood, with trees growing upon them, and

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that ships have been sometimes in imminent peril, in consequence of mistaking them for *terra firma*."

There are similar geographical distributions of birds and reptiles, fish and insects; but they are all subject to a variety of accidents, which cause them to be diffused through places not originally assigned to them. It is thus shown, with reference to plants and animals, that their stations depend on a great complication of circumstances; and if those circumstances be perpetually changing, as the author demonstrates, it will follow that the different species, both of plants and animals, are subject to incessant vicissitudes. He next proceeds to show, that the result of these changes, in the course of ages, is so great, as to effect the general condition of the geographical stations of plants and animals; from which it would follow, that "the successive destruction of species must now be part of the regular and constant order of nature."

In proof of this, he refers to the devastations which are committed by the Greenland bears, when they are drifted to Iceland, in considerable numbers. They would reduce very materially the deer, foxes, and seals, and the consequence of this would be, so far as the deer only would be concerned, that the plants on which they fed would increase, and supply more food to insects. Insects would next increase, and supply more food to birds, so that the number of the winged tribe would of course be augmented. The diminution of the seals would afford a respite to the fish, upon which they had been accustomed to feed; these fish would consequently multiply, and press upon their peculiar prey. The same consequences would follow with respect to the water-fowls, upon which the foxes had been accustomed to commit depredations, and the increase of these water-fowls would necessarily diminish the fish which formed their natural food. All these consequences, linked one with another, would necessarily follow from the drifting of a large number of bears from Greenland to Iceland; and thus we may understand how "the numerical proportions of a great number of the inhabitants, both of the land and sea, might be permanently altered, by the settling of one new species in the region; and the changes caused indirectly, might ramify through all classes of the living creation, and be almost endless." Mr. Lyell's further illustrations upon this point are happily selected.

"Thus, for example, suppose that once in two centuries a frost of unusual intensity, or a volcanic eruption of immense violence accompanied by floods from the melting of glaciers, should occur in Ireland; or an epidemic disease, fatal to the larger number of individuals of some one species, and not affecting others—these, and a variety of other contingencies, all of which may occur at once, or at periods separated by different intervals of time, ought

to happen before it would be possible for us to declare what ultimate alteration the presence of any new comer, such as the bear before mentioned, might occasion in the animal population of the isle.

"Every new condition in the state of the organic or inorganic creation, a new animal or plant, an additional snow-clad mountain, any permanent change, however slight in comparison to the whole, gives rise to a new order of things, and may make a material change in regard to some one or more species. Yet a swarm of locusts, or a frost of extreme intensity, may pass away without any great apparent derangement; no species may be lost, and all may soon recover their former relative numbers, because the same scourges may have visited the region, again and again, at some former periods. Every plant that was incapable of resisting such a degree of cold, every animal which was exposed to be entirely cut off by famine, in consequence of the consumption of vegetation by the locusts, may have perished already, so that the subsequent recurrence of similar catastrophes is attended only by a temporary change.

"We are best acquainted with the mutations brought about by the progress of human population, and the growth of plants and animals favoured by man. To these, therefore, we should, in the first instance, turn our attention. If we conclude, from the concurrent testimony of history and of the evidence yielded by geological data, that man is, comparatively speaking, of very modern origin, we must at once perceive how great a revolution in the state of the animate world the increase of the human race, considered merely as consumers of a certain quantum of organic matter, must necessarily cause.

"It may, perhaps, be said, that man has, in some degree, compensated for the appropriation to himself of so much food, by artificially improving the natural productiveness of soils, by irrigation, manure, and a judicious intermixture of mineral ingredients conveyed from different localities. But it admits of reasonable doubt, whether, upon the whole, we fertilize or impoverish the lands which we occupy. This assertion may seem startling to many, because they are so much in the habit of regarding the sterility or productiveness of land in relation to the wants of man, and not as regards the organic world generally. It is difficult, at first, to conceive, if a morass is converted into arable land, and made to yield a crop of grain, even of moderate abundance, that we have not improved the capabilities of the habitable surface—that we have not empowered it to support a larger quantity of organic life. In such cases, a tract, before of no utility to man, may be reclaimed and become of high agricultural importance, but it may yield, at the same time, a scantier vegetation. If a lake be drained and turned into a meadow, the space will provide sustenance to man and many terrestrial animals serviceable to him, but not perhaps, so much food as it previously yielded to the aquatic races.

"If the pestiferous Pontine marshes were drained and covered with corn, like the plains of the Po, they might, perhaps, feed a smaller

number of animals than they do now; for these morasses are filled with herds of buffaloes and swine, and they swarm with birds, reptiles and insects.

"The felling of dense and lofty forests, which covered, even within the records of history, a considerable space on the globe, now tenanted by civilized man, must usually have lessened the amount of vegetable food throughout the space where these woods grew. We must also take into our account the area covered by towns, and a still larger surface occupied by roads.

"If we force the soil to bear extraordinary crops one year, we are, perhaps, compelled to let it lie fallow the next. But nothing so much counterbalances the fertilizing effects of human art as the extensive cultivation of foreign herbs and shrubs, which, although they are often more nutritious to man, seldom thrive with the same rank luxuriance as the native plants of a district. Man is, in truth, continually striving to diminish the natural diversity of the *stations* of animals and plants in every country, and to reduce them all to a small number fitted for species of economical use. He may succeed perfectly in attaining his object, even though the vegetation be comparatively meagre, and the total amount of animal life be greatly lessened.

"Spix and Martius have given a lively description of the incredible number of insects which lay waste the crops in Brazil, besides swarms of monkeys, flocks of parrots and other birds, as well as the paca, agouti, and wild swine. They describe the torment which the planter and the naturalist suffer from the mosquitoes, and the devastation of the ants and blattæ: they speak of the dangers to which they were exposed from the jaguar, the poisonous serpents, lizards, scorpions, centipedes, and spiders. But with the increasing population and cultivation of the country, observe these naturalists, these evils will gradually diminish; when the inhabitants have cut down the woods, drained the marshes, made roads in all directions, and founded villages and towns, man will by degrees triumph over the rank vegetation and the noxious animals, and all the elements will second and amply recompense his activity."

"The number of human beings now peopling the earth is supposed to amount to eight hundred millions, so that we may easily understand how great a number of beasts of prey, birds, and animals of every class, this prodigious population must have displaced, independently of the still more important consequences which have followed from the derangement brought about by man in the relative numerical strength of particular species." vol. ii. pp. 145-148.

Hence we find the deer comparatively extirpated; and if they had not been carefully preserved in parks, they would have been wholly so. The number of foxes is materially reduced in this country; the wild cat and wolf are wholly banished from amongst us; the same observation applies to the badger,

the beaver, the bear, and in some degree to eagles, the larger hawks, and ravens. The list might be greatly extended; but we have given enough to demonstrate the truth of Mr. Lyell's doctrine, that the extermination of species is constantly taking place, and that the causes which lead to it must of necessity produce perpetual changes in the state of organic creation. If such things occur before our own eyes, we may reasonably conclude, that similar causes have wrought similar alterations in former ages.

Hitherto we have been dealing only with the organic causes of the extermination of species. Mr. Lyell next proceeds to trace the effect of inorganic causes, as tending to produce similar results. By inorganic causes he means such occurrences as the subsiding or elevation of land by means of earthquakes; the formation of new islands, the irruption of the sea through an isthmus, or an alteration in the climate. It is obvious that causes such as these will necessarily operate most extensive changes, with respect to those particular species which they may happen immediately or remotely to effect. The modifications which are produced in the material constituents of the earth's crust, by the action of a mineral or vegetable life, have also an intimate connexion with this subject. The modification thus treated of by the author are, 1st, the growth of peat;—2dly, the preservation of animal remains in stalactite, and in the mud of caves and fissures;—3dly, the burying of organic remains, in alluvium and the ruins of land-slips;—4thly, of the same in blown sand;—and 5thly, of the same in volcanic ejections, and alluvions composed of volcanic productions. We shall quote a few of the details which the author has collected concerning the growth of peat, and the preservation of vegetable and animal remains.

"The generation of peat, when not completely under water, is confined to moist situations, where the temperature is low, and where vegetables may decompose without putrifying. It may consist of any of the numerous plants which are capable of growing in such *stations*: but a species of moss (*sphagnum palustre*) constitutes a considerable part of the peat found in marshes of the north of Europe; this plant having the property of throwing up new shoots in its upper part, while its lower extremities are decaying. Reeds, rushes, and other aquatic plants may usually be traced in peat, and their organization is often so entire, that there is no difficulty in discriminating the distinct species.

"In general, says Sir H. Davy, one hundred parts of dry peat contain from sixty to ninety-nine parts of matter destructible by fire, and the residuum consists of earths usually of the same kind as the substratum of clay, marl, gravel, or rock on which they are found, together with oxide of iron. 'The peat of the chalk counties of England,' observes the same writer, 'contains much gypsum; but I have found very little in any specimens from Ire-

* See Museum, vol. XVI., page 535:

land or Scotland, and in general these peats contain very little saline matter.' From the researches of Dr. Macculloch, it appears that peat is intermediate between simple vegetable matter and lignite, the conversion of peat to lignite being gradual, and being brought about in a great lapse of time by the prolonged action of water.

"Peat is sometimes formed on a declivity in mountainous regions where there is much moisture, but in such situations it rarely if ever exceeds four feet in thickness. In bogs, and in low grounds, into which alluvial peat is drifted, it is found forty feet thick and upwards, but in such cases it generally owes one half of its volume to the water which it contains. It has seldom, if ever, been discovered within the tropics, and it rarely occurs in the valleys even in the south of France and Spain. It abounds more and more in proportion as we advance farther from the equator, and becomes not only more frequent but more inflammable in the northern latitudes; the cause of which may probably be that the carbonic acid and hydrogen, which are the most inflammable parts, do not readily assume the gaseous form in a cold atmosphere.

"There is a vast extent of surface in Europe covered with peat, which in Ireland is said to extend over a tenth of the whole island. One of the mosses on the Shannon is described by Dr. Boates to be fifty miles long, by two or three broad; and the great marsh of Montoire, near the mouth of the Loire, is mentioned by Blavier as being more than fifty leagues in circumference. It is a curious and well ascertained fact, that many of these mosses of the north of Europe occupy the place of immense forests of pine and oak, which have many of them disappeared within the historical era. Such changes are brought about by the fall of trees and the stagnation of water, caused by their trunks and branches obstructing the free drainage of the atmospheric waters, and giving rise to a marsh. In a warm climate such decayed timber would immediately be removed by insects, or by putrefaction; but, in the cold temperature now prevailing in our latitudes, many examples are recorded of marshes originating in this source. Thus, in Mar forest, in Aberdeenshire, large trunks of Scotch fir, which had fallen from age and decay, were soon immured in peat formed partly out of their perishing leaves and branches, and in part from the growth of other plants. We also learn that the overthrow of a forest by a storm, about the middle of the seventeenth century, gave rise to a peat moss, near Lochbroom, in Ross-shire, where, in less than half a century after the fall of the trees, the inhabitants dug peat. Dr. Walker mentions a similar change when, in the year 1756, the whole wood of Drumlanrig was overset by the wind. Such events explain the occurrence, both in Britain and on the continent, of mosses where the trees are all broken within two or three feet of the original surface, and where their trunks all lie in the same direction.

"Nothing is more common than the occurrence of buried trees at the bottom of the Irish peat-mosses, as also in most of those of England, France, and Holland; and they have

been so often observed with parts of their trunks standing erect, and with their roots fixed to the subsoil, that no doubt can be entertained of their having generally grown on the spot. They consist for the most part of the fir, the oak, and the birch; where the subsoil is clay, the remains of oak are most abundant; where sand is the substratum, fir prevails. In the marsh of Curragh, in the Isle of Man, vast trees are discovered standing firm on their roots; though at the depth of eighteen or twenty feet below the surface. Some naturalists have desired to refer the imbedding of timber in peat mosses to aqueous transportation, since rivers are well known to float wood into lakes; but the facts abovementioned show that, in numerous instances, such an hypothesis is inadmissible. It has moreover been observed that in Scotland, as also in many parts of the continent, the largest trees are found in those peat mosses which lie in the least elevated regions, and that the trees are proportionally smaller in those which lie at higher levels; from which fact De Luc and Walker have both inferred that the trees grew on the spot, for they would naturally attain a greater size in lower and warmer levels. The leaves also, and fruits of each species, are continually found immersed in the moss along with the parent trees, as, for example, the leaves and acorns of the oak, the cones and leaves of the fir, and the nuts of the hazel.

"Sometimes, in the same bog, a stratification is observed of different kinds of wood, oak being found in the lowermost stratum, and birch and hazel in a second bed above. Sometimes still higher, a stratum, containing alder, with the twigs of the bog myrtle (*Myrica gale*), have been found; the succession of strata, in this instance, indicating a gradual conversion of a dry tract into a swamp, and lastly a peat-moss.

"The durability of pine-wood, which in the Scotch peat-mosses exceeds that of the birch and oak, is due to the great quantity of turpentine which it contains, and which is so abundant that the fir-wood from bogs is used by the country people, in parts of Scotland, in the place of candles. Such resinous plants, observes Dr. Macculloch, as fir, would produce a fatter coal than oak, because the resin itself is converted into bitumen.

"In Hatfieldmoss, which appears clearly to have been a forest eighteen hundred years ago, fir-trees have been found ninety feet long, and sold for masts and keels of ships; oaks have also been discovered there above one hundred feet long. The dimensions of an oak from this moss are given in the Philosophical Transactions, No. 275, which must have been larger than any tree now existing in the British dominions.

"In the same moss of Hatfield, as well as in that of Kincardine and several others, Roman roads have been found covered to the depth of eight feet by peat. All the coins, axes, arms, and other utensils found in British and French mosses, are also Roman; so that a considerable portion of the European peat-bogs are evidently not more ancient than the age of Julius Cæsar. Nor can any vestiges of the ancient forests described by that general, along the

line of the great Roman way in Britain, be discovered, except in the ruined trunks of trees in peat.

"De Luc ascertained that the very site of the aboriginal forests of Hircinia, Semana, Ardennes, and several others, are now occupied by mosses and fens; and a great part of these changes have, with much probability, been attributed to the strict orders given by Severus, and other emperors, to destroy all the wood in the conquered provinces. Several of the British forests, however, which are now mosses, were cut at different periods by order of the English parliament, because they harboured wolves or outlaws. Thus the Welsh woods were cut and burnt in the reign of Edward I.; as were many of those in Ireland by Henry II., to prevent the natives from harbouring in them and harassing his troops.

"It is curious to reflect, that considerable tracts have by these accidents been permanently sterilized, and that during a period when civilization has been making great progress, large areas in Europe have, by human agency, been rendered less capable of administering to the wants of man. Rennie observes with truth, that in those regions alone which the Roman eagle never reached—in the remote circles of the German empire, in Poland and Prussia, and still more in Norway, Sweden, and the vast empire of Russia—can we see what Europe was before it yielded to the power of Rome. Desolation now reigns where stately forests of pine and oak once flourished, such as might now have supplied all the natives of Europe with timber.

"At the bottom of peat mosses there is sometimes found a cake or 'pan,' as it is termed, of oxide of iron, and the frequency of bog iron-ore is familiar to the mineralogist. The oak which is so often found dyed black in peat, owes its colour to the same metal. From what source the iron is derived is by no means obvious, since we cannot in all cases suppose that it has been precipitated from the waters of mineral springs. According to Fourcroy there is iron in all compact wood, and it is the cause of one-twelfth part of the weight of oak. The heaths (*Ericæ*) which flourish in a sandy, ferruginous soil, are said to contain more iron than any other vegetable.

"It has been suggested that iron, being soluble in acids, may be diffused through the whole mass of vegetables, when they decay in a bog, and may, by its superior specific gravity, sink to the bottom, and be there precipitated so as to form bog iron-ore; or where there is a subsoil of sand or gravel, it may cement them into ironstone or ferruginous conglomerate.

"One interesting circumstance attending the history of peat-mosses, is the high state of preservation of animal substances buried in them for periods of many years. In June, 1747, the body of a woman was found six feet deep, in a peat-moor in the Isle of Axholm, in Lincolnshire. The antique sandals on her feet afforded evidence of her having been buried there for many ages; yet her nails, hair, and skin, are described as having shown hardly any marks of decay. In a turbary on the estate of the Earl of Moira, in Ireland, a human body was dug up, a foot deep in gravel,

covered with eleven feet of moss; the body was completely clothed, and the garments seemed all to be made of hair. Before the use of wool was known in that country, the clothing of the inhabitants was made of hair, so that it would appear that this body had been buried at that early period, yet it was fresh and unimpaired. In the Philosophical Transactions, we find an example recorded of the bodies of two persons having been buried in moist peat, in Derbyshire, in 1674, about a yard deep, which were examined twenty-eight years and nine months afterwards; 'the colour of their skin was fair and natural, their flesh soft as that of persons newly dead.'

"Among other analogous facts we may mention, that in digging a pit for a well near Dulverton, in Somersetshire, many pigs were found in various postures, still entire. Their shape was well preserved, the skin, which retained the hair, having assumed a dry, membranous appearance. Their whole substance was converted into a white, friable, laminated, inodorous, and tasteless substance; but which, when exposed to heat, emitted an odour precisely similar to broiled bacon."—vol. ii. pp. 210—216.

No very clear explanation is given of the source whence peat derives this antiseptic property. As to the animal remains which are found in them, they are to be accounted for in one of two ways; the living animal must have fallen into the peat when in a semi-fluid state, or it may have burst from its moorings, as sometimes happens, and in its devastating progress must have overtaken and overwhelmed the victims which are found buried in its bosom. The Solway Moss, for instance, as described by Gilpin, "is a flat area, about seven miles in circumference, situated on the confines of England and Scotland. Its surface is covered with grass and rushes, presenting a dry crust and a fair appearance, but it shakes under the least pressure, the bottom being unsound and semi-fluid. The adventurous passenger, therefore, who sometimes in dry seasons traverses this perilous waste, to save a few miles, picks his cautious way over the rushy tussocks as they appear before him, for here the soil is firmest. If his foot slip, or if he venture to desert this mark of security, it is possible he may never more be heard of." There was a tradition, that at the battle of Solway, in the time of Henry VIII., a fugitive troop of horse plunged into this morass, and that it immediately closed over them. The truth of the tale has been substantiated by peat-diggers, who found a man and horse in complete armour, both in good preservation, in the place where it was always supposed the battle took place.

With respect to the bones of men and inferior animals, which are found in caverns, Mr. Lyell judiciously observes, that great caution must be used in drawing any chronological inferences from them, where the signs of successive deposition are wanting.

In treating of the preservation in subaqueous strata, of the remains of man and his works, the author enters into some striking calculations as to the loss of life, and the destruction of shipping at sea.

"We shall hereafter advert to a calculation, by which it appears that more than five hundred British vessels alone, averaging each a burden of about one hundred and twenty tons, are wrecked, and sink to the bottom, annually. Of these the crews for the most part escape, although it sometimes happens that all perish. In one great naval action several thousand individuals sometimes share a watery grave.

"Many of these corpses are instantly devoured by predaceous fish, sometimes before they reach the bottom; still more frequently when they rise again to the surface and float in a state of putrefaction. Many decompose on the floor of the ocean where no sediment is thrown down upon them, but if they fall upon a reef where corals and shells are becoming agglutinated into a solid rock, or subside where the delta of a river is advancing, they may be preserved for an incalculable series of ages in these deposits.

"Often at the distance of a few hundred feet from a coral reef there are no soundings at the depth of many hundred fathoms. Here if a ship strike and be wrecked, it may soon be covered by calcareous sand and fragments of coral detached by the breakers from the summit of a submarine mountain, and which may roll down to its base. Wrecks are known to have been common for centuries near certain reefs, so that canoes, merchant vessels, and ships of war, may have sunk and have been enveloped in these situations in calcareous sand and breccia. Suppose a volcanic eruption to cover such remains with ashes and sand, and that over the tufaceous strata resulting from these ejections, a current of lava is afterwards poured, the ships and human skeletons might then remain uninjured beneath the superincumbent rock, like the houses and works of art in the subterranean cities of Campania. That cases may have already occurred where human remains have been thus preserved in a fossil state beneath masses more than a thousand feet in thickness, is by no means improbable, for in some volcanic archipelagos a period of thirty or forty centuries might well suffice for such an accumulation of matter.

"We stated that at the distance of about forty miles from the base of the delta of the Ganges, there is a circular space about fifteen miles in diameter, where soundings of a thousand feet sometimes fail to reach the bottom. As during the flood season the quantity of mud and sand poured by the great rivers into the Bay of Bengal, is so great that the sea only recovers its transparency at the distance of sixty miles from the coast, this depression must be gradually shoaling, especially as during the monsoons, the sea, loaded with mud and sand, is beaten back in that direction towards the delta. Now if a ship or human body sink down to the bottom in such a spot, it is by no means improbable that it may become buried under a depth of three or four thousand feet of sediment in the same number of years.

"Even on that part of the floor of the ocean whither no accession of drift matter is carried, (a part which we believe to constitute at any given period, by far the larger proportion of the whole submarine area,) there are circumstances accompanying a wreck which favour the conservation of skeletons. For when the vessel fills suddenly with water, especially in the night, many persons are drowned between decks and in their cabins, so that their bodies are prevented from rising again to the surface. The vessel often strikes upon an uneven bottom and is overturned, in which case the ballast, consisting of sand, shingle, and rock, or the cargo, frequently composed of heavy and durable materials, may be thrown down upon the carcasses. In the case of ships of war, cannon, shot, and other warlike stores, may press down with their weight the timbers of the vessel when they decay, and beneath these and the metallic substances the bones of man may be preserved.

"When we reflect on the number of curious monuments consigned to the bed of the ocean in the course of every naval war from the earliest times, our conceptions are greatly raised respecting the multiplicity of lasting memorials which man is leaving of his labours. During our last great struggle with France, thirty-two of our ships of the line went to the bottom in the space of twenty-two years, besides seven fifty-gun ships, eighty-six frigates, and a multitude of smaller vessels. The navies of the other European powers, France, Holland, Spain, and Denmark, were almost annihilated during the same period, so that the aggregate of their losses must have many times exceeded that of Great Britain. In every one of these ships were batteries of cannon constructed of iron or brass, whereof a great number had the dates and places of their manufacture inscribed upon them in letters cast in metal. In each there were coins of copper, silver, and often many of gold, capable of serving as valuable historical monuments; in each were an infinite variety of instruments of the arts of war and peace, many formed of materials, such as glass and earthenware, capable of lasting for indefinite ages when once removed from the mechanical action of the waves, and buried under a mass of matter which may exclude the corroding action of sea-water.

"But the reader must not imagine that the fury of war is more conducive than the peaceful spirit of commercial enterprise to the accumulation of wrecked vessels in the bed of the sea. From an examination of Lloyd's lists from the year 1793, to the commencement of 1829, it has appeared, that the number of *British vessels* alone lost during that period amounted, on an average, to no less than one and a half *daily*, a greater number than we should have anticipated, although we learn from Moreau's tables that the number of merchant vessels employed at one time in the navigation of England and Scotland, amounts to about twenty thousand, having one with another a mean burden of one hundred and twenty tons. Out of five hundred and fifty-one ships of the royal navy lost to the country during the period above mentioned, only one hundred and sixty were taken or destroyed by the ene-

my, the rest having either stranded or foundered, or having been burnt by accident, a striking proof that the dangers of our naval warfare, however great, may be far exceeded by the storm, the hurricane, the shoal, and all the other perils of the deep.

"Millions of dollars and other coins have been sometimes submerged in a single ship, and on these, when they happen to be enveloped in a matrix capable of protecting them from chemical changes, much information of historical interest will remain inscribed and endure for periods as indefinite as have the delicate markings of zoophytes or lapidified plants in some of the ancient secondary rocks. In almost every large ship, moreover, there are some precious stones set in seals, and other articles of use and ornament, composed of the hardest substances in nature, on which letters and various images are carved—engravings which they may retain when included in subaqueous strata, as long as crystal preserves its natural form.

"It was a splendid boast, that the deeds of the English chivalry at Agincourt made Henry's chronicle

—as rich with praise

As is the ooze and bottom of the deep,
With sunken wreck and sunless treasures;

for it is probable that a greater number of monuments of the skill and industry of man will, in the course of ages, be collected together in the bed of the ocean, than will be seen at one time on the surface of the continents.

"If our species be of as recent a date as we suppose, it will be vain to seek for the remains of man and the works of his hands imbedded in submarine strata, except in those regions where violent earthquakes are frequent, and the alterations of relative level so great, that the bed of the sea may have been converted into land within the historical era. We do not despair of the discovery of such monuments whenever those regions which have been peopled by man from the earliest ages, and which are at the same time the principal theatres of volcanic action, shall be examined by the joint skill of the antiquary and the geologist.

"There can be no doubt that human remains are as capable of resisting decay as are the harder parts of the inferior animals; and we have already cited the remark of Cuvier, that 'in ancient fields of battle the bones of men have suffered as little decomposition as those of horses which were buried in the same grave.' In the delta of the Ganges bones of men have been found in digging a well at the depth of ninety feet; but as that river frequently shifts its course and fills up its ancient channels, we are not called upon to suppose that these bodies are of extremely high antiquity, or that they were buried when that part of the surrounding delta where they occur was first gained from the sea."—vol. ii. pp. 254–258.

There is a rock, still in process of formation, on the north-west coast of the mainland of Guadaloupe, in which the skeletons of men have been found more or less mutilated. This rock is said to be harder than statuary marble. Similar formations are in progress in the whole of the West-Indian archipelago,

consisting principally of minute fragments of shells and corals. But we need hardly wonder at such formations as these, when we reflect upon the numberless coral islands which have grown into existence in the Pacific, within the memory of man. Much light has been thrown upon the peculiarities in the structure of these islands, by the information collected during Captain Beechey's late expedition. That able and enlightened navigator examined thirty-two of these, of which the largest was thirty miles in diameter, and the smallest less than a mile. They were all increasing in their dimensions. The coral reefs are sometimes of great extent, reaching from one island to another, to a distance of six hundred miles and upwards. The inhabitants of some of the islands in the Pacific are thus enabled to pay visits to each other, and when they are on their route for that purpose, they are said to "present the appearance of troops marching upon the surface of the ocean."

The object which Mr. Lyell has in enumerating these and a multitude of other facts, which he has collected in this volume, will be fully elucidated in the third volume, now in course of preparation for the press. We may, however, clearly infer, that his main design is to show that there is nothing to be found in the monuments of past ages, that may not be accounted for by the influence of causes which are still seen in operation. If the extirpation of particular species be a matter that can be ascertained to have taken place within historical memory, we are not to be surprised at the occasional discovery in caverns, or rocks, or other depositories, of the remains of animals, of which there are at present no similar examples. If we discover the skeleton of an elephant in a cold climate, we are not, therefore, to conclude that the climate was formerly a warm one, and that it has been changed by some violent alteration in the position of the earth, or in the direction of its axis. In the same way we are to avoid a similar conclusion—one, by the way, upon which shallow geologists have frequently insisted—when we discover in the south the skeleton of an animal whose natural habitation is in the north. Accident, the pressure of a severe season, the necessity of emigration, shipwreck, the floating of an ice island, are more than sufficient to account for most of these appearances; and it reflects great credit upon Mr. Lyell's sagacity, that he has at length discovered the only clue which can at once serve to explain those appearances, and to confirm the notions which we have received from the Scriptures concerning the period and progress of the Creation. His facts are well arranged, and when they come to be applied to the theory which he is to erect upon them, we have little doubt that the superstructure will be worthy of the foundation.

From the Westminster Review.

THE CHAMELEON.*

THE Chameleon in an album in print, or an annual without plates. In former times it would have been entitled "Essays in Prose and Verse;" but the love of a characteristic appellation seems, in the present instance, to have cost the author some pains. In a prefatory paper he has explained the difficulty of choice, and admitted the reader to share in the anxieties of baptism. The responsibility was somewhat increased, by the fact of the writer being his own publisher. The Chameleon is, in fact, a bookseller in Glasgow, who probably never changes colour, except when he hears some loud-voiced customer praise his own book.

The author enters into the question, of whether booksellers should be literary. It seems there is a prejudice against those who sell books also making them; on what principle we know not. It is like forbidding the apothecary to take his own medicines. If a publisher is qualified to write, he is more likely to be qualified to judge; and it is known that half the losses in the trade of books are produced by the inability of the tradesmen to decide on the merits of the MSS. submitted to his notice. We would for the interests of all concerned, exalt the respectability and consideration of all persons engaged in the concoction and administration of intellectual food, and are strongly disposed to take the same view of the Bibliopole as the present Editor of the Quarterly Review, who, before he was raised to one of the critical thrones of the metropolis, thus wrote in "Peter's Letters,"—"BOOKSELLER signifies one of a race of men who should never, for a moment, be confounded with any other class of shopkeepers or traffickers: their merchandise is the noblest in the world: the wares to which they invite your attention are not fineries for the back, or luxuries for the belly—the inward man's what they aspire to clothe and feed, and the food and raiment they offer are tempting things. They have whole shelves loaded with wisdom; and if you want wit, they have drawers full of it at every corner. It is impossible that this noble traffic should not communicate something of its essential nobility to those continually engaged in it. Your bookseller, however ignorant he may be in many respects, always smells of the shop; and that which is considered sarcasm when said of any other man, is the highest of compliments when applied to him. What an air of intelligence is breathed upon this man from the surface of the universe in which he moves! It is as impossible for a bookseller to be devoid of taste and knowledge—some flavour, at least—as it

is for a collier to have a white skin, or a miller to want one."

The Chameleon is a tasteful and creditable little work—its spirit is cheerful,—its tone sensible, and its fancy light and pleasant. The prose wants novelty and depth; but the poetry has feeling, and often deep feeling. At any rate, if there is any truth in the old school copy of the charm that dwells in variety, then is the Chameleon charming; for assuredly he has given us something in the style of almost every thing he sells.

We have said that the poetry of the book far exceeds in merit the prose: from it we will make an extract or two. "The Silence of the Grave" is touching and impressive, and the "Love's Pains" are written with a freedom and force which no poet of the day need be ashamed of: they carry us back to some of the best pieces of the age of the Stuarts. They are Cowley without conceit.

"THE SILENCE OF THE GRAVE."

"There's quiet where the dead are laid,
There's silence where *they* sleep:
No matter where a grave be made,
There Peace will vigil keep,
And spread o'er that small stride of earth
A canopy of gloom;
And noiseless is the tramp of mirth
Above the tomb!

The baynet-scooped and slender grave,
Filled ere the battle's o'er!
The corse-gorged, dark and yeasty wave
That heaves with sullen roar,—
Round these, may rave earth's wildest din,
Yet Silence droops its head;—
It is enough they hold within
The voiceless dead!

Yon churchyard, in the noisy street,
With many a lie paved o'er;
Hath it a quiet, sad—but sweet?
Oh! no, but it hath more—
A silence horrid as the gap
Between each fitful sigh
That guilt expires, when in the lap
Of agony!

Then, where the flowers their odours throw,
All noiseless in the air,
Where, without voice, the lilies grow
—O, be my last rest there!
For wearied of the world's wild strife
I fain would quiet be;
And Peace were cheaply bought with life
To one like me!"

"LOVE'S PAINS."

"To sit and watch the beaming eye,
That never turns to thee;
To mark the smile, to note the sigh
Another wins, and that one nigh.
Ah! this is misery.

To feel the once bright spirit quenched,
And hope's last glimmer die;
To know thy cheek is wan and blenched,
And that 'tis seen thy heart is drenched.—
This, this is agony!

*The Chameleon. Second Edition. Longman & Co., London. 1832. 8vo. pp. 312.

To try to smile, to hide thy woes,
Yet feel you try in vain—
In form to seek to clothe the throes
Which but a burning bosom knows.—
Ah! this is worse than pain!

To pant, to kneel, and bare thy heart,
Even to its inmost core,
To One who knows not what thou art,
Yet, Pride to act the tyrant's part,—
Ah! this than grief is more!

To wither 'neath a look of scorn,
Or complaisance so chill,
That proud contempt were easier borne,
Or hatred's stigma lightly worn,
Be thus—and what will kill!

To envy, though you cannot hate,
A proud, but manly foe,
Who knows his triumph, and, elate,
Keeps haughty and condoling state;
And what remains in woe!

To tender, but to see declined,
The slightest homage-deed;
To feel the heart infect the mind,
Till Reason's holds their links unbind,
And what will make thee bleed!

To be all thus while she is near,
Yet pine more when alone;
'Mid crowds to feel reclus and drear,—
Till torment by her, even is dear,—
Then wish thee turned to stone!"

From the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.

NOTICE OF AN ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.*

I HAVE hardly yet recovered the effects of an expedition I made to Vesuvius the day before yesterday; and which, though attended with considerable difficulty, owing to the particular circumstances in which we were placed, was certainly one of the most interesting I have hitherto made, or expect to make, in Italy. Since the eruption of last month, the crater had been nearly in a state of repose until last Thursday, when smoke was seen issuing from its summit. After waiting in vain for a day perfectly suited to our purpose, we selected Monday as the most favourable; for, though stormy, yet the atmosphere was clear. The party consisted of Mr. Jackson, an American geologist, Mr. Dulcuet his friend, and John Home, an English gentleman, and myself. After reaching the top of the cone, we had considerable difficulty in getting to the leeward of the crater, as the clouds of muriatic acid gas blown down were very dense and suffocating. However, we made good the circuit, and ascended to the mouth of the crater; and, as we were on the *, and as the wind was violent and steady, we were able, with little danger, to stand on the brink, while tremendous volleys of red hot stones were

projected several hundred feet into the air. The explosion had a sound unlike any noise I ever heard,—something between the noise of artillery and the rolling of thunder. The phenomena were so very striking and violent, that, though unprovided with provisions and other necessities, we resolved to spend the night amongst the lava of the summit of the outer cone, in order that we might again ascend the crater or inner cone, when it was completely dark. During the interval, while looking about us, we were astonished and delighted to perceive, at some distance from the crater itself, a stream of hot lava, which it turned out had but commenced that morning. Its movement was slow and sluggish; and, near the source, might be at the rate of a mile an hour. Even then, by stepping lightly across, we could pass some parts of it. After resting beneath a mass of old lava, till seven o'clock in the evening, we with some difficulty (for the wind was tremendous), gained the brink of the crater a second time; and certainly no sight in nature can be more sublime and splendid than that we witnessed. The explosions and volleys of red hot stones were even greater than during the day, some of the masses being many feet in diameter, and the opposite side of the crater from where we stood (some hundred feet high), was literally strewn with them. A few of the masses fell near us, but generally they could be easily avoided. We were again obliged to retire to our shelter, as, until the moon rose, we could not cross the sea of old lava which surrounded the cone of the crater. At three o'clock in the morning we reached the foot of the mountain, and at four we returned to Naples, considerably fatigued, and in rather a pitiable condition as to habiliments, as my hat and handkerchief had been swept into the crater, and my clothes were literally reduced to a bundle of rags. Last night the stream of lava, as far as we could observe from Naples, had already reached the base of the great cone, and to-day we think it has now fallen into the course of the stream of last month, having, during its course down the side of the cone, been parallel to it. Just now (at night) I see it from my window like a bright stripe or bank of perpendicular fire in the atmosphere.

I am happy to say Sir Walter Scott is in great good health, and drives about continually, though I believe he enters but little into society. He is highly honoured by the King, and receives privileges granted to no one else. Sir Walter proposes taking a trip to Greece, during the Spring.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

THE PAST YEAR.

THEY go, they go, they pass away!
Hours bear us on their wings
To where in night and mystery
End mortal wanderings.

* Notice of an Eruption of Vesuvius last February, and some particulars in regard to the Geology of Italy. In Extracts of a Letter to Professor Jameson.

† The word is not legible in the M.S.

I am not weary of this scene,
Although its ways to me
Have rough and care-worn ever been—
I am content to be.

Life hath its whisperings of joy
Amid the darkest hours,
As in the desert of annoy
Spring solitary flowers;
I am prepared to wait my time,
Though but a useless weed,
However dark the doom, or way,
That is for me decreed.

Such course is best—but I am sad
While years thus fleet away,
And times when I was young and glad
Are thronging memory;
And voices heard in parted days,
Whose music on the soul
Falls like a vault's dim window rays
Upon a buried pall.

I hear them in the winds at eve,
That rustle Autumn woods,—
I hear them on the ocean wave,—
I hear them in the floods;—
Whence come they?—Spirits of the air
They wait upon the heart;
Enshrining recollections there,
Death can alone dispart—

Holding communings from afar
On shores where all have rest,
Or in some bright remoter star—
The Eden of the blest,
Where fancy furls her sunny wings
Amid bright isles of bliss,
And many a lovely vision brings
Of worlds more fair than this.

Then why regret the buried time?
Who'd live life o'er again,
The self-same scene from childhood's prime?—
Too deep would be the pain.
Poor weary pilgrims, let us say,
Our toilsome journey run,
Grateful, resign'd, howe'er the way,
"Father, thy will be done!"

From the Westminster Review.

AMERICAN LAW REFORMS.*

It is deeply interesting to the people of England to know what, in all departments of society, the sons of Englishmen in the west, have done in their new world, for the advancement of human happiness. The American republic is the offspring of the best portions of the British constitution; and every true patriot will rejoice to witness in each year's events across the Atlantic, a more and more prosperous result of resistance to the tyrannical British government of the last century. Instead of the failure and dissensions which were eagerly hoped for by their enemies, the

people of the United States are fast attaining a degree of secure prosperity, which their best friends, at the commencement of the struggle, scarcely ventured to anticipate; and they seem likely, at no distant day, to justify expectations, once cherished, as was asserted, only by designing demagogues or crazed enthusiasts. How this has been brought about, it is worth some pains to learn; and possibly it may be shown, that much of what has produced these excellent effects amongst twelve millions of men in a new country, may influence in an old one the well-being of twenty millions, the most nearly of any nation on earth resembling them "in language, laws, religion, customs, and manners;" as was justly declared by the House of Commons in times remarkably free from political excitement. Present circumstances are favourable to an inquiry having such an end in view. There is an increasing disposition in England to examine the usages of other countries, in order to improve our own, by learning the lessons of experience elsewhere. Enlightened observers bring home from Holland, from Switzerland, and from other parts of Europe, models for educating the young, and for alleviating the sufferings of the poor. A mission is sent to Paris for instruction in the most important art of keeping clear and well-checked public accounts; and the good effects of a third effort to import improvement from abroad, may be seen in the recent valuable Report of the Prison Discipline Society. All this may be held to be amongst the best signs of the times. It may be difficult, indeed, to adopt with success in another country, institutions which perhaps derive much of their value from local circumstances; but it is obviously useful to estimate justly what is established at home, by comparisons with the usages of other lands; and if the last seem to be preferable, it is little objection, that the transfer must be managed with prudence and care.

In regard to improvements in our municipal laws by a comparison with those of our neighbours, the neglect of which, with the splendid exceptions of Lord Holt, Lord Mansfield, and Lord Stowell, has heretofore been the great reproach of the English law, an extensive spirit of change is most especially abroad. The Reports of the Commissioners on real property, and on the Common Law, contain various references to the legislation of the Continent; and the jurisprudence of the United States of North America has, with greater promises of usefulness, begun to be consulted in this country with some degree of ardour.*

* See particularly, in the third Report of the Common Law Commissioners, the testimony of Mr. Biddle of the Philadelphia bar, on the good effects of abolishing imprisonment for debt; and the references in the second Report of the Real Property Commissioners, to the practice of registering deeds in the United States, with the re-

* Commentaries on American Law. By James Kent, New York. 4 vols. 8vo. 1830.
2. Abridgment of American Law. By Nathan Dane, L. L. D. Boston. 9 vols. 8vo. 1829.

Pursuing the like course, we intend to present to our readers a sketch of American law, commencing almost *ab ovo*, in order to notice what circumstances have been thought, by competent judges, the occasion of much of its improvement.

It was a principle with our ancestors who founded the old colonies, to carry along with them such parts only of the usages of the mother country, as should be suitable to their new circumstances abroad; a principle recently neglected, but capable of being applied to all the arrangements of society, and calculated to promote the well-being, by encouraging the individual energies, of the people. In ecclesiastical affairs, this saved the colonists from tithes and ecclesiastical courts; in civil affairs generally, it led to the establishment of local and popular government, divested of those privileges and pretensions which had been suffered to accumulate at home; and in the practice of the law, it banished from the colonial courts a great part of the technicalities of Westminster Hall, inasmuch as it was at home only that ancient offices and exclusive ranks existed, to whose interests these technicalities were subservient, and by whose agency they were exercised.

The last instance, regarding the law, is familiar to those acquainted with the progress of our colonial possessions, and was put in a strong light by Sir Matthew Hale two centuries ago, in the following terms: "Concerning the plantations of Virginia, New England, Bermuda, and other islands, and continents towards the West Indies, and also our plantations in Africa and the East Indies, the course of their acquisition was, that the King issued a commission to seize them; thus Virginia and New England were seized, 4 Jac. 1: Greenland and the northern plantations, 1 Phil. and Mary, pat. 3, and divers others . . . Presently upon the acquiescence, the English laws are not settled there, or at least only temporarily, till a settlement is made; and, therefore, we see there administration of justice and law much differing from the English law; but the people carry with them those English liberties which are incident to their persons."—*Lord Hale's Prerogative Regis.*

Besides this advantage of having all that was really good in the English laws to draw upon, with liberty to reject what might be inconvenient, the old colonies were fortunately settled in distinct communities, unconnected with each other except in the common bond of allegiance to the King, or in the occasional intercourse of good offices and trade. The professors of the law were consequently scattered throughout all the separate portions of an extensive country; and whilst, on the one

hand, this tended to afford to the dispersed people better means of themselves understanding the law than could have been had from numbers of lawyers collected to one spot, on the other hand the popular interests were therefore the less likely to be made subservient to the interests of a compact corporation, become subtle by professional intercourse, and narrow in their habits of thinking by comparative seclusion. Indeed, not only are the practising lawyers of the United States less influential as a body than the members of the law in England, but they are much less numerous. In England, they are in the proportion of one to one thousand souls; in the United States, they are as one to one thousand seven hundred souls. The benches of Judges, certainly, are more numerous there than with us; but the result is, that with less mere litigation, the republicans enjoy more and cheaper justice, than is attainable under any system now prevalent in any other part of the world, not perhaps excepting even Denmark. A similar effect, to a certain extent, would have followed, in England, the establishment of the local courts proposed by Lord Brougham some time ago; and it is to be desired that the measure may be revived ere long in more auspicious days, and divested of the objectionable points which exposed it to the condemnation of some of the most strenuous and ablest of our law reformers. Without at all underrating the advantage of uniformity in legal decisions, it is clearly assuming too much to consider the centralization of the lawyers in London, as the only mode, or the true mode, of attaining that important end; and it is open to much doubt, whether the fair interests of the northern population for example, are not sacrificed for an imaginary good, by their being denied the means of raising up a more enlightened body of local jurists, as would be the consequence of a greater portion of the jurisprudence of the country being administered amongst them than is done under the present system. This point has been less carefully examined in England than its importance deserves; and especially in regard to the system of registries so eminently successful in America, and which is probably principally opposed here, in consequence of the attempt to establish it exclusively in the metropolis, instead of leaving the success of a valuable measure to its intrinsic merits, as they would be likely to be developed by numerous local administrations.

Setting out with these advantages, it is not surprising, that the people of the old colonies, should, at an early period, have accomplished much in their endeavours to render the law as little as possible barthensome; and in England we may well waive alarm at the approaching desertion of many ancient forms, when the experiment has been proved so beneficial to great bodies of somewhat rude colonists. They took care to simplify the ele-

plies of Mr. Wheaton of New York, on the Laws of the States generally, in the Jurist for January 1828, p. 430.

ments of legal transactions, so as to check in the outset the means of accumulating expensive and inconvenient proceedings, which would rapidly and entirely exclude all but the lawyers from the comprehension of their own concerns. Conveyancing was studiously divested of those forms which have been the disgrace of English lawyers for so many years; and before the revolution of 1776, a conveyancer was found willing to do thus for the colonists in his practice, what it has been truly asserted practitioners might do, but which none have been bold or honest enough to accomplish in England. In Boston, James Reed reduced the forms of legal instruments to moderate length, so early as before the year 1756; and at the present day a deed of lands proceeds from the government expressed in about sixty words, whilst the latest approved conveyance from the crown in an English colony is run out to four times that extent. In an English colony new lands are fettered by half a dozen serious provisos and conditions; in the United States they are free from all restraint. It requires but slight consideration to comprehend, that where the titles to property begin with so remarkable a difference, the consequence may be traced advantageously to the less encumbered owners, in every transaction in which the property may afterwards be dealt with. In the other principal branch, namely, pleading, prolixity has been abundantly retrenched; and by ceasing to examine witnesses upon interrogatories in equity and in admiralty causes, more serious benefits have been insured than saving expense. In the practice of the courts, numerous artificial rules are abolished, which were impediments to justice; whilst the officers of the courts have been reduced to the two or three required for receiving the suitor's complaint, and executing the award of the judge; in the place of that throng of functionaries, which in London renders an accurate knowledge of the law officers an acquirement of no small skill, and consequently one for which the suitor has to pay heavily.

These apparently inconsiderable improvements, are noticed with the more earnestness, under a conviction that greater attention to them will much promote the reforms now contemplated in England.

A better illustration of what is good in American jurisprudence cannot be offered, than by stating one or two things long established by it, but which the English law reformers, to whom wild desires of novelty cannot be imputed, are almost in vain struggling to obtain from the anti-reformers amongst ourselves. Of these the registration of deeds and of other legal obligations, is a most striking instance. Throughout the four-and-twenty States such registration is managed with the greatest ease; and New England enjoyed this admirable means of security against fraud and misfortune so early as in the year 1641. The

old experience produces no proof of inconvenience in the practice; and perhaps scarcely one lawyer of eminence is to be found in the whole world to give it active opposition. Hitherto, however, Parliament has countenanced the opposition; and registries, which are so useful in America, in Scotland, and all over Europe, besides being found to require very little improvement to be of the greatest utility in Middlesex, Yorkshire, and Ireland, are still refused to the other counties. The simple grounds of the registry laws in New England in 1641, were, "That all deeds of conveyance should be recorded, that neither creditors might be defrauded, nor courts troubled with vexatious suits and endless contentions about sales and mortgages." Part of the registration law of New York, is inserted in the second report of the Real Property Commissioners, from the revised laws of this State.

The black art of the conveyancers supplies another head of comparison highly favourable to the United States. There, feudal tenures, including copyholds, do not exist. With us one result of the labours of the Real Property commissions is, the prolonged continuance of tenures of many kinds; the commissioners having relied perhaps on the enlightened remarks of one of their witnesses, that it is good by such memorials to be reminded of our ancestors. "In truth, says this learned person, I consider the variety of tenures, in the narrow extent in which they exist, as a beauty and not as a blemish. They illustrate the antiquities, and they confirm the history of the country. They bring home to our apprehensions ancient manners and customs which no longer exist, and set before our eyes a faint but interesting picture of feudal relations. All this may be prejudice, but I own I should be sorry to see all these venerable remains sacrificed to a dry and barren uniformity."—*Appendix to the 1st report on real property*, p. 100.

We know not from what period the ruinous practice of fines and recoveries for conveying various rights, or the absurd complexities of English descents of real and personal property, (according to its kind, or the stock whence derived,) have been abolished in America; but we are sure that if seven years ago, any English lawyer had proposed such a heresy, it would have averted the smiles of the most liberal Tory in the country, and have cut off Tory preferment from the wild theorist for ever. Of tithes, too, and the multitudinous evils which they occasion, the United States have known scarcely the rumour, although Charles I. once seriously aimed at fixing the burthen upon them. What little of tithes was introduced into Virginia, the revolution of 1776 abolished; while to their supporters on

* The Body of Liberties. Hinton's History of America, vol. I. p. 71.

this side the Atlantic it seems a light thing to be risking revolution rather than submit them to a reasonable settlement.

The complete separation of the office of the higher judges from the legislative and executive powers, is a more striking excellence in the United States since their Independence. In the adjoining English colonies, the greatest inconveniences arise from perseverance in the old practice, and at home many evils are daily experienced from the political character of the chancellor, of some of the chief judges, and of the recorders in great towns. The error is however still unchecked in most instances in America, of having several judges at each bench; especially in the Supreme Court at Washington, which is composed of seven members, of whom four must be generally present. At the same time the rapidly improving system of reporting the causes, by stipendiary as well as by voluntary reporters, and an extending practice of requiring all judges to assign reasons in writing for their decisions, together with the popular tenure, direct or indirect, of the office, tend powerfully to check the evils attendant on a numerous judiciary in an American Court.

We have said, that the practitioners of the law, in North America, do not possess an inordinate weight in public affairs. It may be added, that the way in which such practitioners are admitted to their duties, and the checks to which they are subjected, have a strong tendency to bring them under a fitting subserviency to the public interests. There is no such aristocratical distinction known in the United States, as that between the English barrister and the attorney; and if a litigant party prefers to be represented by a private friend in his suit, it is at his option to give such private friend a special authority to appear for him in the court, although he may never have been invested with a legal character. If we mistake not, the law business of any country will be done at the least expense, where the division of law labour is left to the public demand, in the place of that artificial arrangement at present prevailing in England; and it seems impossible to be doubted, that the character of the practitioners of any profession will in all respects improve, where inefficiency can be punished by the entire desertion of the employers. If the artificial division be thought likely to confer superior skill and higher character on the higher ranks, it must necessarily in the same proportion degrade the subordinate members; and it is open to serious doubts whether, in the balance of advantages and disadvantages, it be not better to have the mass free from a dangerous inferiority, than that any should receive an artificial elevation, which cannot of itself ensure personal worth.

Eminent writers in the United States have fairly vindicated their countrymen from the reproach of neglecting to improve their jurisprudence. If, as all grant, much remains still

to be done by them, by no people has so much been accomplished in the short time during which they have been free agents. The true intent of the constitution was never allowed them whilst connected with England; but the separation in 1776 was rapidly followed by extensive law reforms. President Jefferson has recorded an example of vigour in this respect, which deserves to be commemorated.

"Before the Revolution, a judgment could not be obtained under eight years in the supreme court, where the suit was in the department of the common law, which department embraces about nine-tenths of the subjects of legal contestation. In that of the chancery, from twelve to twenty years were requisite. The reformation of this was among the first works of the legislature, after our independence. A judgment can now be obtained in the supreme court, in one year at the common law; and in about three years in the chancery. Being best acquainted with the administration of justice in Virginia, I confine myself to that; but I think it probable that it is much on the same footing through all the States." [*Jefferson's Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 386. A. D. 1785.] President Jefferson made great exertions in the very heat of the revolutionary war to promote law reform. He was an active advocate for codes; and did much to annex juries to the Chancery Court, a measure successfully adopted in many cases.

The books on jurisprudence and law, published before and after the war, are striking illustrations of the American legal character; affording a just estimate of what this people have effected in the first fifty years of their independence, and of what may be expected from their future efforts in jurisprudence.

The activity with which the early colonists acted upon the principles stated by Lord Hale in the passage above quoted, may be inferred from the dates and contents of the following volumes; by no means the whole of their publications on this subject. The General Laws of Massachusetts, 1648, 1672. The Laws of Virginia, by Purvis, in 1684; by Parks, in 1733; and by Hunter, in 1753. Morton's Memorial in 1669, 1721, and 1772; reprinted in 1826-7. Eliot's Christian Commonwealth, 1654. Downing, 1660. Leverett's Letter on the Navigation Act, 1675. Penn's Laws before 1710. Ward's Body of Liberties before 1710. Dummer's Defence of the Charters, 1721. Reid's Law Precedents, 1750. Cooper's Crisis, 1751. Hamilton's Speech in Zenger's Case for Libel, 1752. Otis's Speech on Writs of Assistance, 1761. Otis's Vindication, 1762. The Rights of the Colonies, 1763. Adams on Canon and Feudal Law, 1768. Adams and Quincy's Defence of the Soldiers who killed certain citizens at Boston in a riot, 1770. Greenleaf's Burn's Justice, 1773; and Blackstone so eagerly sought after, as Mr. Burke records, in the old Colonies, even beyond the demand by English students.

The steady and rapid advance of the republicans in every branch of jurisprudence, after the war of independence began, may be learned from their legal publications;—their state papers and diplomatic correspondence, of the latter of which one collection has extended to twelve volumes;—the laws of the Union, and those of the different states, amounting to several hundred volumes, including the codes of New York and Louisiana;—the debates in Congress, in 1776; of the conventions at Philadelphia, in 1787; in Virginia, and in other states, in 1788, and afterwards on the present constitution; of the conventions in Massachusetts, in 1821, and in New York, afterwards, on the state constitutions and amendment of the law, with the debates of numerous other conventions of the like character, and the constitutions and laws then amended. The same point is well shown by such works as President Adams's defence of the constitution, 1787;—his books on government, 1802;—and on Davila, 1800, with an uninterrupted succession of works to the present day by natives of the Union upon every topic that can interest the jurist, the statesman, and the patriot. No legal subjects applicable to the country, fail of receiving deep attention from the legislature, and from the most active press known. Digests, of which that of Mr. Dane mentioned at the head of this article, is a valuable specimen, abound in America. Law Magazines, full of enlightened learning, are published in several States, whilst in England two publications of that character have scarcely sustained themselves.* Law schools and active law professorships are frequent, and good substitutes for our glosee inns of court; and a very interesting body of papers, in the nature of the readings of our old lawyers, are given at intervals in addresses to the circuits, by such men as Mr. Justice Story, the very learned annotator to the two American editions of Lord Teunterden's book on shipping. The titles of the American law books would fill a fair catalogue; and nothing more strongly proves the correctness of Mr. Burke's remark already alluded to, on the extent and activity of American learning in his better days, than the fruits since produced.

The Reports of law cases in the United States deserve special notice. They are generally made, according to Lord Bacon's advice, by competent lawyers, paid wholly or in part by the public; and in some States a short analysis is printed half-yearly, of all the judgments delivered in the courts. This organized system brings the business of the courts and the character of the judges, most usefully before the people and the legislature; and from this source, and from voluntary pens, there have proceeded already upwards of 300 vo-

* It will be gratifying to law reformers in England to hear that the Jurist, an excellent law periodical work, is about to be revived, after a much regretted cessation of two years.

lumes of reports, many of the English books of the same kind being also reprinted from time to time in the States.

The character of the stipendiary reporters may be appreciated by the fact, that the last who held the office in the Supreme Court at Washington, is the present minister of the United States in Denmark; and at the end of the eight volumes which have appeared of his Reports, he has placed an Appendix of comparative views of the laws of different countries on the various subjects discussed in the cases reported. His ninth volume is to contain an epitome of the laws of Spain; and it is a promising circumstance for the progress of law reform in the States, that the best works on foreign jurisprudence are much studied there. Mortens, Roccus, Bynkershoek, Schlegel, Pothier, Emerigon, Valin, Jacobsen, and others, have been translated by Americans, and some of them enriched by learned notes. Two different translations have appeared in the United States of the French commercial code, and one of the criminal codes, all with copious notes by different authors; and Judge Cooper has published Justinian's Institutes, with a translation and a large body of annotations, in which he ably compares the Roman system of jurisprudence with that of America.

With such sources of legal learning scattered amongst ten millions of freemen, earnestly engaged in adapting institutions of every kind to the only just end, "the greatest happiness," it is little surprising to see this end reached by those millions on many and various subjects. And we trust that the technical and dry character of the few foregoing details respecting the laws of the Americans, will not be offered without advantage to the pursuers of the same object in England, to whom is strongly recommended a deeper consideration than is now common, of the plan and working of those laws.

From the United Service Journal.

ZISCA'S RETREAT FROM PRAGUE.

Soon after the battle of Ausaig, the best contested of Zisca's fields, the aged chief was

"In our day the enforcement of this sole reasonable principle of public and private conduct, once confined to a small body of patriots, is fast becoming a maxim of universal acceptance. In the year 1774, the young American Envoy to London, well appreciated its importance when he observed "the wonderful perfection" of English husbandry, and "the miserable accommodations given to honest labour." "The lower order of people, said Quincy, are servile in their obedience, and despondent in their appearance. I could not help remarking, that if the little liberty diffused through Britain, could give such a beautiful face to nature, what would be the appearance, if there was as much general liberty as was consistent with that fundamental principle of social policy, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." Memoir of Quincy, p. 224. Boston. 1825.

requested by the Calixtin nobles, to act as mediator between them and the townsmen of Prague, who had attempted to narrow the privileges of the aristocracy. Aware of the hatred felt by the burghers to his troops, Zisca left his army some miles from Prague, and proceeded thither with his fraternal guard, less than 400 strong. The populace received him with great apparent joy.

No sooner, however, had he taken up his quarters in the heart of Prague, than the scene began to change, and the rabble, ungrateful to their deliverer, began to insult him in the streets. With great magnanimity he endured their petulance, and strove to heal the unhappy dissensions which existed between them and the nobility. He succeeded, but the contending parties, in a private article, agreed to cement their reconciliation with the blood of Zisca.

A little after midnight, Zisca was informed by one of his officers, that all Prague was in arms, and about to attack his quarters. The deep sound of the tocsin confirmed his statement. The fraternal guard were immediately summoned to arms. They formed in the centre of the square, placing their father, as they called Zisca, in the midst.

The insurgents soon began to appear, and to skirmish with Zisca's horse. Several times they were driven back with loss, and the aged chief at length ordered a general charge, which completely routed the assailants. Early in the morning he began his retreat, but his progress was speedily stopped by a barricade, and at the same time a shower of stones, arrows, and bullets, was poured on him from the windows and battlements of the houses. He immediately ordered his leading squadron to dismount, and hew down the obstacle with their battle-axes, while another party assailed the houses and dislodged their occupiers. But while thus engaged, the rear of Zisca was furiously attacked and thrown into confusion by a dense mass of halberdiers. Few of his dismounted troopers were able to regain their chargers.

Having demolished the barricade, Zisca faced about, and in his turn became the assailant. Vain was the fury, and vain the numbers of his pursuers; their route was complete. The town-gate still remained to be forced, and from its flanking towers cannon and catapult played with fearful effect on the crowded ranks of Zisca. Here again his dismounted troopers did him good service, sword in hand they scaled the towers, dislodged their defenders, and secured the gate.

But the contest was not yet over, the road of Zisca was barred by the noblesse, who had arrived to assist their friends. At the same time, the inhabitants of Prague sallied forth by thousands and attacked his rear; destruction seemed inevitable.

Advisers were not wanting to urge him to abandon his dismounted troopers to their fate;

but he sternly refused the infamous proposal, and chose rather to perish than to leave the meanest of his soldiers to the mercy of the Calixtins. Shouting his war-cry, he spurred impetuously into the midst of the foe, who gave way before his shock. Gallantly was he followed by the Taborites, and he soon succeeded in opening for himself a free passage through the midst of the foe.

Still he was not satisfied, for the enemy, although they shrank from close fight, continued to annoy his rear with their missiles. He again attacked, and threw them into irrecoverable confusion. But in the *mêlée*, the orderly of the old chief was killed, and his fiery horse carried its blind rider into a marsh. The Calixtins closed round the chief, to make him prisoner: the Taborites, to save him. The latter were successful, and the shattered Calixtins slowly retired to Prague.

Having joined his army, Zisca resolved to let the insurrection grow to a head, and to retire into the mountains. His flight encouraged the Calixtins, who rose *en masse* throughout Bohemia, and closely pursued him. As they gazed at the formidable defiles which he quitted, without making an effort to defend, they concluded that he felt himself too weak under any circumstances to risk a battle. Fearfully were they deceived.

Suddenly, Zisca halted, in a position easy of access in front, but unassailable on the flanks. His first line, consisting of archers, was deployed in extended order half way up the hill; behind them were deep columns of pikemen, and in rear of all, the cavalry. The Calixtins attacked, as Zisca had foreseen, with great impetuosity, and without leaving any reserve. The first line of the Taborites gave way, but while disordered by their own success, the victors were charged home by Zisca himself, at the head of his cavalry. Their rout was total: the defiles which they had so rashly passed delayed their retreat, and nearly the whole chivalry of Bohemia perished on this fatal day, for the Taborites, incensed at the oft-repeated perfidy of their opponents, gave but little quarter.

The Chevalier de Folard censures the conduct of Zisca, in not leaving a small body of soldiers to seize the pass in rear of the Calixtins. The experience of modern times has shown that the Hussite General was better acquainted with the true principles of war than his critic. I have already trespassed too far, and as time presses, I will for the present defer the account of the battle of Dreux.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE CHARACTER OF GEORGE CANNING.

THERE is no time at which an eminent man is so little considered, so much forgotten and disregarded, as for a few years succeeding his

decease. His name no longer noised above that of others, by the busy zeal of his partisans, or the still more boisterous energies of his opponents, drops suddenly, as it were, from the mouths of men. To his contemporaries he has ceased to be of importance; the most paltry pretender to his place is of more. Posterity does not exist for him, until the period has arrived, when the dead are separated from the living; until the times in which he lived, and the scenes in which he acted, have become to us as a distant prospect of which the eye can at once single out the remarkable objects, while all the minor parts—the orators whose orations are only great to those in whose favour they harangue—the politicians whose deeds are only important to those to whom they can give places, melt into the general mass of every-day insignificance. The French, who are as fond of putting philosophy into action, as we are coy of connecting theory with practice, have lately marked out a kind of intermediate space between the past and the present, the Tomb and the Pantheon; but even ten years is too short a time for this apotheosis. At the present moment Mr. Canning seems rather to have slipped away from what is *going on*, than to be a part of what has *gone by*. It is true we have ceased to look for the clearly chiselled countenance which the slouched hat only slightly concealed; we no longer watch for the lip satirically curled; the penetrating eye (peering along the opposing benches) of the old parliamentary leader, in his accustomed place in the House of Commons. We do not expect at the end of a discussion to hear the singularly mellifluous and sonorous voice—the classical language, now pointed into epigram, now elevated into poesy, now burning with passion, (it was too rarely rich of thought,) which curbed into still attention a willing and long broken audience. But if we should be surprised at seeing Mr. Canning rise to answer Sir Charles Wetherell or Sir Robert Peel, we should hardly be less so at hearing him classed with Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, or any of those great men who are sufficiently separated from ourselves to be the property of history. It would rather appear, from the kind of manner in which his memory is now regarded, that he has retired from public affairs, than that he is actually no more. We make this remark, because we think no judgment can be formed as to the reputation which a public man will bear with posterity, from that which he leaves immediately behind him. It is not that the world does him injustice. It feels that the time has not come to judge him justly. Under these disadvantages we commence our task.

We do not profess to be of that order of critics who boldly deck their friends with all Roman virtues, and as conscientiously bedaub their opponents with every political iniquity. Men must be viewed in relation with the circumstances under which they appear. Mr.

Canning was born in a particular state of society, under a particular form of government, and brought forward in public life at a very peculiar era in the politics and circumstances of the world. From the time of Queen Anne, the state had been divided into two aristocratic parties, whose watchwords were *principles* (which might be said to be constitutionally attached to opposition or place), but whose struggle was for *power*. Public opinion, was the opinion of certain coteries; public men were, generally speaking, men neither brought forward by the public, nor for the sake of the public. It was necessary that some one should make such a speech as would "tell well," and procure a round of cheers from the House. If such an individual could be found with a large landed estate, and a coronet entailed upon him, so much the better; if not, why he must be sought for elsewhere. A school or college reputation, an able pamphlet, a club or county-meeting oration pointed him out. The Minister, or the great man who wished to be Minister, brought him into Parliament: if he failed, he sank into insignificance; if he succeeded, he worked for his master during a certain time, and then became a Minister or a great man himself. As for the people, he had nothing whatsoever to do with them; they returned some jolly Squire who feasted them well, or some Nabob who purchased their votes. The community was represented by all the rich boobies who paid them—the Whigs and the Tories—by the cleverest men they could find, whom, in fact, they paid. Under such a state of things, cheerfully acquiesced in, it is hardly wonderful that what is called "the people" should have been very much plundered and very much despised.

If a young man of talent and ambition wished to embrace a public life, he generally found the opportunity of being introduced to some borough proprietor, a respectable and dignified-looking gentleman, who received him with the utmost courtesy, complimented him on his accomplishments, spoke to him in the most friendly manner respecting his prospects, and expressed feelings, which, to a mind predisposed to judge favourably, might very fairly have seemed patriotic. But supposing this same young man presented himself on the hustings of a popular election—he might be as learned or as eloquent as you please—the first question asked him would still be, "Do you mean to pay what is customary, and open the public-houses?" If the persons putting these questions expected to be regarded with affection or respect, they showed an egregious ignorance of the first principles of human nature—they became contemptible in themselves, contemptible in their representatives.

Thus there was no sincere, there could be no sincere, love for popular rights, amongst those who were anxious for public distinction and not wealthy enough to buy popular favour. The fault was not all theirs. Let us

confess the truth—it was, in part, the fault of the people, or rather of the system which left the people thus ignorant and unreflecting. The talented and ambitious men, who had no money to throw away at elections, repudiated, on the one hand, by this great body, and adopted, on the other, by a particular class, could hardly be expected to care much for the comfort or the welfare of those with whom they had no sympathy of feeling, no community of interest. When, in order to judge correctly, it was necessary to feel with the feelings of the poor man, they were ordinarily in error; when the rectitude of their policy might be decided by the feelings of a gentleman, it was more usual to find them right. Bread or beer might be dear or cheap, they cared little about it—a victory however, gained or lost, affected them more deeply. A mob might be massacred without exciting their compassion—and yet they might feel sincerely the loss of a general or a statesman. Such were the men who may fairly be called “Political Adventurers;” a class from which some names may be found in the most brilliant parts of our later history. Such were our political adventurers; the creatures of those feelings and institutions which called them into existence, at the time (1793) when Mr. Pitt sent for Mr. Canning—a scholar of eminence, and a young man of superior and shining abilities—and offered him a seat in Parliament.

The following is the simple manner in which this interview is spoken of, by a biographer of Mr. Canning:—

“Mr. Pitt, through a private channel, communicated his desire to see Mr. Canning—Mr. Canning of course complied. Mr. Pitt immediately proceeded, on their meeting, to declare to Mr. Canning the object of his requesting an interview with him, which was to state that he had heard of Mr. Canning’s reputation as a scholar and a speaker, and that if he concurred in the policy which Government was then pursuing, *arrangements* would be made to bring him into Parliament.”

These few words will briefly tell to future generations the manner of making Members of Parliament in olden times. Mr. Canning’s early friends were of the Opposition faction, and among those who were the most violent in their opinions—he had been considered and spoken of as their protégé. But a seat in parliament from the hands of a Prime Minister, who, however haughty and reserved in his general manners, had perhaps, for that very reason, a peculiar power in fixing himself in the minds of those whom he wished to please, was a tempting offer to a young man conscious of superior talent, but rendered by his situation in life agreeably alive to such flattering and powerful notice. It is fair, moreover, to admit that the offer came at a critical period, after Mr. Fox had wept at his separation from Mr. Burke, and when the oldest political friends were becoming every day more dis-

Already the first efflorescence of the French Revolution had passed away. The National Assembly, composed of the earliest and most reasonable advocates of liberty, had ceased to exist. Its great orator and oracle, the genius of that mighty epoch, Mirabeau, was dead, and his bust stood veiled in the theatre of his former glory! The public prisons had been broken open, and their captives barbarously murdered by a drunken and bestial populace. The steps of the stately palace of Louis XIV.’s descendant had been trodden more than once in triumph by the same brutal and unfeeling mob. La Fayette, whose snow-white charger had formerly borne the hopes of France, was an exile and a traitor. Louis XVI. the people’s King, the idol of the federated festival in the Champs de Mars, “the only prince, perhaps,” says the eloquent writer of “The French Revolution,” “who, having no passion, united those two qualities which make good kings—a fear of God and a love for the people.”—Louis XVI., the heir of Hugues Capet, of St. Louis, of Henry IV., grasped in the clutch of three common executioners; his hands ignominiously bound behind his back; his last words drowned by the roll of the revolutionary drum—had perished in the presence of silent, if not sorrowing witnesses.

The philosopher, deeply deploring the many vicissitudes, the varying process through which Opinion has to pass in order to be refined to Truth, but calmly aware that the sense of a people never ultimately retrogrades; the philosopher might have seen through the clouds of dust which followed the mobs of September, shouting for blood—or which gathered round the conqueror’s ear, whose military empire succeeded the sanguinary Republic—the brighter period—when a more sobered intelligence would necessarily triumph; when a warlike despotism, founded on a feverish desire for internal security, would wear out the principle of its existence; and a system of liberty, still, perhaps, imperfect, but supported by law, and sanctioned and confirmed by a long previous disposition of thought, would realise those views of the Revolution of 1791, with which some of the most generous and enlightened spirits that ever appeared amongst mankind then embraced it.

This the philosopher might have seen, and did see. Nor were the short-lived horrors of the reign of Republican terror to be compared with the much longer, if more silent sufferings, under which the people had been groaning beneath the partial and oppressive sway of the ancient *regime*. Great changes in government cannot be made without those mighty and fearful shocks which upheave the foundation and confound the elements of which society has been previously composed. Even when sovereigns have themselves undertaken

* M. Mignet.

revolutions, they have found no less vulgar and cruel means for effecting them than those of the mob. Here, however, (the glory and the guilt being blended and concentrated in one and the same individual,) the greatness of the end attained obliterates the memory of the crimes through which it has been pursued. But more ordinarily it is by various successions of men that the different parts in these great crises are consecutively performed, and those whose lives fall in the worst passages of such alternations, leave a name for execration and wrath. Yet the massacres of Robespierre and Marat were hardly worse than the cruelties by which the Russian Empire was regenerated. The life and career of the French Revolution, if it could be personified, would bear no unjust comparison with that of Peter the Great.

These are the views which the philosopher in his cabinet might take—such the reveries which he might in solitude pursue. But the men who are living and acting with the world, those who have friends and relations, whose lives they value; those who have properties which they are most unwilling to lose—such persons will naturally look in alarm at the immediate consequences of a social movement, from the destructive effects of which no class or system seems secure. The ancient *regime* and its nobility had passed away for ever at the emigration of the Comte d'Artois and the Comte de Provence; the *bourgeoisie* and the Constitution were lost with La Fayette; the purest republican blood that ever was spilt on a scaffold flowed shortly after from the veins of the eloquent and noble Gironde; the mob orator, the public-house politician, came finally beneath the stroke of the guillotine; nor could even the sacred rights and reminiscences of insurrection preserve the ruffian hero of the 10th of August from the same fate as the Imperial daughter of the house of Hapsburg.

It was natural, we repeat, to shrink in terror from the example of a nation which seemed to be under the influence of a horrid and mysterious delirium—which found the massacres of September necessary to the victory of Valmy; which flourished by the terrible force of bankruptcy, assassination, and proscription.

But, that we should make war on it because we saw it in that fearful state, is a little more unaccountable. Where could be the morality of bringing fresh horrors into a country where so many were already raging? Where the policy of concentrating and consolidating so formidable a system by an act of foreign aggression? It was the confederates of Pilsnitz, and not the members of the Legislative Chamber in France; it was the anti-revolutionary war, and not the Revolution—which lighted up a fire that will one day blaze above the thrones of the antique monarchies of Europe. From that time the struggle between nations was destined to be succeeded by the still more

violent struggle between opinions; from that time kings ceased to contend among themselves, and a new conflict was opened between kings and their people.

It was to the Diet of the German Empire, assembled at Ratisbon, that the eloquent Isenard addressed himself when he said:—

“Disons à l'Europe que le peuple Français, s'il tire l'épée, en jettera le fourreau; qu'il n'ira le chercher que couronné des lauriers de la victoire; que si des cabinets engagent les rois dans une guerre contre les peuples, nous engagerons les peuples dans une guerre contre les rois.”^{*} Daring words delivered with a prophetic enthusiasm!

But if this war, engaged in at the most favourable moment, would have been unjust and impolitic, what have we farther to say to the time of entering upon it? There are two courses to take with a state in the situation of France, if we wish to check its crimes, or to keep ourselves without the sphere of its extravagances. The one is to attack it when the contending parties are first at issue, and pretty equally balanced, as the friend of one of these parties; the second, to allow the spirit which rises up as the cause and consequence of great changes, to be evaporated by time and wasted in internal commotions.

The well-known maxim of Machiavel, repeated by Montesquieu, that a nation is never so strong against a foreign enemy as when it is agitated by civil divisions, is especially true when it is not so much divided in general opinion as split up into factions debating on minor points, and contending for party power.

If, when Louis XVI. was still at moments a popular king; when a constitutional and loyal party existed in the Assembly and the nation; and the army, under a constitutional General, was uncertain in its political creed, weakened by the defection of its officers, and wanting in the nerve which it afterwards acquired by success, or was forced to display from fear—if, when the troops under Theobald Dillon took flight at the sight of the enemy, and little Robespierre was laughed at as “an insignificant incendiary;” and the eloquent Girondists had only vaguely and distantly indulged in their favourite dream of a Republic, we had then inspired the Confederates on the frontiers with more moderation in council, and greater vigour in action—if we had then induced the Duke of Brunswick to display his spirit in marching boldly to Paris, instead of in publishing that memorably inane and pompous proclamation—if we could, at that critical time, have persuaded him to have fought for the modern King of

* We proclaim to Europe, that the French nation, if it draws the sword, will throw away the scabbard; that it will resume it only when crowned with the laurels of victory; that if ministers array the kings in a war against the people, we will array the people in a war against the kings.—[Ed. Mts.]

the new Constitution, instead of launching out a *military bull* in favour of the antique tyrant of the demolished bastille, we might possibly have succeeded for a time in establishing Louis XVI. on the throne, under the sanction of the same Charter which was afterwards *octroyed* by his brother at the Restoration.

What was our object in going to war? To save Louis XVI. and to check that spirit of propagandism announced in the French Chamber from being formidably maintained and spread by the troops of France. To effect this we took up arms when Louis XVI. had gone to his ancestors, and when the Republican armies, flushed with victory, and threatened with the guillotine in the event of defeat, were become, from raw recruits, desperate and veteran soldiers. We reserved our defence of the monarch till he had perished on the scaffold—our defence of the monarchy till the French Republic was declared “a besieged city, and France a vast camp.” Then we commenced a war with allies who were become anxious for peace, and who, in taking our money, reserved it to pay the expense of the campaign they had finished, without any consideration for the violent inclination for fighting which we had just been seized with.

This was the policy which Mr. Pitt asked Mr. Canning if he approved of—this was the policy which Mr. Canning came into Parliament to defend, and which he did defend on every occasion, and which he always boasted having defended to his dying day.

On the 11th December, 1788, Mr. Tierney made a motion respecting peace with the French Republic. It was time. The negotiations at Lisle, never cordially entered into, were broken off. We had formed a new alliance with Russia and the Porte, shortly to be augmented by Austria, who opened the campaign at Ratstadt, by the assassination of the three French Commissioners. We were about to carry on the struggle with new energies, certainly not under very encouraging auspices. The coalition of 1792-3 was completely broken up; Prussia had for three years been at peace with France; nor had the cabinet of Vienna seen any objection to signing a treaty which, disgracefully to both parties, sacrificed the remains of Venetian liberty. These were poor assurances of the fidelity of our subsidized confederates.

France, in the meanwhile, still distracted at home, had, notwithstanding, enlarged her empire by Belgium, Luxembourg, Nice, Savoy, Piedmont, of which she had assumed the Protectorate—Genoa, Milan, and Holland. The arguments of Mr. Tierney were such as a reasonable man might be supposed to urge; the uncertain friendship of our allies, the increased force of our enemy, and the withering drain we were encouraging upon our own resources.

“In six years,” said he, “we have added

150 millions to our debt, by which we have created the necessity of adding to our annual burthens eight millions, a sum equal to the whole of our expenditure when the present monarch (George III.) came to the throne.” Mr. Tierney was answered by Mr. Canning.

It is only a person well acquainted with the House of Commons who could believe that Mr. Tierney was listened to in apathetic silence—Mr. Canning cheered on by enthusiastic applause. There never was a collection of more glaring contradictions, more gaudy sophisms, than the youthful orator’s declamatory harangue. The war was to be pursued because we were victorious; peace was to be refused on account of the successes of the enemy; France was too weak to be respected—too formidable not to be opposed. As for the sums we were expending, they were insignificant when compared with the objects we had in view. Our ancestors, whose immaculate wisdom Mr. Canning was at times so fond of citing, would certainly have been astonished to find that those objects were the re-establishment of Spain in its ancient power, and the subjugation of Rome to the authority of the Pope!

Our sworn enmity to France and to French principles encouraged an ardent attachment to both in those who thought they had any reason to complain of ourselves. The Directory in Paris, and the Catholics in Ireland, had therefore formed a natural and legitimate league; the result was a rebellion, artfully planned, for a long time unbetrayed, and which, but for treachery and accidents, such as could not have been counted upon, would most probably have been successful. Mr. Pitt, taking advantage of the fears of a separation between Great Britain and Ireland, which this rebellion, in conjunction with the difference between the two legislatures respecting the Regency had created, announced, in a message from the Crown, a desire still farther to incorporate and consolidate the two kingdoms; language which the Administration confessed meant to convey a desire for such a union of Ireland with this country as that by which we were already connected by the independent kingdom of Scotland. Whatever may have been the result of that Union—the promises under which it was held having been long so treacherously denied, so disgracefully broken—it certainly did, at that time, afford reason to suppose that a fairer and less partial system of government might thus be established in Ireland than that which had long existed. As for the wail which was then set up, and which has since been reawakened for the independent legislatures which that measure blended with ours, the facility with which they were purchased, is the best answer which can be given to the loud assertions that are made of their value. The times of the good old Sir Robert Walpole afford no examples which might justify a comparison between an English House

of Commons and these rotten and revered Irish Parliaments. The part, therefore, that Mr. Canning adopted on this question—if with the sincere and honest views of conferring the rights of citizenship on our Irish Catholic fellow-subjects, and not with the intention, (which would be harsh to presume) of winning and then betraying them—is one, however it might be opposed at the time, highly honourable to an English statesman. But the conduct of the Ministry of that day has not been properly explained. That Catholic Emancipation was frequently promised as the principal boon of the Union, has never been disputed.—As such promises were made in Parliament in the face of day, the King could not be supposed ignorant of them. If he had such insuperable objections to this act of political justice, why did he not then declare it? If he was silent on that subject to his advisers in the cabinet, he was betraying them; if he was candid, they were betraying the Irish people. Mr. Canning's language was not ambiguous:—

"Here, then, are two parties in opposition to each other who agree in one common opinion. And surely if any middle term can be found to assuage their animosities, and to heal their discords, and reconcile their jarring interests, it should be eagerly and instantly seized and applied. That an union is that middle term, appears the more probable, when we recollect that the Popery code took its rise after a proposal for an union, which proposal came from Ireland, but which was rejected by the British Government. This rejection produced the Popery code. If an union were therefore acceded to, the readoption of the Popery code would be unnecessary. If it was in consequence of the rejection of an union at a former period, that the laws against Popery were enacted, it is fair to conclude that an union would render a similar code unnecessary—that an union would satisfy the friends of the Protestant Ascendancy, without passing laws against the Catholics, and *without maintaining those which are yet in force.*"

In 1801, not being able to prevail on the King to carry into effect the conditions which the King had allowed him to make—a disposition on his Majesty's part, which, if unanticipated by the Minister, ought to have been still more severely resented—Mr. Pitt resigned his situation to Mr. Addington, of whose Administration he professed himself the supporter. Not so Mr. Canning, who, on obtaining a seat in 1802, by his own means, (i. e. his own money,) entered into violent opposition against the existing Government. Nor was what he did in Parliament all Mr. Addington had to thank him for; to the numerous political squibs of the day, Mr. Canning was thought pretty largely to have contributed. Nor ought we here to pass over those other light effusions of his pen which are generally known as his, and which possess peculiar facility and grace.

"The Knife-Grinder," and "The Loves of Mary Pottinger," are exquisite in their way,

and will become part of our standard literature of that description. This vein Mr. Canning continued to cultivate for his own amusement, and that of his friends.—It accorded peculiarly well with the boyishness of his disposition, and was kept as a kind of relaxation amidst his graver pursuits. We remember an instance of this; we think it was when Sir Charles Bagot was at the Hague that there arrived a very mysterious despatch. Every thing was quiet and peaceable at the time, and the bags had, for some months past, been filled with the ordinary exchange of London gossip and Brussels lace. What could be the matter? The despatch was in cipher. The Secretaries and *attachés* were set to work, and after much statesmanlike misgiving, produced a letter in verse, for the profound consideration of the Ambassador of the Netherlands.

In 1804, on the downfall of the much-abused and ill-treated Mr. Addington, Mr. Canning became Treasurer of the Navy. Why do not his many biographers explain the reason, if every thing was fair and straight forward, for his quitting office in 1801, because the Catholic question was forbidden to be mentioned, and returning to it in 1804, under an express stipulation that no Member of the Government should agitate it contrary to the Royal inclination?

Was the promise that had been given only binding for two years? Was the secession from office a trick? Was the return to it a sacrifice—a sacrifice of honour and principle to the miserable gratification of place?

The death of Mr. Pitt threw Mr. Canning again into opposition, and no longer awed by the mightier genius and weightier authority of his master, he stood forward as a more prominent and powerful personage than he had hitherto appeared. On the breaking up of the Whig administration therefore, which could hardly have long existed if Mr. Fox had been spared, but which fell almost immediately to pieces on his dissolution, he re-entered office as a Member of the Cabinet and Minister of Foreign Affairs.

In this situation he continued from this time until 1810, a period marked by our attack upon Copenhagen, our rupture with Russia, our fortunate intervention in Spain, and that melancholy expedition to the Scheldt, which hung during the years 1809 and 1810, over the debates in Parliament "like one of the dull fogs of that river."

In 1810, the fatal issue of the expedition to Walcheren and the negotiation which had been secretly carrying on for the exclusion of Lord Castlereagh, occasioned a quarrel, decided by a duel between these two Ministers, which subsequently led to the resignation of both. It would be little worth while to recur to this now forgotten, and always, as far as the public were concerned, insignificant business. Lord Castlereagh acted as a vain and high-spirited man, who fancied his confidence

betrayed—his abilities called in question; and who, like a true Irishman, saw but a short vista between an offence and a duel. Mr. Canning, equally high-spirited, felt that he had got into a disagreeable business, and that the fairest escape from it would be to fight his way out. Lord Castlereagh's conduct, when we think of a sober and wise statesman, is ridiculous. Mr. Canning's, when we picture to ourselves a high-minded and frank-hearted gentleman, in spite of the plausibility of his explanations, is displeasing. It becomes more so as we remember (after the failure in 1812 to form a united Cabinet) the embassy to Portugal; which, to say the least of it, placed the ex-minister in a situation of thankfulness and subservency to the very man whose friendship he had violated, and whose incapacity for foreign affairs he had so peculiarly pointed out.

Mr. Canning's speech in answer to Mr. Lambton's, who made a motion on this subject, is perhaps the best he ever delivered. It is impossible even to read that speech without being borne along by the noble torrent of enthusiasm—the swelling tide of generous and haughty defiance which, disdaining subterfuge, courting investigation, burst from the passionate depths of the orator's eloquent indignation. Madame de Stael declared she would have been used as badly as Lady Byron to have been addressed by his Lordship's muse. There are many who have said with hardly greater exaggeration that they would be accused of Mr. Canning's crime as the price of having made his defence.

In 1818, he came again into power. It was a dark and troubled period; a period of great private distress, so that the minds of men were bent with more acerbity than usual upon the redress of public grievances. The country borne down by debt, harassed by taxation, which had no longer for its excuse a monopoly of commerce, looked naturally enough to the source from which these calamities had flowed. They found the theory and the practice of the constitution at variance, and hearing they had a right to be taxed by their Representatives, they thought it hard and unjust that over the great majority of those who taxed them they had no control. Retrenchment and economy were what they required. Parliamentary Reform was the means of economy and retrenchment. Public meetings in favour of Parliamentary Reform were held; resolutions in favour of Parliamentary Reform were passed; petitions in favour of Parliamentary Reform were presented; the energies of a free people were aroused; great excitement prevailed. When a country is thus agitated, a Minister must resist with vigour, or yield with grace. Unjust and violent demands should be met with resistance—sober and legitimate requests with concession—weakly opposed, they are obtained by immediate violence; successfully refused, they are

put off for a day—they are postponed for a week or a year; but they are not got rid of. Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning thought otherwise. The Habeas Corpus Bill was suspended—the Seditious Meeting Bill was passed—the lamentable affray—or, why palliate the expression?—the *infamous massacre*—at Manchester took place.

Mr. Canning defended his conduct in the House and out of it—that is to say, he made some bitter speeches in Parliament, and wrote three challenges, or demands for explanation. One to Mr. Hume, one to Sir Francis Burdett, and one to an anonymous pamphleteer. It was hard for liberty to have so ready and ruthless an antagonist: one who, not satisfied with those legitimate and classical weapons he was so well skilled to wield, forgot the days of the "Anti-jacobin," and pointed a pistol at every pen that was raised against him.

In 1820, the Queen returned to England, and Mr. Canning resigned his place in the Cabinet as President of the Board of Control, and retired to the Continent. "His conduct on this occasion, according to universal consent, was marked by the most perfect correctness, and delicacy of feeling." Perhaps it was: we are not anxious to break a lance with Mr. Therry; but to us it does appear that a man of sound public principles, of high and honourable private feelings, had no middle course to take at that conjuncture.

Either the Queen of England was a guilty woman; she had dragged the high and royal rank she held, from which the honour of this country was inseparable, through the dirt in every Court in Europe; she was a disgrace to her exalted station; an unworthy consort to our Sovereign; a stain and blot upon our Court; shameless moreover as wanton, she had dared discovery and unblushingly solicited the exposure of her brutal amours; when she landed on the English shore, she stood before the people the very vilest of her sex;—or she was the most persecuted and aggrieved of women. Will any one say that in the first instance it was the duty of a Minister of high station to desert the painful but responsible situation in which he stood, from any feeling of esteem or attachment to an individual so unworthy? In the other case, if Queen Caroline as many believed, and as Mr. Brougham solemnly swore that he believed, was innocent, was there any circumstance or consideration upon earth, the wreck of ambition, the loss of fortune, the fear of death, which should have induced an English gentleman, a man of honour, a man who had the feelings of a man, to leave a female whom he called "friend," beneath the weight of so awful an oppression? To us, we must confess, Mr. Canning's conduct on this occasion is one of the greatest blots we are acquainted with upon his public and private character, the almost unequivocal proof of a mind unused to the habit of taking sound and elevated views of human action.

The years 1821 and 1822, Mr. Canning spent abroad. On his return he was selected by the East India Company as Governor-General of India; but Lord Castlereagh's melancholy termination of his existence took place, and he became once more Minister for Foreign Affairs. This is the period which Mr. Stapylton may be said to have chosen for the commencement of "his Political Life," a work written with all the ability of a politician, but with all the partiality of a friend. Up to this time Mr. Canning had, through a long career, a career continued through nearly thirty years, been the forward and unflinching opponent of popular principles and concessions. He had never once shrunk from abridging the liberties of the subject; he had never once shown trepidation at any extraordinary powers demanded by the Crown. With his arms folded, and his looks erect, he had sanctioned without scruple the severest laws against the press; he had advocated the arbitrary imprisonment of the free citizen; he had eulogised the forcible repression of public meetings; he had constantly declared himself the determined opponent of Parliamentary Reform; the only one subject on which he professed liberal opinions (the Catholic Question), in corroboration of the theory we set out with, was precisely that subject to which the great bulk of the community was indisposed. Such had been the career—such was the character of Mr. Canning, up to 1822. In 1827, he died the Arch-Jacobin of Europe.

What were the doughty acts which procured him this fearful appellation?

The entry of the French troops into Spain, was a new era in that war, which, as we have said before, has been carrying on since the Revolution of 1791, between Kings and the people. Our political interests, however, were in this instance decidedly opposed to the part we had formerly taken in the strife of opinions. The aggrandizement of France, and that spirit of military conquest by which she has been at all times distinguished, were almost as frightful to British eyes under the legitimate monarchy of the Bourbons as under the sway of the Directory, the Consul, or the Emperor. We would not that the French flag, whether white or tricolour, should float on the other side of the Pyrenees. Spain, moreover, was to English ears a name arousing peculiar feelings. It would have been impossible for any Minister to have sanctioned the French aggression; it would have been highly impolitic in him, not to have done all—all at least which could be done by peaceful means—to arrest it. Mr. Canning, then, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, was obliged, within forty-eight hours of his accession to office, to state the views and feelings of this country as decidedly hostile to a Spanish invasion. But this invasion was based upon certain principles; against these principles, therefore, he found himself called to contend.

The speech from the French throne, intended to convey (according to the usual tactics of the French Chamber) one sense to France, another to the world, or those parts of the world where the different reading might be required, was still so inexplicable, except as a bold assertion of the divine right of Sovereigns, (an assertion flowing, let us remember *en passant*, from the present liberal of legitimacy, M. de Chateaubriand,) that Mr. Canning, who, whichever side he took, was not very guarded in his expressions, roundly stated to the construction to which that speech was liable, and which it *most naturally bore*, he felt *disgust and abhorrence*. From that moment to the Emperors of Austria and Russia, to the Cabinet of Prussia, to the legitimates of Spain, Italy, and France, he was a *liberal, a Jacobin, a Carbonaro, a regicide*. As far as they were concerned, his character was cast, and if the Opposition in England had been satisfied, the Tories at home would already have begun not to feel discontented. Mr. Canning's disgust and abhorrence, however, were only vented in words. We do not blame him for this. A war with France would have been perfectly justifiable; perhaps Lord Heytesbury, by assuming a responsibility, for which events warranted him, did more than the world generally knows in preventing it; but a war not for Spain, but a party in Spain, however we might approve the principles of that party, would have been an imprudent and useless war. Still, in stopping short of going to war with France, it was the duty of our Government to do every thing which could diminish her power, or put a check upon her ambition. Hence the memorable declaration, which led afterwards to the recognition of those Colonies as independent States: "That the British Government felt itself called upon to state, that it considered the separation of the Colonies from Spain to have been effected to such a degree, that it would not tolerate for an instant any cession which Spain might make of Colonies over which she did not exercise a direct and positive influence."

This declaration did not proceed from any feelings in favour of liberty; it proceeded from political reasons only; not from a wish that the Colonies should possess free Governments of their own, but from a desire to prevent their possible subjection to the Government of France. The steps which followed, were necessary consequences of this, and we have Mr. Canning's express authority for stating that the recognition of South America was no act of his sole and extraordinary liberality, but a measure of policy jointly concerted, and jointly agreed to by the united Cabinet of which he formed a part.

"I have not thought it necessary to dispute the assumptions of the Honourable and Learned Gentleman with respect to the state of the Cabinet; but one of his assertions I must deny. He has taken it for granted, that because on one

interest, the Cabinet, like the nation, is divided into two parts, whoever is against me as to the Catholic question, was equally against me as to the recognition of South America.—He is completely mistaken.—I beg to assure him, that the line that is fancifully drawn between the liberals and illiberals in the Cabinet, is not straight but serpentine; and that however easily that division as to the Catholic question may be traced, on others, to which the members are not pledged by habit, connexion, or personal honour, I hope they bring minds fairly open to the arguments of their colleagues.”*

We now approach the affairs of Portugal. The free constitution brought over by Sir Charles Stuart was necessarily a new offence against the unconstitutional Governments of Europe. They had engaged in a contest in favour of despotism. The recommendation of a Constitution, then, was almost like a declaration of war. Mr. Canning therefore found it necessary to explain, and he did explain, that Sir C. Stuart had acted without his authority.

Still Sir C. Stuart remained without any mark of Ministerial displeasure, and he could hardly, therefore, be thought to have acted contrary to the Minister's inclinations. The form of Government to which we were inclined, since we had protested against putting down the old Government in Spain, it became the policy of the new Government of Spain to put down. But that could not be done without waging war upon Portugal, and Portugal we were bound by treaty to protect. Mr. Canning was obliged again to confront the Holy Alliance; in the memorable speech in which he announced the departure of our troops to Portugal he did so; and as he turned towards the benches beneath the gallery, his swelling voice, and his brandished arm and outstretched hand, seemed to defy the ministers of those sovereigns upon whom he threatened to let loose the indignation and vengeance of their subjects.—The character of the man overpowered the sense of his situation—the orator, anxious after immediate applause, forgot the minister balancing ulterior consequences. He spoke with vehemence, for with vehemence and bitterness he must speak, whether on the side of tyranny or revolution. It was indeed the same florid energy of diction, the same heat of temperament, which had formerly made him so obnoxious to the Reformers, which now exposed him to the censure of Royal and Imperial indignation.

What separated him from the enemies of Liberty, united him with its friends; and as he had formerly been more assailed by the liberal Opposition than his colleagues, so now he became more praised and courted by it.

At this, to him, critical time, Lord Liverpool died. The talents, the length of service, the prominent situation in which he had long stood before the country, pointed Mr. Can-

ning out as Prime Minister. There could only be one reason against his being selected—the sentiments he was known to hold on the Catholic question. His opinions on this subject, however, would hardly have gathered to him the ranks by which he had long been faced from the opposite benches—the resignation of Lord Eldon, of Mr. Peel, of the Duke of Wellington did; and he found himself on a sudden without any act of solicitation, or perhaps even any wish of his own, at the head of the liberal party of England, which he had been so long opposing.

His last act, (the foundation of which had long been laid,) was happy for his fame—the Treaty of London, which allied the three Powers of England, Russia, and France, in favour of the liberties of Christian Greece.

It is easy to see, from the tone which we have assumed, that we rather trace the liberality of Mr. Canning's later career to circumstances extraneous from abstract feelings in favour of liberty, than from any love or attachment for the great principles of civic freedom. Any Minister of this country, placed in his situation, must have acted very much as he did—a man of a calmer and less eloquent turn, of a more moderate and staid disposition, would probably have expressed himself differently. Had Mr. Canning lived five years longer, had he been living at this time, there can be little doubt that the situation in the Lords, to which he was about to be removed—his personal feelings towards Lord Grey, and the repeated and earnest oburgations of a long political life, would have placed him once more at the head of the Tory party. The defendant of that system by which he was introduced to power, the heat and impetuosity of his character, might have led him to any extremes, and it is within the verge of probability that the country which is now building him a monument might ere long be erecting him a scaffold.

We say this without any intention to do him wrong; indeed we think that we spoke our feelings pretty fairly as to the individual, when we stated our opinions of his class, which we believe careless to the interests of the great bulk of the people, but not indifferent to the honour and character of the country.

Like most men who have risen to great eminence, Mr. Canning owed much to chance. He was lucky in the time of his decease—in the day of his desertion. To very few has it happened to be supported by a party as long as its support was useful—to be repudiated by it when its affection would have been injurious. The same men who as friends had given him power, as enemies conferred on him reputation. But his glory is not connected with any great act of legislation. No law will travel to posterity protected by his name. After generations will see in him much to admire—little to be grateful for. The Memorialist will delight in painting the talents he displayed, the

* Vol. v. p. 316, Canning's Speeches.

Historian will find little to say of the benefits he bestowed.

As an orator, Mr. Canning's style of eloquence was peculiar to himself; he was almost the founder of his own school, a school admirably adapted to what the House of Commons has yet been, an assembly of decently well-bred, and not entirely-illiterate gentlemen. He was always easy and fluent—frequently passionate and sarcastic—while he peculiarly excelled in that light and playful, though not unfrequently ungenerous tone of railery, by which an antagonist may be rendered ridiculous when he cannot be answered, and an audience amused, when it is too dull or to impatient to be instructed. Generally remarkable for the polish of his language; we have proofs, even to the last, in his own hand-writing, of the pains he bestowed upon it—"Erat memoria summa, nulla tamen meditationis suspicio." Those who knew him well, say that he would sometimes purposely frame his sentences loosely and incorrectly, in order to avoid the appearance of preparation. His action inelegant, not perhaps without intention, was warm, animated, and well suited by its vehemence to the florid colouring and figurative decorations in which it pleased him to indulge. His arguments were not placed in that clear, logical, and deductive form which enchains and enforces conviction; neither did he use those solemn perorations by which it is attempted to instil awe or terror into the mind. His was the endeavour alternately to distract the attention, to tickle the ears, to amuse the fancy, and to excite the feelings—(to arouse the passions would be too strong an expression)—and in these various parts of his great science, he succeeded in no mean degree. Depth and sublimity he was without; but he carried those qualities he possessed to such perfection, that at times he almost seemed profound and sublime. Some merits he had, which eminently calculated him for the practice of state affairs. His strict and unwearied assiduity to business was more remarkable from the vulgar notion, that those who possess the more brilliant order of abilities are unfitted for attention to the dry details of office. His despatches, though not so exquisitely perfect in style as those of his successor, Lord Dudley, were beautiful state compositions:—Indeed, to the verbal construction of every paper that issued from his department, he paid the most scrupulous and minute attention. Indefatigable in Downing Street, he, notwithstanding, was rarely out of his place, or incapable of bearing the brunt of the various discussions in the House of Commons; and even when the business of the night seemed concluded, the statesman and the orator turned courtier, and rarely went to bed without writing to the King an entertaining and frequently eloquent account, of the party proceedings of the evening. Still his genius was not of the first order: there was something in his character and his

talents which tended at once to diminish our respect for his merits, and yet to soften our censure of his defects. The same unstately love for wit—the same fatal facility for satire—the same petulant and imprudent levity of conduct, which sometimes involuntarily disgusted us with his abilities, at others led us involuntarily to excuse his errors. Now we blamed the statesman for being too much the child, now we pardoned the veteran politician in the same humour in which we would have forgiven the spoiled and high-spirited school-boy. Mr. Canning was always young: the head of the sixth form at Eton: squibbing "the Doctor," as Mr. Addington was called—fighting my Lord Castlereagh—cutting heartless jokes on poor Mr. Ogden—flatly contradicting Mr. Brougham—swaggering over the Holy Alliance—quarrelling with the Duke of Wellington—he was in perpetual personal scrapes, one of the reasons which created for him so much personal interest during the whole of his parliamentary career. No imaginative artist fresh from reading that career, would sit down to paint him with the broad and deep forehead—the stern, compressed lip—the deeply thoughtful and concentrated air of Napoleon Bonaparte. As little would the idea of his eloquence or ambition call to our recollection the swart and iron features, the bold and haughty dignity of Strafford. We cannot fancy in his eye the volumed depth of Richelieu's, the volcanic flash of Mirabeau's, the offended majesty of Chatham's. We should sketch him from our imagination as we see him identically before us, with a countenance rather marked by intelligence, sentiment, and satire, than meditation, passion, or sternness; with more of the petulant than the proud—more of the playful than the profound—more of the quick irritability of a lively temperament in its expression, than of the fixed or fiery aspect which belongs to the rarer race of men whose characters are wrought from the most inflexible and violent materials of human nature.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

SINCE I KNEW THEE:

THE Spring is coming with her flowers
To bid the heaven and earth be gay;
To breathe a pledge of happier hours,
And chase all gloomier thoughts away:
The young birds hear her welcome voice;
And mid the budding trees rejoice;
I join them in their songs of gladness,
And feel the happiness I see;
Yet I have known no thought of sadness
Since I knew thee!

Mine are the prouder hopes of life,
The hopes that cannot dread decay,
That see no evil, fear no strife
To meet and grapple on the way;

The thoughts that thrill, the joys that bless—
That language never can express—
All—all are mine—my bosom's treasure—
Hopes, joys, and thoughts—the happy three—
My life hath been a life of pleasure,
Since I knew thee!

For all these gifts what can I find—
What offering wilt thou keep?
A changeless faith—a constant mind—
Devotion pure and deep—
Unwearying thoughts of thee and thine?
These—my soul's idol!—shall be thine.
My heart I give not—that alone
My offering cannot be—
For ah! it never was my own
Since I knew thee!

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE DIAMOND DISTRICT OF THE SERRO DO FRIO.

WHEN the ex-emperor, Don Pedro, raised the standard of Brazilian Independence at the Villa de Piranga, in Minas Geraes, I was residing at Villa Rica, the capital of that province. Foreseeing that the tide of political events would soon oblige me to return to the Rio de Janeiro, I resolved previous to leaving the interior provinces, to visit the Diamond District of the *Serro do Frio*. The prodigious value which, in every age and country has been attached to diamonds, and, perhaps, too, some old nursery recollections, powerfully excited in my mind an ardent desire to see this far-famed district—though when I tell the reader that I am but an indifferent mineralogist, he will probably think that the feeling which actuated me was very similar to that which induced the celebrated Tom Sheridan to descend into a coal-pit, merely for the pleasure of being able to say he had been there. At any other period I should not have been able to procure the necessary permission for my journey from the official authorities, so studiously was all access to the Diamond District prohibited by the Portuguese government, to whom belonged every diamond found throughout the country. Even in Brazil itself little was known of this region beyond the immediate sphere of the few individuals officially employed there by the government. It was governed by a code of regulations, drawn up by the hand of the celebrated Pombal himself. On leaving the Comarca, all persons were subjected on the frontiers to a rigorous examination, both of person and property. But liberalism had become the fashion of the times; to depart from every regulation enacted by the old government was now political "*bon ton*." Pombal, formerly the object of their admiration, was declared a despot; and thus did I obtain my passport from the same cause which, only a few months earlier would have induced the authorities to have haughtily refused it.

Museum.—Vol. XX.

Having made the necessary preparations for the journey, I left Villa Rica on the 9th of October, accompanied by a trusty guide and two negro servants. The whole party was well mounted, and moved in light marching order. Francisco, the guide, was a shrewd, intelligent fellow, well acquainted with the country; he knew, moreover, every page of the *Chroniques Scandaleuses du Pays* for several hundred miles; it was his invariable custom to divert the tedium of our day's journey, by relating some anecdote of the family with whom we were to take up our quarters for the night. If one-twentieth part of the *Senhor Francisco's* histories were true, gold and diamonds were certainly much more abundant productions in the country through which I was travelling than chastity and morality. To my great mortification, I found, however, that his own did not stand very high along our line of route; he was a *grempeiro* (a smuggler), and had been extensively engaged in the contraband trade of diamonds, which accounted for his accurate knowledge of the country; a circumstance, too, and travelling, as I did, with such a personage in my suite, that subjected more than once the motives of my own journey to painful misconstruction. Indeed, a suspicion that I was myself a contrabandista of superior grade, appeared to be lurking in Francisco's mind. I frequently observed him minutely examining every article of my baggage, and once I caught him striking the butt-end of my gun and my pistols against a large stone, in order to ascertain by the sound if they contained cavities for the secretion of the precious gems, besides endeavouring to draw from me, by artful innuendos, the motive of my journey.

Travelling in Brazil, even in the most populous parts, is no sinecure. And yet there is a wild excitement, a feeling of ecstacy, produced on the mind when wandering through these magnificent and auriferous regions—regions cast by Nature in a titanic world—that I have never felt, even when sojourning amid the classic spots of the old world, consecrated by the lapse of ages, and hallowed by the inspiring associations of history and romance.

We generally bivouacked for the night at a rancho, a sort of shed, open on every side, to leeward of which there was always a large fire. I preferred this, in preference to taking up my quarters at a *venda*, or a *fazenda*, the owners of which so pestered me with questions, that I fairly believe they took me for an "*Encyclopedie Ambulante*." It moreover afforded me an opportunity of studying the wild, independent character of the inhabitants of the country. My nocturnal companions were chiefly muleteers, proceeding from the capital to the distant provinces of Goyazes or *Matto Grosso*, gipsy merchants, parties of miners, men, in short, of every caste. But wild and savage as was their demeanour,

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their manners were simple and kind. They invariably swung my hammock in the best part of the rancho, and would hang up a hide, or their large ponchos, to shelter it from the nocturnal breeze. On these occasions the social qualities of my guide shone forth with considerable lustre. He would collect the party around him in groups, and entertain them with some wild legend of the country. They generally turned on the early history of the colonists; on the discovery of some mine of extraordinary richness, all traces of which had been unfortunately lost by the untimely death of the discoverer; and, as the narrative proceeded, the dark visages of the listeners would glisten like copper when exposed to the action of the furnace. It was interesting to observe the effect produced on the minds of these people, by these stories, so common in every mining district on the globe, and which have so singularly affected the moral and social condition of their inhabitants. On the conclusion of the story, they would sit wrapped in deep silence, each of them, perhaps, dreaming at the moment that it might be his own fate to again discover this fabulous "el dorado." At other times Francisco would take his guitar, and sing to its accompaniment some plaintive *modinha* of the country, or striking a livelier strain, would excite the wild movements of their national dance. The grouping of the figures, their singularly wild and picturesque costume, their savage air, heightened by the red glare of the fire, produced a pictorial effect, which only the pencil of a Salvator or a Murillo could delineate. On one occasion the harmony of the evening was interrupted by a serious brawl. A miner, a tall, morose-looking fellow, took fire at the attention paid by Francisco to a pretty mulatto girl, who was travelling under his protection, and on whom the handsome person, and fascinating powers of the guide made considerable impression. The jealousy of the miner was aroused, and he applied to Francisco the opprobrious terms of *cigano* (gipsy), and *grempiro* (smuggler); the former retorted, by the term "*baeta*," an allusion to the coarse fabric of his poncho, and one which no miner can patiently endure. In an instant his knife was out, and but for my timely interference, in another I should have been deprived of the valuable services of my guide. On the following morning Francisco, aware of the vindictive character of his countryman, struck into a route only known to himself; and on the evening of the same day, the ninth since we left Villa Rica, we arrived at the Villa do Principe, situated almost on the verge of the Diamond District.

The country through which we had travelled was, perhaps, the richest on the face of the globe. In the year 1756, the produce of the gold mines in Minas Geraes was estimated at upwards of six millions sterling,

produced almost solely by the simple operation of washing in the mountain streams. But the moral and social condition of the inhabitants of these auriferous regions was at the lowest ebb. The extraordinary wealth accumulated by some of the earliest mining adventurers, the fabulous legends they left behind them, have so dazzled the imagination of their descendants, as to totally unfit them for all the ordinary occupations of social life. On our line of route many of the hills were pierced like honeycombs; and in every direction we saw streams diverted from their course for the purpose of gold washings. Thus they dream away their existence in pursuit of a shadow, and neglect the more solid advantages of agriculture, in a land in which the productions of every soil and climate would almost spontaneously flourish.

On leaving the Villa do Principe, the geological features of the country were completely changed; it was dreary and barren, and full of embedded stones; the trees had no longer the same luxuriant growth; the mountains were bare and black, and their tops exposed to the benumbing influence of a cold bleak wind. We were now within sight of the mountain boundary of the far-famed Valley of Diamonds; and fatigued by a hard day's riding, I felt anxious to arrive at our halting-place for the night. "Who," said I to the guide, as we toiled up a steep ascent, "is this *Illustrissimo* and *Valerosissimo* Capitam de Cavalleria" (for such was the hyperbolic superscription of my letter of recommendation), "with whom we are to take up our quarters for the night?"—"Senhor," replied Francisco, with gravity, "he hum *homen da chapa tem venda*;" (he is a man of property, and has a *venda*, a Chandler's shop on a large scale); "but," he added, "he *muito impertinente*," (he is very curious); a sufficient reason, I thought, tired as I was, for declining the honour of his acquaintance, even though we passed the night on the summit of the Sierra. Avoiding, therefore, the habitation of this personage by a considerable detour, for his dignity would have taken fire had we passed near it without paying our respects, we resolved on gaining the rancho on the Rio Milho Verde by a forced march.

The moon was just rising when we reached the summit of the lofty Sierra that surrounds the Diamond District; the scene that suddenly burst upon us will, to the last day of my existence, be green in the memory: it was one of Alpine magnificence, and one which forcibly recalled to the recollection the glowing descriptions of the Arabian tales.

On every side arose, high on the blue expanse of the heavens, the peaks of gigantic mountains, of almost perpendicular elevation, down the bare sides of which rushed impetuously into the valley beneath, innumerable torrents, glittering in the moon-beams like liquid silver. A thick mist hung over the

valley, beneath whose surface lay hid those precious gems, the noblest ornament of the monarch's diadem, the pride of beauty, the universal object of research in every age; on the value of which the caprices and vicissitudes of fashion have been powerless. I stood, gazing on the wild scenery around, till the cold mountain blast reminded me that I should find much more comfortable quarters on the Rio Milho Verde. We reached, about the middle of the ensuing day, Tejuco, the capital of the District, in the very centre of which it is situated. It contained about five thousand souls; but so barren was the soil in its immediate vicinity, that every thing necessary for the subsistence of its inhabitants was brought from a considerable distance. I met with a most hospitable reception from the Commandante das Armas, who insisted on my making his house my home. My host was a man of superior intelligence, and he appeared to think that his country was not yet politically ripe for a revolution. He entertained the most exalted idea of the power of England. "Grande nação aos olhos Ingleses," said he, "porem bebem muito," (the English are a great people, but are very hard drinkers). This opinion of the gallant commandant's is general throughout both Spanish and Portuguese America. The late king of Portugal, though extremely fond of the English, looked upon us, nevertheless, as a nation of drunkards.

When the congrue rockets were first introduced into the navy, the admiral on the Brazil station proposed to exhibit to the king, Don Juan VI., the effect of these formidable projectiles. His majesty consented, and the whole court were accordingly assembled in the balconies of the palace at the Rio, for the purpose of witnessing the spectacle. By some mishap, of very frequent occurrence in the early history of these missiles, at the moment of firing the tube veered round, and the rocket, instead of flying over to Praia grande, took the opposite direction, and fell and exploded in the great square, almost beneath the windows of the palace. The consternation of the king was only equalled by the mortification of the admiral, who immediately dispatched an officer on shore to explain the cause of the *contretemps* to his majesty; and offering to let off another, but the terrified monarch would not hear of it. "I have a great respect," said he, "for my good allies, the English, but after dinner they are absolutely fit for nothing;" an observation which clearly indicated to what cause his majesty attributed the unfortunate result of the exhibition. Two days after my arrival at Tejuco, I rode out to the principal diamond works in the Commarca, on the Rio *Jigitonhonha*. The operation of working for these precious gems is a very simple one. The alluvial soil (the *cascalhao*) is dug up from the bed of the river, and removed to a convenient spot on the banks for working. The

process is as follows:—a rancho is erected, about a hundred feet long, and half that distance in width; down the middle of the area is conveyed a canal, covered with earth; on the other side of the area is a flooring of planks, about sixteen feet in length, extending the whole length of the shed, and to which an inclined direction is given; this flooring is divided into troughs, into which is thrown a portion of the *cascalhao*; the water is then let in, and the earth raked until the water becomes clear; the earthy particles having been washed away, the gravel is raked up to the end of the trough; the largest stones are thrown out, and afterwards the smaller ones, the whole is then examined with great care for diamonds. When a negro finds one, he claps his hands, stands in an erect posture, holding the diamond between his fore-finger and thumb; it is received by one of the overseers posted on lofty seats, at equal distances, along the line of the work. On the conclusion of the work, the diamonds found during the day are weighed, and registered by the overseer *en chef*. If a negro has the good fortune to find a stone weighing upwards of seventeen carats, he is immediately manumitted, and for smaller stones proportionate premiums are given. There are, besides, several other works on this river, and on other streams, but the supply of diamonds falls now considerably short of former periods, and their produce scarcely defrays the expenses.

The Diamond District of the Serro do Frio is about twenty leagues in length, and nine in breadth; the soil is barren, but intersected by numerous streams. It was first discovered by some miners, shortly after the establishment of the Villa do Principe. In working for gold in the rivulets of Milho Verde and St. Gonçalves, they discovered some pebbles of geometric form, and of a peculiar hue and lustre. For some years these pebbles were given as pretty baubles to children, or used as counters for marking the points of their favourite game of *voltarete*. At last an officer, who had been some years at Goa, in the East Indies, arrived in the Commarca: he was struck with the peculiar form of these pebbles, and from several experiments he made, it struck him that they were diamonds. He immediately collected a few, and sent them to Holland, where, to the astonishment of the lapidaries, they were found to be brilliants of the finest water. It will be easily imagined, that on the arrival of this intelligence in Brazil, the hitherto despised counters suddenly became the objects of universal research, and almost immediately disappeared.

The government of Portugal now issued a decree, declaring all diamonds a monopoly of the crown. For a length of time it was considered that diamonds were confined solely to the District of Serro Frio. But this is an error; they are found in almost every part of

the empire, particularly in the remote provinces of Goyazes and Matto Grosso, where there exist several districts diamantescos. These gems have been even found on the tops of the highest mountains; indeed, it is the opinion of the Brazilian mineralogists that the original diamond formations are in the mountains, and that they will one day or other be discovered in such quantities, as to render them objects of comparatively small value.

The largest diamond in the world was found in the river Abaite, about ninety-two leagues to N. W. of Serro do Frio. The history of its discovery is romantic:—three Brazilians, Antonio de Souza, Jose Felix Gomes, and Thomas de Souza, were sentenced, for some supposed misdemeanour, to perpetual banishment in the wildest part of the Interior. Their sentence was a cruel one; but the region of their exile was the richest in the world; every river rolled over a bed of gold, every valley contained inexhaustible mines of diamonds. A suspicion of this kind enabled these unfortunate men to support the horrors of their fate; they were constantly sustained by the golden hope of discovering some rich mine, that would produce a reversal of their hard sentence. Thus they wandered about for nearly six years, in quest of mines; but fortune was at last propitious. An excessive draught had laid dry the bed of the river Abaite, and here, while working for gold, they discovered a diamond of nearly an ounce in weight. Overwhelmed with joy at this providential discovery, they resolved to proceed, at all hazards, to Villa Rica, and trust to the mercy of the crown. The governor on beholding the magnitude and lustre of the gem, could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses. He immediately appointed a commission of the officers of the Diamond District to report on its nature; and on their pronouncing it a real diamond, it was immediately dispatched to Lisbon. It is needless to add that the sentence of the three "condamnados" was immediately reversed.

This celebrated diamond has been estimated by Romé de l'Isle at the enormous sum of three hundred millions sterling. It is uncut, but the late king of Portugal, who had a passion for precious stones, had a hole bored through it, in order to wear it suspended about his neck on gala days. No sovereign possessed so fine a collection of diamonds as this prince.

The average annual produce of these mines since their first discovery, is estimated at 25,000 to 30,000 carats, and the expense of the works from £20,000 to £25,000 sterling; but it is supposed that diamonds to the amount of nearly £3,000,000 have been extracted by the contrabandistas, whose illicit trade the most vigilant measures of the government have been unable to check. Nothing can

give a stronger idea of the jealous vigilance with which this district was watched, than the code of regulations, drawn up in the fiercest spirit of eastern despotism, by the celebrated Minister Pombal, in the year 1775. According to this "regimento," no person, however exalted his rank, could enter the District without the permission of the Intendente General. All persons who possessed no ostensible vocation were compelled to leave it; and should they return, the offender was banished for life to the coast of Africa. But all this, and the organization of a corps of cavalry, the officers and men of which were acquainted with every inch of the country, was ineffectual in preventing smuggling. Such was the "appas" of gain, that the very government employés were more extensively engaged in it than any others. Indeed, the venality of the public functionaries in Brazil completely neutralizes all the efforts of the government; probably not more than one half of the revenue finds its way into the government coffers. Some years ago, while residing at one of the northern ports, an English vessel arrived with a cargo of gunpowder—the article was, at the time, a strict monopoly of the crown; but notwithstanding the severe penalties attached to an illicit trade, the whole cargo was landed—landed under the eyes, and by the administrator of the custom house himself, who shared in the immense profits of the transaction. And yet the words honour and patriotism are constantly in the mouths of these people.

After sojourning upwards of three weeks in the Comarca, I returned to Villa Rica, where I dismissed Francisco, who, I believe, had found an opportunity of indulging in his old vocation. Notwithstanding his notorious reputation as a smuggler, I was surprised at the terms of easy familiarity with which he treated even the intendente himself. I believe they perfectly understood each other. Francisco was a gipsy; his people are numerous in Brazil, and carry on the whole commerce of the interior. The epoch at which this singular people, whose origin has occupied so much of the labours of the learned world, migrated to the wilds of South America, I could never ascertain from any Brazilian, who are singularly ignorant of every thing connected with the early settlement of their country. I once questioned Francisco on this interesting subject, in the hope that some old tradition of the event might be preserved among his tribe; but I received the universal answer given to every other such question, "*Quem sabe*."

The character of the Brazilian people, who pompously style themselves a nation of demigods, may be briefly sketched:—their numerous vices are scarcely redeemed by a single good quality. In cunning they surpass all people—all must yield to the Brazilian. No check is imposed on his rapacity and fraud

by the fear of detection, the consciousness of shame, the sense of justice, the love of honour; speciousness, craft, dishonesty, swindling, lying, gasconade, and cowardice, form the grand features of their character, coupled with every other vice that can degrade human nature.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE CONVALESCENT.

"We sometimes find a disease quite strip the mind of all its ideas, and the flames of a fever in a few days calms all those images to dust and confusion which seemed to be as lasting as if graven on marble." LOCKE.

BREATHE, gently breathe upon this wasted frame,

Thou breeze of spring, that stirs the dewy air!

Breathe, gently breathe! for fever's restless flame

Hath long been madd'ning there!

Yon vale—how sweet! 'Tis sure some fairy spell

Binds my soul there, and bids me fondly gaze!

Hark! 'twas a voice that murmur'd through the dell—

And spake of happier days!

And where are they?—a thousand visions pass—

A thousand phantoms melting into air—

Hast thou no records, Oh! my heart:—Alas!

All—all is vacant there!

Why slumbers memory in its depths unknown?

Wake, sweet remembrance! ere the doom be cast:

Long hath this heart been desolate and lone—

Oh! bring me back the past!

Roll back, thou tide of being! Break your rest

Ye light wing'd dreams! and from that slumber start:

Oh! all is dark'ning in this dreary breast—

Come—and light up the heart!

'Tis past—the tie hath burst! Away! bright vale,

I've no communion with thee! all is flown!

Then come, wild Fancy, weave some wizard tale—

Some memory of thine own!

Wing, wayward thought, thy lone mysterious way!

Mount through all marvellous things—Heaven's mystic plain—

The winds!—the melancholy moon!—Away!—

There's madness on my brain!

From the New Monthly Magazine.

NARRATIVE OF A SETTLER IN CANADA.

It is be a curious and interesting speculation to watch the introduction of an untutored

savage into our cities and manners, to observe his gradual adoption of our wants, and his investment with our resources, so much the more important it must be, as coming more home to our own situations, to notice the civilized man, stripped of the aids of that state, thrown into the forest, almost as a mere animal, deprived of that intricate system of division of labour which has arrived at so high a point in this country, and attempting to avail himself of the theory he may previously have acquired of the mechanical and necessary arts. This position is by no means an uncommon one: it is one which has fallen to my own share, and it is one which must fall, more or less, to that of all who leave this country for the agricultural colonies, and whether their lot be in the forests of America, on the grass plains of Australasia, or on the swells of the Cape, they will all find themselves thrown more on their energies as creative men than their previous education can allow them even to imagine; and he who has been used to snuff his candle and resume his book, to wash his hands and sit down to dinner, can with difficulty be brought to conceive a case where soap, candles, snuffers, &c. must be provided by his individual resources and labour. Belonging myself to the middle class of society, I was suddenly and unexpectedly thrown into this very state. How I fared, the few following pages may in part show; and should they throw the least new light on a subject many will soon practically experience, my Canadian life will not have been quite in vain.

In the spring of 1830, I left England for Quebec. A passage over the Atlantic now is a matter of course, not so terrible an event as a progress to Plymouth might be some hundred years back. After a confinement of seven or eight weeks, we arrived at Quebec, the capital of the Lower Province. Few cities can boast so commanding a situation; perched on almost a perpendicular cliff, on one side the St. Lawrence rolls beneath it, and on another the shallow but broad St. Charles. The citadel, towering above all, looks what it really is, almost impregnable, while on the south shore of the river, the lesser altitude of Point Levi, covered with wood, and interspersed with capital houses, the literally suburban residences of the wealthy of Quebec, not only adds to the actual beauty of the prospect, but points out that the fortress is not merely a thing of show, by demonstrating the present wealth and prosperity of the province it protects. But the most striking feature to the newly arrived in the harbour of Quebec is the splendid scale and superior size of the steam-boats. Accustomed to consider the vessels at home as unexcelled, he is surprised to find in a nook of the world he had perhaps considered almost as semi-civilized, steam-ships rivalling, if not surpassing, those of his native waters. But America is the

land of communication, intersected by noble rivers, poured north and south, east and west, by the hand of Nature. The enterprise and diligence of man has taken advantage of these favours to their fullest extent. Does a rapid or a cataract impede his progress? he turns the obstacle by a canal. Does the river run in a calmer stream? he places on it numberless steam-boats. By these advantages, which every American is heir to, 1000 miles is a slight journey here. Men and women are all migratory, and the most delicate lady talks of a trip from Philadelphia to Quebec with the utmost coolness.

This extreme facility of communication seems to deprive the American of that feeling of home which attaches an Englishman to his native village. The inhabitant of the Union seems to consider the whole continent as his own, and whether it be Alabama or Vermont, is equally at home, and as ready to start on any scheme 2000 or 3000 miles. By alternate steam-boats and coaches the emigrant bound to York pursues the course of the St. Lawrence until he enters Lake Ontario: this he crosses in some steam-vessel. He has consumed about two days and a half, or three days, in his passage from Quebec, and he now stands in York, the capital of Upper Canada, about 700 or 800 miles from the sea. During the whole of this time, he has lived in a state of the greatest comfort. The steam-boats superb, the dinners excellent, coaches well horsed, York itself well built, several capital houses, taverns expensive—as it becomes all civilized hotels to be; and, as he looks about, he begins to doubt the tales he has been told of Canadian privations, and to build, with renewed confidence, the cottage *ornée*, to introduce the drill system, &c. However, he takes up his land, and prepares, as I did, to locate thereon. The lands to which I was proceeding had been previously engaged; therefore my only affair was to arrive at them as speedily as possible. I engaged a wagon at four, A. M., and started due north, along Youngstreet:—this is one of the best farmed districts in Upper Canada—we passed several good houses, surrounded by out-houses, that would not discredit the Old Country. As I receded from the capital, the country rapidly became wilder; brick and plaster houses sank to frame buildings; stumps began to be thicker sprinkled; here and there acres of girdled pines, standing in a state of ghastly decay, lined the roads; fences, which were neat posts, with morticed bars, were converted to the common snake fence of the country. On approaching the Oak Ridges, masses of forest appeared yet untouched by the axe; a log-house or two reared their novel forms, though as yet shingled, and with good clearings. This state of things brought me to Phelps's tavern. Here is yet the outskirts of clearing: here the veil drops. Two miles beyond lies the swampy Holland river, leading into Lake

Simcoe; it is here where the Indians assemble to receive their presents; and on the banks of the beautiful lake they yet hover, unwilling to abandon a ground so abounding in attractions to an Indian hunter. As yet European clearing has done little on its banks, and it is, as it were, the debateable ground between the wild and the civilized man; and the habits of the two have undergone that blending which the necessities of life have compelled. Here I fortunately found two *voyageurs* going down the lake, and I engaged them to land me on my possessions. After a dreary pull of eight miles down a river, or swamp of wild rice, we entered the lake. The contrast was delightful: a cool, fresh breeze rippled over its surface, and the appearance of some high land, crested with trees, and partially cleared, gave animation and hope. The wind drawing more a-head, and night advancing, we determined to down sail, and land at a point on which was a house for shelter. As the two Canadians pulled the boat, and I sat wrapped in my great-coat in the stern-sheets, it was impossible to avoid unpleasant melancholy feelings. The solemn gloom of the evening over the waters and trees, the motion of the oars, might, perhaps, have aided them; but few can, I think, take the decisive step, and throw themselves into the forest without "casting a long and lingering look behind." The old familiar faces I was quitting, as I feared for ever, hovered in my sight, and seemed dearer and more valued as I lost them; the warm rooms, where I had so long been sheltered and happy, contrasted much in their favour, in my imagination, with the chill night wind, and tall dismal trees near which we were floating. The boat's keel running up the beach put an end to my reveries, and in less than an hour we were all coiled up before the fire, and asleep. At daybreak we prepared to resume our voyage, and I finished my first slumbers in a log hut. Refreshed by my night's rest, and revived by the clear glitter of a Canadian sunrise, I inspected my host's house with a determination to find it excellent. Rude, but capacious enough for the wants of any farmer, it was situated on a point of land formed by a wind in the lake; a line of trees, of handsome growth, formed a shelter between it and the water, which swelled and bubbled on a clean pebbly beach, on which lay a light boat, hauled up and surrounded with fishing spears and gear. Farther back were the barn and outhouses, while the space between was occupied by a flourishing orchard. Two or three hours' smart pulling brought me into sight of my own Patmos, placed in the very bottom of a regularly formed and woody bay, on both whose points grow tall towering trees. The little hole that had been made in the wood by a previous settler, looked sheltered and comfortable. A French *voyageur* had, on the foregoing autumn, squatted himself on

this lot, (squatting in Canada, means seating yourself on a lot of land, no leave or license had or obtained;) he had erected a low log-hut, roofed it with bark, and chopped down about four acres of trees, but which, however, still remained cumbering the ground. After rowing along the shore some way in search of a landing, (for the trees which grew immediately on the beach, he had felled into the lake, forming a complete barrier,) we found an entrance, and I scrambled ashore, and jumping on a log, surveyed the scene with, I must confess, some dismay. At a little distance, perhaps two hundred yards, stood my antagonist, the dark and gloomy wood, looking to my inexperienced eye impenetrable. The clearing, as it was called, seemed to me the most chaotic confusion and disorder that may possibly arise. Bodies of trees lay heaped in all directions, wild tall weeds, higher than my head, waved from amongst them most luxuriantly. I picked and climbed my way, as I best could, to my future habitation, and a most rough-looking affair it was. Composed of cedar-logs, *in puris naturalibus*, a floor of slab boards, a roof of bark, it seemed to be a bastard between an English pig-sty and an Indian wigwam. Novelty, however, overpowered every other feeling, and excited by that and a fine sky, I repeated "I am monarch of all I survey," much to my own satisfaction, as I effected an entrance into my habitation: it was pierced for two windows, though any contrivances for closing the ports were not: that I supplied with some broken board. One box of baggage was all my furniture; that I hung to a beam, and sallied out to discover my nearest neighbour. The difficulties I had to find him, and my misfortunes in the woods, would occupy too much space to relate. I found him, fortunately, an intelligent and communicative French Canadian, married to an Indian female. Under his direction, I drew up a list of what I most wanted, and, after taking a compass, and the fullest directions, determined to cross the woods to York, to fetch up my baggage, &c: The track lay for some time on the lake shore, and in some of the bays, where the road was good, with a single line of trees fringing the lake, the view resembled, in general effect, some parts of the road on the banks of Winandermere. The high lands and craggy mountains were certainly not here; but the same softness of scenery, clearness of water, and wavering lights, were repeated on the almost, till recently, unheard-of Lake Simcoe. With great regret I quitted the lake shore, and turning abruptly to the south, entered at once the thick wood. The road was difficult to distinguish, leaves having already begun to fall. Walking in the American forest is, perhaps, the gloomiest position that a person can be placed in. Few living animals enliven the path; perchance a squirrel pops his head from his hole, now and then to gaze with his quick bright eye at the

unwonted passer by; little else is heard or seen but the continual sawing of the branches in the wind, and the dull, heavy fall of some old standard of the wood, which, after many years of gradual decay, drops to enrich that ground which has so long supported it. After a walk of four or five hours under the shade of the wood, I fell into a good road, well studied with capital clearings. On this road is the settlement of the Davidites, one of the numerous and grotesque sects into which unassisted reason in religious affairs often leads her votaries.

Having made my purchases, and collected my baggage, I again turned my face to the wilderness, and once more stood at home and alone. My house, however, now looked more comfortable, lumbered up with boxes and tools, and I felt a positive pleasure in lying once more under my own roof tree. I had by this time acquired some knowledge of handling an axe, and was able to cut my fire-wood with ease. Accordingly, as I felt it an accession of power, I became quite delighted with my new talent: the clearing of the axe in the wood was music to my ears, and a clean chip the utmost of my ambition. The American axe differs in shape from any tool I have ever seen in England; it is shorter from the pole to the edge than the English felling axe, and is thicker at the shoulder, acting as a smooth wedge to throw out the chip, or split up a log; the handle, made of hickory or elm, is cut with a curve, and a knot at the end to hinder it slipping from the hand. One stroke is made straight from the shoulder, and the other by whirling the axe round the head: the momentum it acquires by this motion, without much exertion of strength, drives it into the wood. The difficulty is to make the cuts all at the same place, and at the proper slope: but all this is speedily acquired by practice. Three or four days after my return, as I was sauntering along the beach, I found the wreck of an old wooden canoe. This appeared to me to be repairable; I therefore employed that afternoon in getting her hauled ashore. I first filled up her chinks with slips of wood as nearly as possible, and then caulked her with an old pair of trowsers, and moss. I had found in one of my wanderings, a little knot of pines, (a scarce tree in our neighbourhood,) and by tapping them I obtained a little turpentine, with which I smeared her. I launched her—she floated, something lopsided, to be sure—but that was a trifle. I cut a paddle, and took a cruise in her directly. I provided a safe place for her, sheltered from the northerly swells. I soon found a use for her: I went to a neighbour's, and brought down in her some boards: with these I formed a loft to my little house, over the seams of which I laid long strips of cedar bark, which I peeled off the trees. This, I expected, would prevent currents of cold air from rushing from above in the winter. Into this loft I removed most of

my boxes. I split a slab from a beech log, and made a tolerable chair. I was going to the luxury of stuffing it, but I did not get so far. Two or three boards made me an excellent table and a shelf. I cut two hooks out of wood, and hung up my gun, and, as the evenings drew on, by a blazing fire I looked round me with increased content. I usually rose at half past four, and rolled the fire together, got my breakfast at once, as I have always thought it a great preservative against the ague, eating before going out. The mornings now, the middle and latter end of September, were very sharp—strong white frosts—though the middle of the day was yet very hot. I found it comfortable to keep fires all night, and began to find it tedious to carry my fire-wood home on my shoulder; I therefore one day felled twelve or fourteen fine beech, or maple, and chopping them into twelve feet lengths, borrowed a yoke of oxen, and dragged them to my door. This was my first essay in driving a team, and terrible work I had with them. Among the logs, and in one or two clear parts, the French squatter had planted some few potatoes and pumpkins; these I prepared to house. My potatoes I stowed in a small cellar I had dug under my house for the winter. The tall ugly weeds having all died away, had left my ground glowing, like the garden of the Hesperides, with golden-hued pumpkins: these I piled into a large heap, and two or three tedious days I had collecting them, two being as many as I could carry by the rough and prickly stalk. I about this time increased my family by a young puppy, which a neighbour spared me, a pig I previously held, and a cat. As frequently a fortnight would elapse without a person entering my secluded clearing, we became inseparable companions. If I went out to chop, my whole family would follow, the pig rooting about for pig-nuts, while the dog and cat would play among the wood; and I, sometimes laying down my axe, would call one or the other of my subjects to a more particular conference, to which call the pig was never the least obedient. My neighbour's Indian corn-field about this time suffered very much from the nightly ravages of a large bear: we watched for him some time without success; but one unfortunate night for him we put a limit to his farther proceedings, by three or four balls being lodged in his carcase. The weather, now the latter end of October and November, became most beautiful. It was that season called here the Indian summer. A haziness prevails throughout the air, which is tempered by a gentle and equable heat. Rain falls but seldom in the day time; refreshing showers frequently occur during the night, and with the rising sun the very autumnal hues of the fast-falling leaves seem imbued with a springy freshness. The American forests, in the fall season, are, perhaps, in the height of their glory; the golden hue of one tree is relieved against the still dark green of

another; the brown crisp leaf of the beech shows in relief by the side of a grove of cedars, while the whole is positively enlightened by the glowing red of a species of maple. The transitions from the dreary decay of a patch of deciduous trees, to the pineries, or other evergreens, render a walk through the woods, at this time, more impressive and varied than at any other.

My potatoes and pumpkins being all housed, the seams of my house caulked against the weather by some strong clay, which I worked up and forced into the interstices of the logs; a good stock of firewood round the door, I awaited the approach of winter without much fear of its rigour. I had several excellent books with me, and after eight hours' work, in what I was at present very busy, trenching up and fencing in a piece of ground for a garden in the spring, I sate myself down by my snug fire, and by the light of a lamp of my own construction, could soon transport myself into other and different climes, or feel, with some astonishment, how soon I had become, in great measure, reconciled to the change of manners and situation. Living in so lonely a manner as I did, it was impossible always to escape the infection, (perhaps native to the woods,) of feeling sometimes a little melancholy; but setting about some contrivance, either for absolute use, or to give an air of elegance to my retreat, invariably banished the blues. One evening, as I was sitting ruminating on the different prospects I had before me to those my youth had anticipated, and, to confess the truth, sighing over the upset of certain visions which had engaged my attention in Britain, while an indulgence, (only allowed on Saturday night,)—a musical snuff-box, was playing "Portrait Charmant," I heard a tap at the door; "Entrez!" cried I; the door opened, but none entered. I rose, and perceived two figures, wrapped in blankets, standing at the door. "Ontaske niche:"—"Come in, Indians," said I, when one of them, bursting into a fit of laughter, showed me the Indian wife of my neighbour, while she introduced the other as a sister of a friend of hers. Such a visit upset the economy of my house altogether. The younger, who had since her entrance been listening attentively to the snuff-box, crept cautiously closer and closer, until she suddenly laid her hand on it, as if catching a fly. It happened, at that moment to stop; she immediately imagined she had killed it, and uttering a deep-drawn "Eh!" looked greatly alarmed at me. Seeing, however, I only laughed, she assumed courage and smiled too. After some conversation, chattering and smiling, they rose to depart. I happened to have a brooch, very splendid in appearance, of trifling value, which, with all the gallantry I could muster, I fixed on my younger visitor's bosom: she was quite delighted, and bade me good night with much cordiality. During her stay, I had time to re-

mark her personal appearance and dress; and it may be understood to be the manner in which the Indian women generally dress. A gathered blue petticoat fell a little below her knees, while bright-red leggings covered loosely her legs from the ancles; feet bare; she wore a sort of black jacket, like a lady's habit, while a silk handkerchief crossed her bosom, *à la Portsmouth Pointer*; round her neck hung several rows of glass beads, and imitation pearl rings adorned her ears. Her head was perfectly uncovered, and long black hair hung over her face and shoulders, while a white blanket twined round, which served in-doors as a shawl. Her complexion was a clear brown, lightened by brilliant eyes and white teeth, and when she smiled, or was excited, her features expressed great good humour; but when in a state of repose, they sank, though not unhandsome in themselves, into a sullenness of expression habitual to an Indian. The hands and feet of the Indian tribes are invariably small and well proportioned.

On the 12th of December the first snow fell, and before the 25th the lake was a solid sheet of ice;—"the whole imprisoned water growled below." The noise made by the air when the ice first fixes, is, when heard in the watches of the night, awful, and is heard at a distance of five or six miles from the shore: a deep rending and crackling runs along the ice, and though it is a sign of solidity and firmness, yet a stranger walking over it, when he feels the trembling noise shoot under his feet, can hardly persuade himself of the truth of the supposition. Winter now reigned predominant; every water was fixed in solid ice, and every where snow covered the ground. Few birds but the little snow-birds enlivened the scene; the days were generally sunshiny and bright; the evening sometimes superb, the sun setting brilliantly, while a tender red, or violetish hue, over the eastern sky, would portend a keen frost. When the moon arose, her pale brilliance shining on the white plains can never be described, and amongst the stars to the north played almost incessantly the *aurora borealis*. The moon and stars of America shine with a lustre far surpassing the same luminaries here. The clearness of the air seems to permit more of their lustre to fall to the earth; for, unlike the bright unsteady glare of a tropical night, they emit in Canada not merely a brighter, but a steadier light. Sometimes, returning from a neighbour's late at night, over the frozen surface of the lake, how bright and how beautiful the heavenly host have appeared! Undimmed by the damps of Europe, and unsullied by the touch of age, they seemed, like the country below them, to be New Worlds indeed. Though the degree of cold on the thermometer be much lower than any experienced in this country, yet, from the dryness of the air, and the constant accompaniment of sunshine, it is not so un-

pleasantly manifested to the feelings as a much higher degree in England. There are few days in a Canadian winter, at least in the latitude of Lake Simcoe, that a man may not labour out the whole day. I did not find it necessary to dress any warmer than my usual custom in England. The feet are the principal objects; keep them warm. During part of this winter, I was engaged in splitting rails for fences: cedar and bass-wood are principally employed for this purpose. A tree with straight bark and good appearance is selected, felled, and cut into twelve feet lengths, which are split by wedges and mauls into rails as thick as a man's leg. At first I found it not only hard work, but I could not manage more than ten or fifteen rails in a day. I selected improper wood; my mauls split, jarred my hands, &c. However, I persevered, and in four or five days could split a hundred in seven or eight hours.

Spring now began to show itself, and to soften the severity of winter; the sugar maples began to ooze sap, and pigeons began to return to the vicinity of the lake. It now was time for me to think of clearing some land; I therefore engaged a Frenchman to assist me in my operations, and we started to work. The trees are all cut off breast high, the handling the axe rendering it impracticable to cut any lower; the branches are piled into heaps, and the trunks cut into lengths of from eight to sixteen feet, proportional to their size, for oxen to draw. I provided myself with whiskey and pork, and called a bee; i. e. a meeting of my neighbours, to roll my trees together, preparatory to burning. On the day appointed, about twenty-five men, and five yoke of oxen, made the woods re-echo to their exertions, and, at the close of the day, I had six acres of wood piled, ready for firing. A smart north-east breeze came on, and before twelve that night, I had the best possible pattern of Pandemonium. The wind increased to a storm; sheets of fire were impelled among the standing woods, while the roaring and crackling of thirty or forty immense bonfires were quite horrible; a dun canopy of smoke, despite the wind, hung over the scene. I trembled for my house, and kept a constant watch all night. Next day the flames had considerably abated. It was now necessary to roll the burning logs together to promote their combustion: this is hot, dirty, and disagreeable work. When at last the fires go out, a yoke of oxen is employed to draw the remains, (or *tirsons*.) into fewer heaps, which are again fired. This generally finishes the operation. I now got my fences up, and engaged a man to plough part for spring wheat.

The ice having now entirely disappeared from the lake, and warm weather set, my attention was turned towards the bountiful supply of fish the lake contained, and I commenced a series of experiments in the art of spearing. As I have already introduced my

instructress, a description of one of our expeditions will sufficiently display the manner of catching fish on the lake. Ondosnok, or "the wind that is coming," most poetical of names, having joined me in her beautiful bark canoe, we started from the bay about seven p. m. the wind being almost calm, and the surface of the lake reflecting the gloomy shadows of the moss-grown tamaracks like a polished mirror, a most favourable appearance for fishing, as the steadiness of the water renders the aim much surer. As we paddled out of the small bay it was impossible not to admire the buoyancy and elegance of the bark we were floating in; easy to be carried by one person, it would carry ten or twelve. At the bow knelt the squaw, paddling, while at angle of 45°, hanging over the water, was stuck a cleft stick holding a piece of inflamed birch bark, which was renewed as occasion required. When we arrived at the fishing-ground, she laid aside her paddle, and assuming the spear, a slight pole of fourteen or sixteen feet long, with a barbed head, she bent attentively over the water, while I guided the canoe, as the point of her spear turned, by the slightest impulse of the paddle; at once, plunge went the spear, and lashing on the surface, came up a transfixed black bass. We speared six or seven more before ten o'clock, when we prepared to return to our homes. This mode of fishing is pleasant and picturesque, the ruddy light of the birch bark reflected on the calm green water, and on the dark animated features of the spear-woman, communicated an interest to the sport not easily forgotten, while the silence of the night was completely unbroken but by the plunge of the spear and the dash of the transfixed fish as they were reluctantly drawn to the surface. Nothing would serve Ondosnok but landing on a small barren island, and lighting a fire to immediately taste the produce of the night. This I willingly agreed to, there being something piquante in the proposal. A backwoodsman and an Indian squaw are not long lighting a fire, and in half an hour our fish was cooked famously. We tore it to pieces with our fingers, and demolishing it in a twinkling, jumped into the canoe, and soon reached our huts.

I had fenced, the previous autumn, a small plot of ground as a garden: my cleared six acres I divided into four acres of spring wheat and timothy grass, sown over it near the house, one acre and a half Indian corn, for which the ground was not ploughed, and about an acre of potatoes. By the time all this was done, summer was completely restored, every tree was in full leaf, birds had become plentiful, fire-flies illumined the woods at night, while hosts of frogs kept up an admirable concert continually. Mosquitoes also became annoying, but one great comfort, positive pleasure, in being bit by a mosquito is, that you are sure of annihilating him, "and revenge is sweet to Gods and men." As my

crops grew up under my eyes, I felt more and more interested in their welfare; planted by my own hands, defended by my care, I seemed in some sort their creator, and I looked forward as to grateful children, to a sure reward in their maturity. I became to all intents a Canadian farmer, when by our new established post I received a letter from Europe rendering my return necessary.

It was with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow that I stepped into the boat to convey me to the landing. They say a prison long inhabited becomes as a home to the prisoner, and I could hardly quit my faithful companions and my laboured land without a feeling of regret that I could not have believed possible in the previous autumn.

The above short and simple annals are the plain story of a new settler in the backwoods. The inferences drawn from the relation will vary, I am aware, at the sway of the age or feelings of the peruser; but those that I, the active agent in them, have extracted, are simply these:—

That to the industrious labourer Canada opens a favourable change.

To the farmer of small capital emigration is also beneficial.

To the gentleman used to a country life, with a fixed income of not less than 40*l.* or 50*l.* it may perhaps be an advantageous step: but to the restless, clever, ambitious man; the middle-aged person, whose past years have been spent in civilized life, whose manners are fixed by habit, and whose prejudices are strong cast by former circumstances, especially if he be the broken down, ruined trader of large cities, to such as these Canada only offers an accession of misery: unfitted by their ideas, ignorant of country work, every prejudice shocked, and all their dreams upset, they sink either into a state of mental imbecility, or returning to their old land, spread around reports of the wretched country they have been in. There yet remains the young man of a respectable class and small property, but without prospects in this country—to him Canada offers certainly a sure retreat. With her laborious life and her sequestration from much society, she offers to him many alleviations: the fishing and sports he soon enters into. Here are no restrictions.

The wildness of the life and scenery have their charms for youth; the active employments of his farm and affairs will act as excellent recipes against melancholy. There, unchecked by those prudential and praiseworthy motives which restrain in this country, he may enter, nay, is impelled in justice to himself and his new country, into those ties which lighten the burdens and heighten the joys in every mode of life, especially in the simple track of a Canadian farmer. There, rich in a large family, he may hope, after the toils of his youth, his declining age will be supported by his extended farm and his active

family. But in his early career his eyes must always look forward, he must be a true Canadian; every sigh to olden time is treason against the present hopes. It is true, ills may be magnified by their nearness; but let him remember the pains which pressed him to the earth in his old country, and finally drove him to his chosen refuge, and let him remember that so uncertain are the wishes, and so wavering the disposition of mankind, that even I, returned to my native place, surrounded by my earliest friends, feel my thoughts often wander again to the wilds of Canada; again I see my humble hut in the forest; again I walk in the clear evenings with my Indian friends; the huntings and the liberty of that land press upon me with an almost painful remembrance and freshness, and perhaps I would again return to them, did I not know not only that there I should draw the comparison the other way, but that much of the splendour with which these recollections seem invested, is not inherent in them, but acquired from the charm of relating them to my own friends in the warm circle and amid the social comforts which are only to be found at an English fireside.

From Fraser's Magazine.

AMERICAN TRADITIONS.

BY JOHN GALT.

ONE of the finest bursts of eloquence in the House of Peers, uttered by the great Earl of Chatham during the discussions on the events of the American war of independence, was his apostrophe to the ancestors of their lordships on the tapestry of the walls, when the employment of the Indians in the war was the question. Few memorials have been preserved of the manner in which the savages attacked the settlers, for it was chiefly against the settlements in the back-woods that their undisciplined energies were directed; and history has been withheld from recording the atrocities of that remorseless warfare, by being furnished with only the slight notices of their co-operation with the king's troops. In a few years, the traditions concerning them will also be forgotten among the survivors of the sufferers, for the progress of civilization and commerce has supplied their descendants with new topics; but still, like distorted facts of rumours from a distance, a few stories of the courage displayed, both by the settlers and the Indians in their feuds, may still be met with, the incidents of which are of stirring effect, and, if collected with care, would form materials for the future historians of the New England states.

The following sketch is of this kind, and as a picture of the feuds and bravery of those who were engaged in what may be called the savage war, merits to be classed with the heroic traditions of the Gael and Sassanach;

which are also fast fading from the memory of the Highlanders, and the inhabitants of their neighbourhood in the Lowlands.

The Indian and the Hunter; or, the Siege of Micford.

One fine afternoon, in the latter end of July, a weary hunter was seen hastily passing along the small and seldom-frequented path that leads from Wincer to Micford: from his soiled dress and anxious look, it was evident that he was the bearer of important intelligence.

At that time the war for American independence was raging in the eastern part of Vermont, but had not yet reached the settlement towards which he was journeying, and which was situated on the banks of the Ton-too to the west of the Green Mountains, the range which divides that state from north to south.

The inhabitants of Micford had been disturbed by the report that the Indians in their vicinity, headed by their formidable chief Chinchusa, had joined the British cause, to which they themselves were opposed; and this hunter, who was named Fisher, bore them the news that Wincer, which was a larger settlement than their own, had been destroyed by the savages.

Fisher said that he had been present during the destruction, which was attended with terrible slaughter. Chinchusa, followed by his band, had attacked the unsuspecting inhabitants; and after effecting an entrance, which he did without resistance, set the houses on fire, and slew all who fell into his hands in endeavouring to avoid the flames. He had himself escaped with difficulty, along with one of the settlers, and was pursued for some distance through the woods by Chinchusa and several of his Indians, when his companion, having unfortunately stumbled in leaping over a fallen tree, was surrounded and slain.

Immediately, Micford became the scene of busy preparation, and Fisher was unanimously chosen to direct the formation of the defences, every one endeavouring to render them as strong as possible; and in order that they might more easily discern the approach of their subtle adversaries, he ordered the underwood, which extended to the skirts of the forest, which extended to the skirts of the forest, to be carefully removed, and a sentinel to be placed in the branches of a lofty elm that stood within the village. They then barricaded their only street; the houses without the wooden pickets were dismantled, and their owners retired within the village.

Though the sun was set, and the men had worked from the dawn, they were still labouring, in the hope of being able to complete their tasks before darkness had set in, during which they expected to be attacked. Fisher having himself relieved the guard in

the tree, vainly attempted to pierce the gloom that surrounded him, and had for some time been casting eager looks over Micford, when he observed a light glimmering among the eastern defences. Supposing, however, that it was only the lantern of the guard stationed there, he did not at first deem it worthy of any particular attention, till he noticed that it had increased to a small flame. Before ascending the tree, he had given strict orders that every fire should be extinguished, and he thought himself no longer justified in delaying to alarm those below when he saw the light. Accordingly, having discharged his gun, he descended from his station.

On reaching the ground, several of the settlers met him, whom he told to follow; and having ran to the spot where he had seen the light, they discovered that the stakes and palisades were on fire. They did not at first suspect that the Indians had done it; but on one of them stepping out to examine the damage, a shot from the wood severely wounded him. As it was necessary, however, that the flames should be got under, Fisher ordered the inhabitants (who, guided by the light, were now collected together) to tear up some of the stakes nearest the blazing heap, that the fire might die out for want of nourishment, and also to roll a number of logs to fill up the gap.

While this was going on, they were surprised at a furious attack in the opposite direction, which was with difficulty repelled.

The moon, which had been hitherto obscured in clouds, now shone forth with unusual splendour, and displayed the assailants to the Americans, who had previously nothing to direct their aim. It likewise greatly diminished the advantage which the Indians had possessed, by making the latter strikingly apparent in the light of the fire.

The settlers, following Fisher, rushed through the opening, and assaulted the Indians, who, entirely unprepared for so sudden an attack, were driven back a short distance; but Chinchusa, rallying them, they rushed again to the combat, and the settlers, overwhelmed by their numbers, were in their turn obliged to retire within their bulwarks. The Indians having suffered severely by the late conflict, did not follow up their advantage, but allowed their adversaries time to repair the damage.

Most of the inhabitants were partial to the management of Fisher, but there were several dissatisfied persons who took every opportunity of thwarting his plans; among whom a young settler, named Dixon, was conspicuous, and who, it was whispered, aimed at the command himself. His conduct had for some time been noticed by the hunter, and by several of the elder inhabitants, who spoke to him concerning it; but he denied it, saying, that as he did not see any danger, he was averse to be confined in the village (Fisher

having desired all the settlers to remain within their defences). Upon this being told him; Fisher said there could be no objections to his leaving them if he chose, but that it would be at his own peril; and he warned him, that though Chinchusa had been defeated in his attempt to storm their village, he would be on the alert to take all stragglers.

Next morning Dixon proceeded to the woods, watched by most of his companions; but he had barely entered the forest when he reappeared, running at his utmost speed, and pursued by Chinchusa, who was easily distinguished from the other Indians by a large tuft of feathers, and who was rapidly gaining on the fugitive. At length Dixon came within gun-shot of the palisades, and the settlers began to hope that he might escape; but his pursuer, levelling his gun, shot him dead. Fisher, who had been intently watching the issue of the pursuit, now hurriedly lifting his rifle fired, and struck one of the feathers from the head of the retreating chief. The Indians at this, with a dreadful yell, and led by the furious Chinchusa, rushed back, and endeavoured to surmount the pickets, but were bravely opposed by the inhabitants.

What the besieged most dreaded was famine, to avert which became now the endeavour of Fisher. Micford being situated on the banks of the Tontoo, which washed the western side of the settlement, he proposed to descend it for assistance and provisions; and no objections being made to this offer, he accordingly that evening entered a canoe, and swiftly paddled down the stream, without, as he thought, being discovered by the enemy.

Having proceeded all night, he next morning arrived near the spot where it was necessary to disembark, and entering a small cove, he fastened his canoe to the trunk of a tree, whose branches would tend to conceal it; and taking his arms, he prepared to continue his journey on foot, when he heard the voices of several persons on the river. Having silently advanced to the mouth of the inlet he saw two canoes full of his enemies rapidly approaching; and as he understood the Indian language, he found out that an attack had been made on Micford during the night to cover the departure of this party, and that they thought he could not be far in advance; when one proposed to land and lie in ambush, to which the others consented, and paddled to the creek where Fisher's canoe lay.

Thinking that he had no time to lose, he entered a large swamp, where he was effectually concealed by the long rushes; but he had hardly crouched among them, when he heard the cry of astonishment that burst from his enemies on finding his boat, and could plainly hear their conjectures as to which way he had gone, some thinking that he had taken the route to Kaford, and others to Moarck. After consulting together some

time, they divided into two parties, one going to each of the above settlements.

Fisher waited until they had departed; and having passed through the swamp, he struck off in a straight direction to Moarek, in order to arrive before his enemies, who had taken the common route. The sun was setting when he reached the village, but the settlers, having heard his recital, were eager to go to the assistance of Micford, and resolved to set out that evening after he had rested.

Fisher accordingly told them the plans of the Indians, and proposed that they should endeavour to surprise them, when their canoes would serve to convey the provisions. For which purpose they went along the road, in hopes of meeting their adversaries, but without success; for as they had seen no traces of Fisher during a great part of the day, they had returned, not going to Moarek. On approaching the cove, Fisher advanced to the place where he had lain hid in the morning, that he might ascertain whether they were departed, or whether those who had gone to Kaford were yet returned, and joyfully observed that their companions had not rejoined them. He then crept cautiously back to his comrades, informed them how their enemies were situated, and gave his opinion how they should attack them; which was, that those who were good swimmers should, while their friends were assailing the Indians by land, float down the river into the creek, and seizing their canoes, thus deprive them of the means of escape. This proposal was approved of by all; and having put aside their bundles, Fisher conducted them to the edge of the rushes. Thence he proceeded onwards to engage with the Indians, leaving with those who had offered to take the canoes strict orders not to attempt it till they heard the noise of the combat.

He had hardly finished his directions, when they heard the cries of the Indians, who had then discovered them, and who were preparing to resist their attack. Those who were to swim immediately dashed into the water; and Fisher, commanding half to follow him, directed the remainder to creep through the flags, and not to fire until their companions were on the point of seizing the canoes, which would most likely enable them to bear them in safety to the river, while he should try to divert the attention of the Indians.

Darting onwards through the rushes, they were within a few paces of their enemies (who had kept up a continual discharge in their direction, but without effect) before they fired, but who, being partly protected by the trees, were not so much injured as they had hoped. Some, however, ran to secure their canoes; but seeing several of the swimmers already in them, while others were climbing over the sides, they, maddened at the sight, and with piercing yells, rushed on,

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hurling their tomahawks, most of which, from the eagerness with which they were cast, whizzed over the heads of those at whom they were aimed; others entered the canoes, from whence they were wrenched by the hands of the eager Americans, who were endeavouring to defend themselves with the paddles and their knives.

This unequal contest could not have lasted long, but the discharge which was now fired from the bushes overthrew several of the assailants, besides having the effect of raising the courage of those it assisted, who now turned on their astonished enemies, and furiously drove them from the canoes, which they immediately pushed from the shore; while the others, leaping into the water, tried to overturn them, but were struck down by the heavy blows of the paddles. One of the canoes, however, being unfortunately seized by an Indian, was immediately upset, precipitating those it contained headlong into the river, who, on rising above water, were quickly engaged with their frantic enemies; when those who were concealed having reloaded, they poured another volley on the Indians, who were thereby reduced to nearly an equality in number with the others, and were no longer able to impede their retreat.

During these transactions, Fisher, with his companions, was desperately contending with those on land, being obliged to use the empty rifles in defending themselves against their superiorly armed enemies, who, having received an accession of strength in those who had been defeated on the river, were beginning to drive them back, when they likewise were joined by the party which had come from their ambush, and succeeded in surrounding most of the Indians, who, refusing to submit, were soon put to death.

After they had thus destroyed one half of their foes, they thought that the best way to entrap the others would be to remain hid in the place where they were; and they scarcely had time to conceal themselves, and the dead bodies of those they had slain, when they heard the approach of the party returning from Kaford, who advanced without the least suspicion, and were soon close on the ambuscade, from whence a deadly discharge was poured on them, which sent them flying back into the woods.

The Americans then placed their bundles in the canoes, and paddled up to Micford, where they arrived the following morning, and were gladly received by the despairing inhabitants, who had suffered severely in several attacks which Chinchusa had made on them; and being now almost equal in numbers to those led by him, they were determined no longer patiently to await his assaults, but when he came without the shelter of the woods to sally forth, and endeavour to prevent his return. The plan being thus arranged, they waited with impatience until Chinchusa

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should again advance to the attack ; which he did about mid-day, and in his usual manner, furiously rushing against the defences. In the meanwhile, a band of the besieged threw open a gate at the opposite side, and, by making a long circuit, had almost succeeded in intercepting his retreat, when they were perceived by Chinchusa himself, who, uttering a cry of surprise, and followed by his Indians, ran towards the small space that was open to the woods, and with several of his companions was successful enough to pass it; while those who could not do so, seeing no escape, turned all their endeavours to the destruction of their opponents, who, too eager, instead of destroying them with their rifles from a distance, after a single volley engaged with them hand to hand. Fisher had in vain tried to restrain their eagerness; but seeing that his endeavours were fruitless, now aided them to the utmost of his power, directing them on no account to leave the smallest opening for the escape of their prey, and to refrain from grappling with the Indians, who were so much more skilful in the use of the knife and tomahawk. But some disregarding his advice, drawing their knives and throwing aside their muskets, instantly closed with their desperate enemies, and were almost immediately dashed to the ground, their fate serving as a warning to their companions, who with their guns broke down every guard that their opponents could offer; but some of whom, by their superior address evading the blows, grappled with their destroyers, and were generally victorious.

Fisher, who had hitherto borne down all who opposed him, struck a heavy blow at the Indian with whom he was engaged, but, missing, his rifle flew from his hand. Being thus disarmed, he was obliged to seize his enemy with one hand, while with the other he drew his knife; and then, wrestling together, both fell to the ground, where they lay, each struggling to be uppermost. The Indian at length succeeded, and seizing his throat, was preparing to give a final stab, when his opponent's knife was driven forcibly beneath his arm; and, uttering a groan, he fell, making an expiring effort to kill him; but his weakness prevented the blow from taking effect.

The few who now remained, being overcome with fatigue and numbers, surrendered themselves to the mercy of their captors, who sent them, deprived of their arms, back to the town.

The victorious settlers were now eager for the pursuit of Chinchusa and his Indians, and, being led by Fisher, dashed into the woods. After running some distance, during which they saw nothing to make them suppose that they were gaining on their enemies, one of them, giving a loud shout, said that he had seen an Indian disappear among the thickets two or three yards in their front. On

hearing this, Fisher ordered a few of them to discharge their rifles into the bushes; which being done, they waited to see if any of their enemies ran out, but, after looking some time, were beginning to advance, when a shot struck the rifle of Fisher.

They had scarcely recovered from their amazement, when a volley was fired on them which killed one of their number; and, turning round, they beheld those they were in pursuit of making off as fast as possible; but the Americans, in their turn, fired, and killed two and wounded several, as they saw by the blood that marked their tracks. From the attack which had just been made on them, Fisher thought it advisable to send two or three on in front, to keep them from being again led into an ambushade. As they proceeded, the blood became more and more distinct on the fallen trees, which made them hope that they might soon come up with their enemies; but suddenly the marks of the blood ceased, and, looking round, they could see no signs by which they might continue the pursuit, when Fisher remarked that the bark of some of the neighbouring trees was stained with red spots which he had never before seen; and on looking up he perceived several Indians on the branches, taking cool aim at himself and his companions. Springing behind a tree, he called to his friends to do the same; but some of them, not understanding him, remained gazing round, and were immediately struck down by a fatal fire from the trees. The Indians, however, did not escape; for the Americans who remained, by continual discharges, brought them all to the ground.

The settlers had not again began the pursuit, nor reloaded, when about a dozen Indians, rushing from the underwood, ran at them and fired their guns at only a few yards distance, which disabled more than half their number; and before the remainder were ready, rushed on them with their tomahawks. Chinchusa, with furious cries, attacked Fisher, who, endeavouring to defend himself with his rifle, soon received several wounds from the despairing Indian; but who, slipping as he made a furious stab at Fisher, was slain by a blow from his adversary. The others, seeing their chief dead, ran to the woods; and but few remained to tell the defeat they had suffered on the banks of the Tontoo.

From the Metropolitan.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.

THE war with France being over, Sir Peter took leave of his wife at Bordeaux, and we, with a large convoy carrying troops, made sail to the coast of America. We arrived in the Chesapeake at the time that the detestable

war of conflagration was at its height. When we entered the Potomack, a large river which empties itself into the Chesapeake, the fertile shores of this beautiful abode presented the sad effects of the war: on each side houses were burning with fearful rapidity, and, when night came on, they resembled the signal fires of the Indians, blazing in all the horrors of destruction. The next day our marines accompanied the marines of the rest of the squadron in one of these expeditions. We were commanded by Sir G. Cockburn in person; and with him as an amateur, was the late gallant General Ross, who was afterwards killed at Baltimore. Our destination was up a river which runs at the back of St. George's Island; and the object was to destroy a factory, which was not only the abode of innocent labour, but likewise the resort of some few militia-men, guilty of the unnatural sin of protecting their own country. We started in the morning, and having landed about five miles up the river, proceeded along a pretty fair road, flanked on each side by large woods, which led to the factory. General Ross directed the movements of our skirmishers, and instructed our sea-general in some of the safeguards of a land-army. When we arrived within about two hundred yards of the town, Sir Peter gave the word for his division to charge; and at a full trot we arrived at the factory. Our approach had been long known; every one but the women and children had deserted the town and taken with them most of the implements of their labour; we therefore most valiantly set fire to the unprotected property, notwithstanding the tears and the cries of the women; and, like a parcel of savages as we were, we danced round the wreck of ruin. It is now of no use to dive into the reasons why this savage mode of warfare was resorted to; it was generally asserted to be merely retaliation in the South, for aggressions in the North: in short, as the Americans burnt right and left in Canada, we did them the same compliment in the Chesapeake, thereby following an example which greater barbarians than ourselves have shuddered to commit. Be it as it may, every house which we could by ingenuity vote into the residence of a militia-man was burnt; and, as almost every man in America did belong to the militia, we had abundant opportunities of becoming the most scientific destroyers of all sorts and kinds of property. On our return from the factory, General Ross went on board the Admiral's ship; whilst Sir George Cockburn and Sir Peter Parker, with a sufficient force, landed on the shore immediately behind St. George's Island, and proceeded to surround a dwelling-house near the beach. It was nine o'clock in the evening; the sun had long set, and the moon threw a clear pale light over the landscape. The house was surrounded with fir-trees; and the inhabitants little dreamt, in so calm and beautiful a night, that the destroyer was at

hand. All was hushed and quiet, with the exception of the chirping cricket, and the ripple of the water as it broke on the beach. Like midnight murderers we cautiously approached the house; the door was open, and we unceremoniously intruded ourselves upon three young ladies sitting quietly at tea, occupying themselves with their work, and apparently expecting a visit from some persons with whom they were better acquainted. Sir G. Cockburn, Sir Peter Parker, and myself, entered the room rather suddenly, and a simultaneous scream was our welcome. Sir G. Cockburn has naturally an austere countenance; but Sir Peter Parker, who was the handsomest man in the navy, wore always a winning smile, and a cheerful demeanour. The ladies instantly appealed to the latter: but he was a good officer, and knew how to obey as well as command. Sir George asked for the Colonel their father. He was out, and not expected home. "He provided arms for some of the militia?" continued Sir George. There seemed a slight acquiescence on the part of the ladies which was followed by these words—"I am sorry to be guilty of an apparent incivility, but your father has mainly assisted in arming the militia, and I must now do my duty. In ten minutes' time I must set fire to this house; therefore use that period in removing your most valuable effects, for at the expiration of those ten minutes I shall give orders to burn the premises." Any one who knew Sir George would have known that he never deviated from his word, and consequently would have begun to have packed up with all dispatch. Not so the young ladies; they threw themselves on their knees, begged, implored, urged, and prayed the Admiral to depart, and leave them to their home and their father:—"They never assisted in the war, excepting to succour a wounded enemy"—"They never urged their father to arm the militia; they were, in fact, poor and unprotected females." Five minutes had elapsed; in vain they implored Sir George to forego his intentions. The youngest, a girl of about sixteen, and lovely beyond the general beauty of those parts, threw herself at Sir Peter Parker's knees, and prayed him to interfere. The tears started from his eyes in a moment; and I was so bewildered at the affecting scene that I appeared to see through a thick mist. There stood Sir George, his countenance unchanged and unchangeable; his watch on the table, and his eyes fixed upon it. One girl had seized upon his left arm, which she pressed with her open hands; another stood a kind of Niobe of tears; whilst the third and youngest was on her knees before Sir Peter. His feelings soon overcame his duty, and he had begun a sentence, which the Admiral cut short: the time was expired, and I was desired to order the men to bring the fire-balls. Never shall I forget the despair of that moment. Poor Sir Peter wept like a child, whilst the

girl clung to his knees and impeded his retreat; the Admiral walked out with his usual haughty stride, followed by the two eldest girls, who again and again vainly implored him to countermand the order. Sir Peter was scarcely clear of the threshold when the flames of the house threw a light over the before sombre darkness. We retreated from the scene of ruin, leaving the three daughters gazing at the work of desolation, which made the innocent houseless, and the affluent beggars. I will not give an opinion concerning the feelings of Sir George; I am sure he felt as a brave man always feels, when female beauty interferes with his duty. The last struggle to retain his composure when he called out "Begin!" was ineffectual; he felt as much as others, but he had more command over his feelings. I know he is a brave man, and therefore am sure he inherits that feeling which is common to that class of men.

By the light of that house we embarked, and returned on board. It was a scene which impressed itself upon my heart, and which my memory and my hand unwillingly recall and publish.

We were despatched from the squadron in order to draw the attention of the American troops from Baltimore, whilst our army advanced upon Washington; and consequently we were engaged in some annoying and offensive operations every day and night. We had followed the laudable example set us by the Admiral, and, from constant operations since, were most consummately skilled in the art of house-burning. It is quite a mistake to set fire to a house to windward; it should always be fired on the leeward side,—the air becoming rarified by the heat, the wind rushes round the corners, and blows the flame into the house; whereas on the weather side, the wind blows the flame round the angles, and does comparatively very little mischief. My readers may rely upon this interesting information being correct, because we tried the effect on two houses at the same time.

There are times in a man's life when his mind forebodes approaching dangers, and prophecies results; these hints are usually slighted until the mischief has been accomplished, and then conscience steps in and brings back the former warning to our memory. We had, on the morning of the day on which the following event occurred, not only burnt, but robbed, a house, from the parlour of which we had filched a mahogany table for our berth; we therefore got rid of our old oaken affair, and placed our ill-gotten furniture in its place. As this genteel apparatus was none the better for long neglect on shore, and the careless manner in which it had been handled in sending it on board, I, as the caterer of the mess,—to which high situation I had been lately appointed,—proposed that we should take it by turns to polish the table, in order to render it a proper bright appendage to our berth. Poor

Sands, who was seated in a corner, looking wofully wretched, refused to assist; alleging, as a reason that he felt perfectly convinced he should never eat off the table, as that night he should be killed. In vain I attempted to rally him from the strange melancholy which had overtaken him; he sat in a state of almost perfect stupefaction. I ordered some supper; of which, however, he would not partake, but opening his desk, he made all his oldest friends a trifling present; to me he gave a silver knife, and, with a sad countenance, said, "I have nothing to send home; but my death will be severely felt there." We, not having exactly the same awful feelings as our messmate, burst into a fit of laughter, which, however, neither excited the resentment nor the spleen of poor Sands. At this time he was the only midshipman destined to remain on board, the rest being appointed to the different boats and different divisions of small-arm men to be ready for service by nine o'clock. As it was requisite to avoid any thing like suspicion in the eyes of our enemies, (the frigate being placed within about pistol shot of the shore,) instead of using the boatswain's-mate's pipes to call the boats away, the order was merely whispered along the decks. Martin (who afterwards died in command of the *Nautilus*, I believe, in the *Havannah*) being asleep, and not being roused by the slight bustle, was absent when his boat was manned; and Sands, who had officiated in preparing the boats, was desired to command her in Martin's stead: thus he was thrust into service unprepared, and here he felt the certainty that his death was approaching.

That morning, Sir Peter Parker, in leaning backwards over the taffrail to make some remarks upon the rigging at the mizzen-top-gallant-mast head, let his gold-laced cocked hat fall off. He said, very thoughtfully, and in a very unusual manner, "I much fear my head will follow this evening." From this moment he became thoughtful and reserved; he prepared his will with the purser; he destroyed his letters; he made several allusions to his wife and children; and at dinner—I dined alone with him that day—he was unusually reserved and dull; a kind of melancholy settled upon his countenance, and every feature indicated some secret foreboding awfully present to his imagination. Nine o'clock came; the boats were manned, and I, as his aid-de-camp, took my usual seat in his gig. All the boats left the ship at the same moment, and with muffled oars and breathless silence, we approached the landing-place. When the gig's keel grated on the sand, and the boat stopped, I was surprised to find Sir Peter Parker remain motionless on his seat; and knowing his usual ambition to be first, I was rather slack in asking, which I was obliged to do, if I should land first. This awoke our chief from his lethargy; but, instead of walking

over the gang-board, he stepped overboard alongside in the water, and walked on shore. The preparation of forming the men, selecting the advance-guard, and giving the necessary orders diverted Sir Peter from his melancholy, and he appeared as animated, and flushed with as much hope and confidence, as on any former occasion. Our troops, consisting of the marines and about one hundred seamen, all having been taught to march in line and countermarch upon occasions, advanced in pretty fair style, and we began to approach our enemies. The advance-guard, under the command of the master-at-arms, and a youngster, had marched about a quarter of a mile, when they discovered a piquet of the Americans mounted on their horses under a large tree, and apparently all asleep. Instead of sending directly this information to Sir Peter, they thought it wise to approach as near as possible, and taking deliberate aim, fired at the sleeping guard: although when they fired they were not ten paces from the enemy, yet they contrived to miss horses, riders, and all. The Americans, startled into activity by the unwelcome salute, returned the fire with equal unsuccess, and galloped off into the wood. Here they fired a single pistol; it was answered by one further off; and that again answered at the camp by a field-piece. It was now past a doubt that we were discovered, and a prudent man would have instantly retired. It was the height of madness to advance into the interior of a country we knew nothing about, led by a black guide, who might have been paid to lead us into a snare; surrounded, too, by woods, through which we had the option to pass in preference to walking through an open field or two, where, owing to the bright moonshine on our polished-barrel muskets, we might be discerned at any distance. In short, we had a host of mischiefs to counteract, and only one wise mode of proceeding, which we failed to avail ourselves of: namely, a retreat in time. Fate hurried us on to destruction; and after a council of war which path to take, we took the worst of course, and advanced along the open ground, perceptible to our enemies for the above named reasons, whilst they remained entirely obscured by the woods, from our sight. We continued our ill-fated march, but suddenly halted at the approach of a single horseman, who, having arrived close to our men called out, "Well now, that's odd enough? I calculate I have made a mistake and got amongst the Britishers." "Who are you?" asked Sir Peter. "Why, I expect I'm nobody on the face of the earth."

He was a man about eighteen stone, and a colonel of the militia. He was instantly dismounted, placed under the guardianship of one of the gunner's crew, and ultimately met a very cruel death, which will be related hereafter. Sir Peter mounted the steed, and, turning round to his army, gave the word,

"Battalion, advance!" Having some orders to deliver to the different officers, I passed in the rear, and on my return saw poor Sands: he expressed himself more and more satisfied that his end was approaching, and seemed only vexed at the idea of his marching a measured step to his inevitable destruction. I left him watchful as to his men, but irrevocably lost as to moral courage. After passing through a small village, we came to some hurdles, where Sir Peter dismounted, and the guide asked if he preferred being led through the woods in the rear of the enemy, or to advance by the open ground in front of their camp. Even now, had we been blessed with one single ray of common reason, we should have retreated; but no, relentless Fate still interfered. Here we had the certainty that our enemies were prepared, were five times more numerous than ourselves,—had the advantage of local knowledge, field-pieces, cavalry, and riflemen; whilst we had not more than eighty men armed with muskets, the rest being provided with boarding-pikes and cutlasses. We had four men who formed a rocket brigade; but the man who carried the rocket-staffs was the first killed, and therefore that brigade was of no possible use. It was determined to advance in face of the enemy, and once more the word to march was heard along the line. Had the cavalry attacked us as we crossed the hurdles, our defeat would have been easy and our fate inevitable. We had to pass along a road in the wood, broad enough for about five men to march abreast; and we were in the centre of this pass when the enemy's riflemen opened fire within about four paces of our men. The fire was rapid and well-directed, and consequently destructive. Sir Peter sounded the charge, and we suddenly emerged into an open field divided by a road, and perfectly surrounded by a thick wood. It was a gentle ascent, on the summit of which the enemy had planted five field-pieces, which formed their centre; their five hundred men were equally divided on the flanks. As the fire was too hot and too well-directed to allow us to continue in the road, the marines under Sir Peter Parker, Lieutenant Pearce (who afterwards died in Africa), the veteran Banyan, and the second-lieutenant, Poe, struck off to the right; whilst the blue-jackets under Lieutenant Crease advanced on the left side of the field. As the marines fired rapidly, the whole force of the enemy was drawn to oppose us; and we advanced at double quick time in the hopes of closing with our foes; but they retreated slowly, as we advanced, towards the wood in their rear: at last they made a halt, and we heard the officers cheering their men to stand firm. Pocock, a midshipman, who never felt any indication of fear since he was born, rushed in the front of our rank, and challenged the officer; not certainly in the most courtly manner, for he damned him for a chattering mon-

key who would be the first to run away. To this moment Sir Peter Parker cheered on the marines with his usual determined courage; his Turkish sabre sparkled in the moonlight as he waved it over his head, and his continual cry of "Forward! forward!" resounded amidst the firing: but his voice now failed, and he fell in my arms. The whole animation of the party died when he dropped: the firing on our side ceased, and we surrounded our wounded Captain. His only words were these:—"I fear they have done for me. Pearce, you had better retreat; for the boats are far distant." In vain we asked where he was wounded; for he was unable to speak, and had fainted. On lifting him on the marines' shoulders, six of whom carried him off the field, Pocock, who had assisted, and who had placed his hands under the knees of the Captain, remarked that the dew was very heavy, for the Captain was wet through; and on holding his hands to the moonlight, he discovered the dampness to proceed from blood. It was instantly proposed to strip Sir Peter on the spot; and had this been done, he might have been saved: a buck-shot had cut the femoral artery, and he was bleeding to death. A pocket-handkerchief and a ramrod, in the absence of a tourniquet, would have stopped the blood; but no, we had little time for reason, for we had manifested a most determined opposition to that goddess throughout the whole affair. In the mean time we began our retreat, the other division of our party having long before taken their departure: they had advanced up the left side of the field, and then edged into the woods, through which they wandered at random, ultimately, however, arriving opposite the ships and embarking. No sooner had we recrossed the hurdles above-mentioned, when the sound of cavalry was heard on our left, clattering along the road; our force at that moment amounting to only sixteen men, and both marine officers wounded. Pocock had not escaped; a shot had struck him in that place where Hudibras whimsically places honour: and Pearce and myself were the only two untouched. The grass was as high as our shoulders; and as the infantry were following our retreat, we lay down and allowed them to pass. They edged away to the right, keeping up a continual fire, and ultimately entered the wood through which our blue-jackets had retreated. As the cavalry had broken through the hurdles, and were coming exactly in our direction, we were obliged to remain concealed until they had passed, when we lifted our dead Captain, concealed the muskets from the moonlight, and advanced to the hurdles, keeping them on our left hand. The cavalry, having skirted the field, returned to our side: we were obliged to leap the hurdles, and point the bayonets through the apertures. On they came valiantly enough as soon as they perceived their prey, and our sixteen marines stood as quietly

as if the chances were equal: they allowed the troopers to advance within about six yards, when they poured in a well-directed volley, shouting at the same moment. The Independent Light-Horse Volunteers of Virginia did not relish this salute: their horses, unaccustomed to such uncouth sounds, stopped short and turned round; some were thrown, some killed, and all for the present perfectly routed. We had not a moment to lose: we again placed our dead Captain on the shoulders of the marines, and, under the direction of Pearce, who was a clever, intelligent, brave, and determined man, recrossed the hurdles, and, leaving them close on our left hand, commenced a quick retreat. His reason for keeping in the high grass was to be as much as possible obscured from the cavalry and the riflemen.—Every five minutes we had to relieve the men who carried Sir Peter: not a murmur was heard; every one cheerfully took his turn; and confidence was kept alive from the known bravery of each man, most of whom had been in twenty-eight different engagements together. In this manner we stood eight charges of the cavalry, without the loss of a man on our side. Immediately they were beaten off, we resumed our retreat. Banyan, the marine officer, was shot through both thighs, and was obliged to have two men to assist him: his indomitable courage supported him. In spite of the stiffness occasioned from the wounds, the poignant pain, and the hazardous situation in which we were placed, he gave his orders coolly and distinctly; he leaned against the hurdles at each charge, and cheered his men to stand firmly and act bravely. In short, had merit been rewarded, as it scarcely ever is where the valiant want interest, Banyan ought to have had a memorial of that night affixed to his breast—the star of the brave, and the object of every soldier's ambition. I cannot do him justice,—excepting in writing the truth, which it is not always convenient to place in a dispatch. We arrived at the village through which we had passed in our advance. The women, fearful we might wreak our revenge, stood crying at their doors. No one thought of them; the well was our object; and no dogs after a long run ever approached the cooling stream with half our eagerness. In vain it was whispered that the spring was poisoned, a circumstance we knew to be far from improbable: nature was above all apprehension, and I was the first to place my mouth to the bucket. Talk of nectar!—no man knows the sweetness of water who has not tasted it under severe suffering. We placed Sir Peter on the stone of the well, and after we had uselessly chafed his temples and refreshed ourselves, we again proceeded on our retreat. It was now two o'clock in the morning: from eleven we had been engaged in such a severe contest, that out of our 80 men we only numbered 16, and two of those wounded. I must confess that, when we departed from the vil-

lage, I proposed to leave the Captain behind. I conceived it perfect folly to risk our lives for no possible good: he was dead beyond all doubt, and we stood a chance of following his fate if we carried him. A shout of displeasure arose from the men, who swore he never should be left to be buried by strangers. They again resumed their labours, and after a painful march of an hour, we arrived at the beach, and instinctively walked into the water. To our extreme mortification the boats were not where we had left them. Pearce questioned me as to their position: this was the only time the Captain had omitted to make me acquainted with any change, and I was consequently unable to give any satisfactory reply; we therefore resumed our march along the beach towards the frigate. On the right was a high bank, from the summit of which we perceived numerous heads: we were hailed, and gave the answer "Brook Street!"—the countersign was "Forty-four." It was answered, and we found our long-strayed comrades equally gratified to find we were friends. We now laid Sir Peter on a large log of wood: the assistant-surgeon, Mr. Millar, declared him perfectly dead, which I could have sworn to about three hours previous to this declaration. We embarked; and the sorrow of the crew, when they heard the loss they had sustained, baffles my power to paint.

No sooner had we all embarked, and were on the point of committing ourselves to our hammocks, when the drum beat to quarters. We were instantly at our posts, and found that the gun-boats, hearing the firing, had come from Baltimore to amuse us. A single shot dispersed them, and we retired. I was so fatigued that I could not undress myself, but turned in all-standing, as the sailors say.

I promised to mention the death of the American Colonel, which I shall do as shortly as possible. When the first charge took place, the gunner's mate led his prisoner away from the firing, and stood by him with a pistol in his hand; he had not been long in that position before a troop of horse came in a full trot in their direction. The gunner's mate, turning to his prisoner, said, "I'm sorry, my lad, to do it; but I must do it, you know." "Do what?" replied the prisoner. "Why, shoot you, to be sure. Did not you hear the Captain desire me not to let you escape?" "Why, now, I expect you would not shoot me in cool blood; for I calculate you're a man, although you are a Britisher, I guess." "Here they come!" replied Jack, and shot the Colonel through the head; the leading dragoon at that moment cleaving him through the shoulder, and leaving him like a fowl with a wing nearly severed from the trunk.*

* A more atrocious instance of savage barbarity we do not remember to have read—unfeelingly recorded too, without one expression of horror at the wanton murder of an unresisting and defenceless prisoner. [Ed. Mus.]

We sent on shore a flag of truce in the morning. The Americans were aware they had killed the Captain; for they produced his shoe, which had fallen from his foot. They likewise mentioned the death of poor Sands; a grape-shot struck him just above the heart. Nearly all our wounded had died: those who could be removed on board were brought down to us, and the ship resembled a hospital. We left our situation as soon as possible, and joined the Admiral, who appointed Captain Dix to the command of the *Menelaus*; and the body of Sir Peter Parker was made over to Captain Palmer, of the *Hebrus*, to be conveyed to Bermuda for interment. This was not easily effected: the men swore they would bury their own Captain, and the Admiral himself came on board to reason them from the absurdity. He then endeavored to persuade them to hoist the body out immediately: this they respectfully refused, declaring he should not be smuggled out by moonlight. At day dawn every man mustered at divisions without being ordered, cleanly dressed, and many with black round their arms. The band played the 104th Psalm, the marines walked in front, and that body was borne round the ship, which, when living, had been the pride of the crew. It was hoisted over the larboard side, when a general low murmur of "God bless him!" was heard; and I solemnly declare I do not believe there was one dry eye amongst the whole ship's company. Thus died Sir Peter Parker, and this is the only true account ever given of that fatal night. He was a brave, generous, and excellent man; rigid in discipline, firm of purpose, resolute in action; and, notwithstanding his severity, he must have had some excellent qualifications when the seamen he had punished regretted his loss and wept over his coffin. I could give hundreds of anecdotes of this man, which the excitement of the times in which he lived prevented from being appreciated; but there are many of the officers still living who served with him and under his command: to them I could confidently refer. The story of poor Pitt, a midshipman of the *Menelaus*, who died of water on the brain, would immortalize Sir Peter Parker. Had Pitt been his son, he could not have manifested greater feeling or affection. The sick on board were his peculiar care; and if he made a man do his duty when he was well, he took good care that, when indisposed, they were properly attended and nourished. He will live as long as the English language exists. Lord Byron's beautiful epitaph will hand to posterity the name of Parker.

From the Monthly Review.

GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY.*

MR. WHITE, in the preface to his *Natural History of Selborne*, the most interesting, perhaps, and one of the most valuable, among the contributions that have in modern times been made to that department of knowledge, suggests, "that if stationary men would pay some attention to the districts on which they reside, and would publish their thoughts respecting the objects that surround them, from such materials might be drawn the most complete county histories." Mr. Jesse informs us that it was this remark, that first induced him to write down any observations which had occurred to him on subjects relating to natural history. We are with him convinced, that if the plan were to be adopted by persons residing in the country, much useful information would be obtained. Indeed the wonder is that such a tribute is so very seldom paid by clergymen, especially, to the varied and surprising productions which the Creator has scattered in such profusion upon the surface of the earth, and which, particularly in the fields and on the mountains, are so well calculated to awake and reward the attention.

Memorials of the kind here suggested have a degree of attraction of no ordinary kind. They exhibit at once the life of the inquirer, and the topographical peculiarities of the objects which he describes—if such peculiarities they have. Even when there is nothing to distinguish the insects of one part of the country from those of another, it is still interesting to have the fact of coincidence of resemblance authentically ascertained. And at all times it is delightful to accompany an intelligent man in the rambles which he takes through his neighbourhood; to sit down with him under a shady tree and moralize on the goodly prospect that opens upon the eye; to watch with him the tenants of the soil, the water, or the air, in the performance of the various offices which are assigned to them in the creation; to become acquainted with their habits, their structure, and the laws by which they are guided. He cannot, as Mr. Jesse justly remarks, be a bad man who devotes a portion of his time to studies such as these; studies which, more than the best philosophy to be found in the books, conduce to the improvement of the heart, the practice of sound benevolence, and, above all, to the cultivation of that religion which has the Almighty Being for the object of its worship, and the universe for its temple.

The book before us is wholly devoid of method. We confess we like it the better for the *negligé* dress in which it appears. The au-

thor does not pretend to be a man of science. He writes as a mere amateur, in the tone and style in which he may be supposed to converse; and there is an air of gentleness and good nature about his gleanings, which very much increase their value in our estimation. He confines his remarks in a great measure to matters which fell within his own observation; though he does not hesitate occasionally to borrow a confirmatory fact or illustration from other authorities. It is this originality which makes his gleanings worth the attention of every person to whom the subject is attractive, and constitutes them, however informal they may be in the eyes of the professor, a real accession to the elements of which science is composed.

No person should set out upon practical inquiries in natural history, without having first fixed in his mind the maxim which his own good sense first taught Mr. Jesse, "that every created being is formed in the best possible manner, with reference to its peculiar habits, either for self-preservation, or for procuring its food: and that nothing is given to it but what is intended to answer some good and useful purpose, however unable we may be to account for what may appear to us ill-contrived or unnecessary." This maxim would protect us from many errors into which we might otherwise fall, and would moreover give a unity to the scope of our investigations which could hardly fail to be attended by many advantages. Thus fixing our attention chiefly upon the song which the lark pours forth from his "watch tower in the skies," and his usual habits, we might be led to suppose, on observing the disproportionate length of his claws, that it was quite accidental, and not at all necessary for any purposes connected with the welfare of his tribe. But further observation would teach us that those claws are essentially useful to the bird, in enabling it to remove the eggs whenever there is danger of their being trodden on it by the mower, or by cattle—a danger to which the nests of the lark are more liable than those of any other bird, on account of their being built in the grass. In point of fact, the lark has been observed, in several instances, where such danger arose, transporting the eggs to a place of greater safety. It is well known, that few birds are more affectionately attached to their young than this cheerful herald of the morning.

It was a remark of Huber, which some philosophers of not half his knowledge laughed at as visionary, that insects have a language of their own, which they perfectly well understand; and that their antennæ are the instruments by means of which they communicate their *thoughts and feelings* to each other. Mr. Jesse has had several opportunities of verifying this observation.

"My bees are a constant source of amusement to me; and the more I study them, the

* *Gleanings in Natural History: with Local Recollections.* By Edward Jesse, Esq., Deputy Surveyor of his Majesty's Parks. To which are added, Maxims and Hints for an Angler. 8vo. pp. 315. London: Murray. 1832.

more I am led to admire their wonderful instinct and sagacity. Few things, however, surprise me more than the power which they possess of communicating what I can only call "intelligence" to each other. This I observe to be almost invariably the case before they swarm. Some scouts may then be observed to leave the hive, and for some time to hover round a particular bush or branch of a tree, after which they return to the hive. In a little while the new swarm quits it, and settles on the branch which had been previously fixed upon by the scouts. The same power of communication may be observed in the ant. I have often put a small green caterpillar near an ant's nest; you may see it immediately seized by one of the ants, who after several ineffectual efforts to drag it to its nest, will quit it, go up to another ant, and they will appear to hold a conversation together by means of their antennæ, after which they will return together to the caterpillar, and, by their united efforts, drag it where they wish to deposit it. I have also frequently observed two ants meeting on their path across a gravel-walk, one going from, and the other returning to, the nest. They will stop, touch each other's antennæ, and appear to hold a conversation; and I could almost fancy that one was communicating to the other the best place for foraging, which Dr. Franklin thought they have the power of doing, from the following circumstance.—Upon discovering a number of ants regaling themselves with some treacle in one of his cupboards, he put them to the rout, and then suspended the pot of treacle by a string from the ceiling. He imagined that he had put the whole army to flight, but was surprised to see a single ant quit the pot, climb up the string, cross the ceiling, and regain its nest. In less than half an hour several of its companions sallied forth, traversed the ceiling, and reached the depository, which they constantly revisited until the treacle was consumed.

"Huber says, 'that nature has given to ants a language of communication by the contact of their antennæ; and that, with these organs, they are enabled to render mutual assistance in their labours and in their dangers; discover again their route when they have lost it, and make each other acquainted with their necessities. We see, then,' he adds, 'that insects which live in society are in possession of a language, and in consequence of enjoying a language in common with us, although of an inferior degree, have they not greater importance in our eyes, and do they not embellish the very spectacle of the universe?'

"What I have said respecting the power of communicating intelligence to each other possessed by bees and ants, applied also to wasps. If a single wasp discovers a deposit of honey or other food, he will return to his nest and impart the good news to his companions, who will sally forth in great numbers to partake of the fare which has been discovered for them. It is, therefore, I think, sufficiently clear that these insects have, what Huber calls an antennal language—a language we can have no doubt that is perfectly suited to them; adding we know not how much to their happiness and enjoyments, and furnishing another proof that

there is a God;—almighty, all-wise, all-good,—who has ornamented the universe with so many objects of delightful contemplation that we may see him in all his works, and learn not only to fear him for his power, but to love him for the care which he takes of us and of all his created beings."—pp. 14—16.

The question whether the lower entities of the creation are guided by instinct or by reason, or partly by one and partly by the other, is attended with difficulties which never perhaps can receive a satisfactory solution. Nevertheless, there are few unprejudiced persons who have paid much attention to subjects of natural history, who will not be inclined to agree in opinion with our author, that "if our race has been pre-eminently distinguished by receiving the full light of reason, some sparks and glimmerings of the same divine faculty have been vouchsafed by the same forming and almighty hand to our inferior fellow-creatures." The author mentions several curious instances, in which some faculty higher than mere instinct must have been in operation. He was one day feeding the celebrated Exeter 'Change elephant with potatoes, which the animal took out of his hand: one of them happened to fall on the floor, and rolled beyond the reach of his proboscis; he made repeated efforts to pick it up, but without success; at length he blew the potato against the opposite wall with sufficient force to make it rebound, and then he secured it without difficulty. A dog who was much attached to the author, was tied up one Sunday morning to prevent him from following his master to church. After that time the animal took good care to conceal himself on every succeeding sabbath, and was sure to be found at the commencement of the service either at the church door, or under the place where his master usually sat! An old pointer has been known to be so much disgusted with a bad shot, that he quitted him in the field, and never could be persuaded to accompany him again. The old bucks in Bushy Park have a curious contrivance, which could hardly have been taught them by instinct, for getting the berries from the fine old thorn trees with which the park abounds. "They raise themselves on their hind legs, give a spring, entangle their horns in the lower branches of the trees, give them one or two shakes, which make the berries fall, and they will then quietly pick them up."

The various contrivances to which bees resort upon emergencies, against which instinct has not taught them to provide, are well known. In the natural state they usually deposit their treasures in spots which are well sheltered from the heat of the sun, as the melting of the wax would be a serious interruption of their domestic economy. When in the hive, and they are fearful of such a disaster as this, they collect in numbers sufficient for the purpose at the bottom of their hive, where they

move their wings so rapidly, as to produce a current of air which keeps their mansion cool and well ventilated. This current is so strong, that if a lighted candle be held at an aperture on the top of the hive, it will be blown out. Their labours in this way are sometimes ineffectual in very hot weather, and if the wax then melt, they become so extremely irritable on this account, that it is quite dangerous to go near them. The wasp mentioned by Dr. Darwin affords a decisive proof of there being some kind of reasoning power in that insect. He says that, walking one day in his garden, he perceived a wasp upon the gravel walk, with a large fly, nearly as big as itself, which it had caught; kneeling down, he distinctly saw it cut off the head and abdomen, and then taking up with its feet the trunk, or middle portion of the body, to which the wings remained attached, fly away. But a breeze of wind acting upon the wings of the fly, turned round the wasp with its burden, and impeded its progress. Upon this it alighted again on the gravel walk, deliberately sawed off first one wing and then the other, and having thus removed the cause of its embarrassment, flew off with its booty.

In further proof of the reasoning power in animals, the following curious memorandum is quoted, which has been found amongst the late Earl of Guilford's papers. "A strong proof of intellect was given in the case of Colonel O'Kelly's parrot. When the Colonel and his parrot were at Brighton, the bird was asked to sing; he answered, 'I can't.' Another time he left off in the middle of a tune, and said 'I have forgot.' Colonel O'Kelly continued the tune for a few notes; the parrot took it up where the Colonel had left off. The parrot took up the bottom of a lady's petticoat and said, 'what a pretty foot!' The parrot seeing the family at breakfast, said, 'won't you give some breakfast to Poll?' The company teased and mobbed him a good deal; he said, 'I don't like it.'"

The question whether eels are propagated by the egg, or produced alive from the body of the parent, would seem to be still open to some doubt. Mr. Yarrel, of Little Ryder-street, St. James's, an ingenious and indefatigable naturalist, is of opinion that eels are oviparous; Sir Humphry Davy thought so too, although the current of all the authorities runs the other way. It is rather surprising that the fact should not have been yet ascertained one way or the other. The lamprey is decidedly oviparous. The author's observations on the migration of eels show that he has paid some attention to the subject, though we do not think that his dissection is conclusive of the other question, for the small entities which he discovered might possibly have been parasitical worms. It seems to be rather against the viviparous theory, that eels never exhibit any external appearance of having young ones within them.

"Very little is known of the natural history of the eel; indeed, the element in which they live, almost precludes us from that access to them which is necessary to enable us to observe their habits and economy. The eel is evidently a link between the fish and the serpent, but, unlike the former, it can exist a long time out of water, which its nocturnal migrations prove, though probably a certain degree of moisture in the grass is necessary to enable it to do this. That they do wander* from one place to another is evident, as I am assured that they have been found in ponds in Richmond Park, which had been previously cleaned out and mudded, and into which no water could run, except from the springs which supplied it."

"An amazing number of eels are bred in the two large ponds in Richmond Park, which is sufficiently evident from the very great quantity of young ones which migrate from those ponds every year. The late respectable head keeper of that park assured me, that, at nearly the same day in the month of May, vast numbers of young eels, about two inches in length, contrived to get through the pen-stock of the upper pond, and then through the channels which led into the lower pond, from whence they got through another pen-stock into a water-course, which led them eventually into the river Thames. They migrated in one connected shoal, and in such prodigious numbers, that no guess could be given as to their probable amount."

"An annual migration of young eels also takes place in the river Thames in the month of May, and they have generally made their appearance at Kingston in their way upwards, about the second week in that month, and, accident has so determined it, that, for several years together, it was remarked that the 10th of May was the day of what fishermen call eel-fair: but they have been more irregular in their proceedings since the interruption of the lock at Teddington. These young eels are about two inches in length, and they make their approach in one regular and undeviating column of about five inches in breadth, and as thick together as it is possible for them to be. As the procession generally lasts two or three days, and as they appear to move at the rate of nearly two miles and a half an hour, some idea may be formed of their enormous number."

"The line of march is almost universally confined to one bank of the river, and not on both sides at the same time; but, from some instinctive or capricious impulse, they will

* "From the following lines of Oppian, the rambling spirit of eels seems to have been known to the ancients:—

"The wandering eel,

"Off to the neighbouring beach will silent steal."

† "I have been informed upon the authority of a nobleman well known for his attachment to field sports, that if an eel is found on land, its head is invariably turned towards the sea, for which it is always observed to make in the most direct line possible. If this information is correct, (and there seems to be no reason to doubt it,) it shows that the eel, like the swallow, is possessed of a strong migratory instinct. May we not suppose that the swallow, like the eel, pursues its migrations in the same undeviating course?"

cross the river, and change the side, without any apparent reason for doing so. When the column arrives at the entrance of a tributary stream, which empties itself into the river, a certain portion of the column will continue to progress up the tributary stream, and the main phalanx either cross the river to the opposite bank, or will, after a stiff struggle to oppose the force of the tributary branch in its empty process, cross the mouth of this estuary, and regain its original line of march on the same side of the river. In consequence of the young eels dispersing themselves from time to time as occasion offers, in the manner above described, the shoal must imperceptibly lessen, until the whole have disposed of themselves in different places. I have not yet been able to ascertain at what distance from Kingston the shoal has been seen. The locks at Hampton, Sunbury, &c. must, however, retard their progress upwards.

"These young eels are easily taken, and persons who want to stock their ponds with them, have only to lower a bucket into the midst of the shoal, which many persons do who reside in the neighbourhood of the river, and a sufficient number is immediately taken to answer their purpose.

"There is no doubt but that many of these little animals perish during their progress, but the numbers which are annually taken in our rivers, show that a sufficient quantity escape to stock them abundantly.

"It is very likely that many eels descend the river Thames, perhaps as far as the Nore, for the purpose of breeding; a practice contrary to that of some other fish, the salmon, for instance, which ascend the river for the same purpose. This would appear not only from the fact of the large annual shoal of young eels coming up, as above related, but from a circumstance which strengthens my conjecture, and which was communicated to me by one of the elder brethren of the Trinity-house, a gentleman with whom I have enjoyed many agreeable conversations on natural history, and other subjects, and whose society I never quitted, without having derived from it increased pleasure and improvement. He informed me that on superintending the laying down of some buoys at some places at the Nore, during a very hot summer, he observed a great number of large eels which appeared to be dying, on the top of the water; and having occasion to go afterwards to the mouth of the river, which runs into the sea near Harwich, he observed the same thing there, and was then informed that the great and unusual warmth of the water during that hot summer, had been the occasion of the death of a great many eels. It is, therefore, I think, pretty clear, that these eels, (and they were chiefly of a large size,) came to the mouth of the river, probably to the muddy and brackish ooze in the estuary of the Thames, at the latter end of the summer, for the purpose of breeding; and it is probable that, where this is effected, and their offspring have arrived at a certain degree of maturity, an instinctive force prevails, and they are propelled, under the influence of this instinct, to start upwards, and to stock the river as they go along.

"Before I quit this part of my subject, it may be as well to mention, for the benefit of all hu-

mane persons, that the most effectual and speedy method of killing an eel is by putting it into tepid water.

"That the eel is viviparous there can, I think, be but little doubt. In the *New Monthly Magazine* for the year 1814, there is an interesting article on the breeding and migration of eels, in which some facts as to their being viviparous are mentioned, such as, added to others which I shall have occasion to relate, will, I think, place that point beyond a doubt. In the article in question it is mentioned, that Walter Chetwynd, Esq. even so late in the year as the month of May, found live young ones in the bodies of several large eels; and in Prussia M. de Buggenhausen speaks of an eel having been caught, during the hay harvest, which was full of young ones, each of which was so small as not to be thicker than a slender thread. Mr. Taylor, also, in his work on angling, asserts that eels are viviparous, and expresses his belief that no one will venture to say that he ever found any thing like roe in them. In proof of which he adds, that for the purpose of satisfying himself on this head, he had cut open numbers of eels, and found within many of them a small, soft, whitish substance, knotted together very curiously, and which, upon close examination, when separated, he found to consist of perfect young eels, capable of moving, though some of them were no thicker than a fine thread; and upon their being put into water, he saw them swim about.

"Wishing to ascertain the accuracy of the facts abovementioned by ocular demonstration, I requested the head keeper of Richmond Park, who had been in the habit of taking eels in all seasons of the year, to endeavour to find young ones in the inside of an eel. He assured me that he had often tried to find them but had never succeeded, though so many were bred in the park ponds. I then went to an intelligent Thames fisherman of the name of Brown, who resides at Kingston, and requested him to endeavour to procure an eel with young. He promised to do so, and has since brought me several. Upon dissecting them, there at first appeared no receptacle for young eels, till the gut was opened, when, in each partition of the gut a considerable quantity of a white gelatinous substance was found, curiously knotted together in the manner mentioned by Mr. Taylor, and which we afterwards found consisted of young eels perfectly alive, and capable of moving in the water. They appeared to adhere to the upper part of the gut by the mouth, and it was not very easy to detach that part of the little animal, while the rest of its body was quite unattached. I preserved a knot of them in spirits, and have them now by me. The young eels were of different sizes, some of them little thicker than a thread, and some of them much larger, and about two inches long, and perfectly white. In one eel that was brought me, the young appeared of a still larger size, and to have arrived at more maturity, though there were fewer of them. These also adhered to the gut by the mouth, and except for this circumstance, I should have been inclined to suppose that the young take refuge in the inside of the mother by entering her mouth, in the same way young

vipers do, a fact I shall have occasion hereafter to notice. Be that as it may, it is I think now sufficiently evident, that eels are viviparous, though in what way they are generated we are still ignorant.

"Eels feed on almost all animal substances, whether dead or living. It is well known that they devour the young of all water fowl that are not too large for them. Mr. Bingley states, that he saw exposed for sale at Retford in Nottinghamshire, a quantity of eels that would have filled a couple of wheelbarrows, the whole of which had been taken out of the body of a dead horse thrown into a ditch near one of the adjacent villages, and a friend of mine saw the body of a man taken out of the Serpentine river in Hyde Park, where it had been some time, and from which a large eel crawled out.

"The winter retreat of eels is very curious. They not only get deep into the mud, but in Bushy Park, where the mud in the ponds is not very deep, and what there is of a sandy nature, the eels make their way under the banks of the ponds, and have been found knotted together in a large mass.

"Eels vary much in size in different waters. The largest I ever caught was in Richmond Park, and it weighed five pounds, but some are stated to have been caught in Ireland, which weighed from fifteen to twenty pounds. Seven pounds is, I believe, no unusual size. The large ones are extremely strong and muscular. Fishing one day at Pain's Hill, near Cobham, in Surrey, I hooked an eel amongst some weeds, but before I could land him, he had so twisted a new strong double wire to which the hook was fixed, that he broke it and made his escape."—pp. 25—35.

The rooks are, we think, favourites with most persons who have ever lived for any length of time in the neighbourhood of one of their colonies. There is something peculiarly home-like and social in their habits; for our own parts, we have never watched them returning from their day's labour in search of food, without feeling that there was a striking resemblance between them and those classes of our fellow beings, whose labour detains them out of doors during the greater part of the day. We can fancy the pleasure with which they revisit their nests, and bring aliment to their offspring while yet too young to venture forth on their own account. Their smooth and rapid flight through the air, the manner in which they alight upon the earth, or perch upon a tree, have always appeared to us remarkably graceful. It is impossible to doubt that they have a language amongst themselves, which is well understood by the whole community. It is well known that they have their scouts, who are constantly employed on the look-out whenever danger is apprehended, and that when the alarm is given, they fly in a direction that generally offers the greatest chance of security. We feel much pleasure in extracting the author's observations on some of the peculiarities of this bird.

"There is one trait in the character of the rook which is, I believe, peculiar to that bird,

and which does him no little credit—it is the distress which they exhibit when one of them has been killed or wounded by a gun while they have been feeding in a field or flying over it. Instead of being scared away by the report of the gun, leaving their wounded or dead companion to his fate, they show the greatest anxiety and sympathy for him, uttering cries of distress, and plainly proving that they wish to render him assistance, by hovering over him, or sometimes making a dart from the air close up to him, apparently to try and find out the reason why he did not follow them,—

"While circling round and round, They call their lifeless comrade from the ground." If he is wounded, and can flutter along the ground, the rooks appear to animate him to make fresh exertions by incessant cries, flying a little distance before him, and calling to him to follow them. I have seen one of my labourers pick up a rook so wounded, which he had shot at for the purpose of putting him up as a scare-crow in a field of wheat, and while the poor wounded bird was still fluttering in his hand, I have observed one of his companions make a wheel round in the air, and suddenly dart past him so as almost to touch him, perhaps with a last hope that he might still afford assistance to his unfortunate mate or companion. Even when the dead bird has been hung, *in terrorem*, to a stake in the field, he has been visited by some of his former friends, but as soon as they found that the case was hopeless, they have generally abandoned that field altogether.

"When one considers the instinctive care with which rooks avoid any one carrying a gun, and which is so evident, that I have often heard country people remark that they can smell gunpowder, one can more justly estimate the force of their love or friendship, in thus continuing to hover round a person who has just destroyed one of their companions with an instrument, the dangerous nature of which they seem fully capable of appreciating.

"That it is the instrument, and not the man, which they avoid, is evident from their following the heels of the peaceable ploughman along the furrow, sometimes taking short flights after him, and each rook showing some degree of eagerness to be nearest the ploughman, and to have the best chance of being the first to pick up the newly turned up worm, or the grub of the cockchafer, of which they are very fond.

"Rooks are not easily induced to forsake the trees in which they have been bred, and which they frequently revisit after the breeding season is over. This is shown in Hampton Court Park, where there is an extensive rookery amongst the fine lime trees, and where a barbarous and unnecessary custom prevails of shooting the young rooks. As many as a hundred dozen of them have been killed in one season, and yet the rooks build in the avenue, though there is a corresponding avenue close by, in Bushy Park, which they never frequent, notwithstanding the trees are equally high and equally secure. I never hear the guns go off during this annual slaughter without execrating the practice, and pitying the poor rooks, whose melancholy cries may be heard to a great distance, and some of whom may be seen, exhausted by their fruitless exertions,

sitting melancholy on a solitary tree waiting till the sport is over, that they may return and see whether any of the offspring which they have reared with so much care and anxiety are left to them; or, what is more probable, the call for assistance of their young having ceased, they are aware of their fate, and are sitting in mournful contemplation of their loss. This may appear romantic, but it is nevertheless true; and whoever, like myself, has observed the habits and manners of the rook, and witnessed their attachment to each other and to their young,—and is convinced, as I am, that they have the power of communication by means of a language known to themselves, and are endowed with a knowledge and foresight most extraordinary, will take as much interest in them as I have confessed that I do.

"Some farmers have a very mistaken notion that rooks are injurious to them. They certainly now and then feed on grain, but the damage they may do in this respect is much more than counterbalanced by the good they do in destroying the grubs of the cockchafer and beetles, and other insects which are injurious to the farmer.

"Rooks are known to bury acorns, and I believe walnuts also, as I have observed them taking ripe walnuts from a tree and returning to it before they could have had time to break them and eat the contents. Indeed, when we consider how hard the shell of a walnut is, it is not easy to guess how the rook contrives to break them. May they not, by first burying them, soften the shells, and afterwards return to feed upon them?"—pp. 58—61.

Though not so mischievous to the farmer as is generally imagined, yet we are afraid that it must be admitted that the rook is by no means a conscientious bird. He feels no hesitation in robbing another nest of its materials, if he find that nobody has been left at home to defend them. He is also rather too fond of cherries, and sometimes commits serious depredations in the garden. He will, when nothing better offers, take away a potatoe or a pear in his beak. He is, however, a hospitable bird, associating easily with the jackdaw and the starling, and allowing even the common sparrow to live under his protection. It is a curious fact, attested by the author, that rooks are very particular in not allowing any of their society to build out of the usual precincts of the colony. A pair of rooks, more adventurous than their fellows, attempted last spring to establish themselves out of the accustomed line of trees in the avenue of Hampton Court Park, and when their nest was nearly finished, some fifty others came, and demolished it in a few minutes.

When we consider that a question, apparently so susceptible of solution as that of the reproduction of eels, still remains to be settled, we need not be surprised to find natural history exceedingly deficient of information with respect to the habits of other species of fish, less commonly met with in our rivers. The author was anxious to do every thing in

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his power in order to supply this deficiency of knowledge; but the nature of the element in which fish live has necessarily in a great measure baffled his inquiries. He caused the sides and bottom of a reservoir in Bushy Park to be bricked, through which a stream of very clear water ran, and stocked it with most varieties of our English fresh-water fish, supplying them abundantly with food; but though he constantly watched them, and could see all they did at any time of the day, the result of his observations was by no means satisfactory. The perch, which is a bold fish, he easily accustomed to take a worm out of his hand. The barbel were particularly shy of observation. The trout, like a newly caged bird, did not appear at all to like their confinement, making high leaps against the grating through which the water was admitted, and seeming at all times out of sorts and out of condition. The chub was also very restless; the flounders only moved at night; and the eels effected their escape from their prison, though in what way he could never conjecture, unless they had the power of crawling up the brick work, of which there were two feet above the surface of the water. The grating was close enough for the confinement of gudgeons, and some of the eels were of a large size. The carp and tench were soon reconciled to their situation, and eat boiled potatoes in considerable quantities. The pike lost no part of their well-known boldness and voracity; the appetite of one of them seemed insatiable. One morning he swallowed five roach, each five inches in length, one after another. The bleak were the most playful of all, darting, on a still summer's evening, at every little fly that settled on the water near them; though restless, they always appeared happy. The author thinks that fish must have the power of hearing, as they suddenly moved at the report of a gun, though they could not have seen the flash. Might not their alarm have been caused rather by the sudden agitation of the water, which must have been produced by that of the atmosphere when disturbed by the discharge? They appeared to have the sense of smelling, as they preferred paste and worms that had been prepared with particular perfumes; and they also exhibited something like curiosity, as when a new object was put into the water, they, the carp especially, crowded round to examine it. Those fish which are the objects of prey readily distinguish and fly from their natural enemies. Fish are evidently capable of entertaining affection for each other. Their growth is exceedingly rapid; that of pike has been ascertained in some instances to be at

* That fishes do possess the sense of hearing, has long been a well ascertained fact, and we are surprised that any one, at the present day, should intimate a doubt on the subject.—[Ed. Mus.]

the rate of at least four pounds a year. The growth of salmon is still more extraordinary. Fish are well known to be very partial to certain localities; salmon particularly, are supposed to return in all cases to the river where they were bred. The author has observed, that when fish have been bruised, or some of their scales rubbed off, a sort of white *motherly* matter forms on the place, which invariably kills them. When this begins to form they seldom move; their heads get lower and lower, and when they touch the ground, the body turns up and they die. The following table, exhibiting the different degrees of fecundity in several kinds of fish, was communicated by Samuel Clark, Esq. to the Royal Society.

Fish.	Weight. oz. dr.	Weight of Spawn. grs.	Number of Eggs.
Carp	25 5	2,571	203,109
Codfish		12,540	3,686,760
Flounders	24 14	2,200	1,357,400
Herring	5 10	480	36,960
Mackerel	18 10	1,223½	546,681
Perch	8 9	765½	28,323
Pike	56 4	5,100½	49,304
Roach	10 6½	361	81,586
Smelt	2 0	149½	38,278
Sole	14 8	542½	100,362
Tench	40 0		383,252
Lobster		1,671	21,699

The following observations on the happiness and gratitude of animals, aptly illustrate the lines of Wordsworth:

"The inferior kinds, whom forest trees
Protect from heating sun-beams and the sweep
Of the sharp winds—fair creatures! to whom
heaven

A calm and sinless life, with love, has given."

"It is impossible to view the cheerfulness and happiness of animals and birds without pleasure. The latter, especially, appear to enjoy themselves during the fine weather in spring and summer with a degree of hilarity which might be almost envied. It is astonishing how much man might do to lessen the misery of those creatures which are either given to him for food or use, or for adding to his pleasure, if he was so disposed. Instead of which, he often exercises a degree of wanton tyranny and cruelty over them which cannot be too much deprecated, and for which, no doubt, he will one day be held accountable. Animals are so capable of showing gratitude and affection to those who have been kind to them, that I never see them subjected to ill treatment without feeling the utmost abhorrence of those who are inflicting it. I know many persons, who, like myself, take a pleasure in seeing all the animals about them appear happy and contented. Cows will show their pleasure at seeing those who have been kind to them, by moving their ears gently, and putting out their wet noses. My old horse rests his head on the gate with great complacency when he sees me coming, expecting to receive an apple or a piece of bread. I should even be sorry to see my poultry and pigs get out of my way with any symptoms of fear.

"The following little anecdote will show the gratitude and recollection of the kindness shown to an animal. A young lady in this neighbourhood (who, if she should ever read this anecdote, will not, I hope, object to having had this instance of her humane disposition recorded) brought up a calf whose mother had died soon after it was born. She made a pet of it; but, when it became an heifer, for some reason it was parted with, and she lost sight of it for about two years. At the end of that time, as she was walking with a friend in a lane, she met some cows, when one of them left the herd and came up to her, showing evident symptoms of pleasure at seeing her. She immediately knew and patted her old acquaintance, who, after being satisfied by these marks of her favour that the recognition was mutual, quietly turned away and joined her companions.

"An instance of the same grateful recognition occurred in the case of a lion, which is at present, or was lately, in the Tower of London. This lion, when very young, became the property of a gentleman. He had treated it kindly; kept it some time with him abroad, and, on his return, brought it over to England, when, not knowing what else to do with it, he sent it to the Tower. Here he became extremely fierce, and was always mentioned by the keeper as an untameable animal. At the end of two or three years the gentleman called at the Tower, to visit his old acquaintance, who immediately recognised him, and, upon his being admitted into the cage, showed the strongest symptoms of pleasure at again seeing his former master. A story, somewhat similar, is mentioned by Mr. Bingley in his 'Animal Biography.'

"Various instances have also been related of the affection of dogs for their masters, refusing even to leave their bodies amidst the din and slaughter of battle. Those anecdotes ought to operate in favour of the whole animal creation, and where we cannot have an opportunity of befriending, we ought, at least, to abstain from any unnecessary infliction of misery.

"He knew his lord: he knew, and strove to meet;
In vain he strove to crawl and lick his feet;
Yet—all he could—his tail, his ears, his eyes,
Salute his master, and confess his joys."

"The sagacity and recollection of passed events, in some animals, is very surprising. A shepherd employed to bring up some mountain sheep from Westmoreland, took with him a young sheep-dog who had never made the journey before, and, from his assistant being ignorant of the ground, experienced great difficulty in having the flock stopped at the various roads and lanes he passed in their way to the neighbourhood of London. Next year the same shepherd, accompanied by the same dog, brought up another flock for the gentleman who had had the former one. On being questioned how he had got on, he said much better than the year before, as his dog now knew the road, and had kept the sheep from going up any of the lanes or turnings which had given the shepherd so much trouble on his former

journey. The distance could not have been less than four hundred miles.

"A dog never again came near a gentleman of my acquaintance, who had been in the habit of feeding him, because he once offered him an oyster-shell instead of meat."—pp. 91—94.

A hen will hatch the eggs of ducks, and bring up the young with great care; and so little is it conscious of any difference between its foster children and its own natural brood, that when the ducklings take to the water, which they do as soon as they are hatched, the hen is in a perfect agony, running round the brink of a pond, and sometimes flying into it, in order to rescue them from the danger to which she apprehends them to be exposed. She gets over this apprehension, however, in time, when accustomed to the ways of her progeny. An instance is mentioned of a hen which, having been habituated for three successive years to rear broods of ducks, used to fly to a large stone in the middle of the pond, and then patiently watch the little creatures swim about and amuse themselves. "The fourth year," says Mr. Jesse's informant, "she hatched her own eggs, and finding that her chickens did not take to the water as the ducklings had done, she flew to the stone in the pond, and called them to her with the utmost eagerness." A striking proof of the affection of a robin for its young, is given by the author. The birds had built their nest among some straw, on the top of sundry hampers and boxes which had been packed up in a wagon at Walton Park, intended to be sent to Worthing. For some reason the wagon had been delayed, and was placed under a shed, where the robins found it: their habitation having been finished, their eggs were just hatched when the wagon was sent off on its journey. The nest remained undisturbed, and one of the birds accompanied it the whole way, leaving it only for the purpose of flying to the nearest hedge in quest of food for its young. The distance of Worthing from Walton Park is about a hundred miles. Indeed this affection of the parent for its young, which is found in all the animated tribes of nature, is the most admirable law that could be provided for their reproduction and preservation.

Toads have been sometimes found in the midst of blocks of stone and of the trunks of trees. The author had the good fortune to observe a part of the process by which this extraordinary inhumation if we may so express it, takes place.

"I remember some years ago getting up into a mulberry-tree, and finding in the fork of the two main branches a large toad almost embedded in the bark of the tree, which had grown over it so much that he was quite unable to extricate himself, and would probably in time be completely covered over with the bark. Indeed, as the tree increased in size, there seems

to be no reason why the toad should not in process of time become embedded in the tree itself, as was the case with the end of an oak rail that had been inserted into an elm-tree, which stood close to a public footpath. This, being broken off and grown over, was, on the tree being felled and sawed in two, found nearly in the centre of it. The two circumstances together may explain the curious fact of toads having been found alive in the middle of trees, by showing that the bark having once covered them, the process of growth in the tree would annually convey the toad more nearly to the centre of it, as happened with the piece of oak-rail; and by showing that toads, and probably other amphibia, can exist on the absorption of fluids by the skin alone. This is confirmed by the following fact. A gentleman informed me that he put a toad into a small flower-pot, and secured it so that no insect could penetrate into it, and then buried it in the ground at a sufficient depth to protect it from the influence of frost. At the end of twenty years he took it up, and found the toad increased in size, and apparently healthy. Dr. Townson, in his tracts on the respiration of the amphibia, proves, I think satisfactorily, from actual experiment, that, while those animals with whose economy we are best acquainted receive their principal supply of liquids by the mouth, the frog and salamander tribes take in theirs through the skin alone; all the aqueous fluid which they take in being absorbed by the skin, and all they reject being transformed through it. He found that a frog absorbed nearly its own weight of water in the short time of an hour and a half, and that by being merely placed on blotting-paper well soaked with water; and it is believed that they never discharge it, except when they are disturbed or pursued, and they then only eject it to lighten their bodies, and facilitate their escape. That the moisture thus imbibed is sufficient to enable some of the amphibia to exist without any other food, there cannot I think be a reasonable doubt; and if this is admitted, the circumstance of toads being found alive in the centre of trees is accounted for by this and the preceding facts related."

"In additional proof however of what has been advanced, I may mention that the respectable proprietor of some extensive coal-mines in Staffordshire, informed me that his men, in working into a stratum of thick coal at a very considerable depth, found three live eels in a small deposit of water in the centre of a block of coal, which died as soon as they

* "In one of the volumes published by the Academy of Sciences at Paris, there is an account of a live toad being in the centre of an elm-tree, and of another in an oak. Both trees were sound and thriving. There is also a well-authenticated account in the Annual Register of a toad being found in the middle of a large and hard stone, which had no visible aperture by which it could get there."

† "As this assertion may astonish the geologists, I think it right to mention that the gentlemen who communicated the circumstance to me did not see the eels himself, but heard it from his workmen, who, however, one would think could have no object in deceiving him in a matter of this

were taken out of it. Another case was mentioned to me by an eminent physician. A wet spot had always been observed on a free-stone mantle-piece, which afterwards cracked at that place, and upon its being taken down, a toad was found in it, dead; but its death was probably owing to the want of that moisture which it had been enabled to imbibe when the stone was in the quarry, and which gradually lessened by the action of the fire, as from the moisture which appeared on that part of the mantle-piece, some time after it was put up, there seems but little reason to doubt that the toad was alive at that time.

"I may here mention a curious observation I made in regard to some frogs that had fallen down a small area which gave light to one of the windows of my house. The top of the area, being on a level with the ground, was covered over with some iron bars, through which the frogs fell.

"During dry and warm weather, when they could not absorb much moisture, I observed them to appear almost torpid; but when it rained they became impatient of their confinement, and endeavoured to make their escape, which they did in the following manner. The wall of the area was about five feet in height, and plastered and whitewashed as smooth as the ceiling of a room. Upon this surface the frogs soon found that their claws would render them little or no assistance; they therefore contracted their large feet, so as to make a hollow in the centre, and by means of the moisture which they had imbibed in consequence of the rain, they contrived to produce a vacuum, so that by the pressure of the air on the extended feet (in the same way that we see boys take up a stone by means of a piece of wet leather fastened to a string) they ascended the wall, and made their escape. This happened constantly in the course of three years.

"It is a curious fact that toads are so numerous in the island of Jersey, that they have become a term of reproach for its inhabitants, the word "Crapaud" being frequently applied to them; while in the neighbouring island of Guernsey not a toad is to be found, though they have frequently been imported. Indeed, certain other islands have always been privileged in this respect. Ireland is free from venomous animals, of course by the aid of St. Patrick. The same was affirmed of Crete in olden times, being the birth-place of Jupiter. The Isle of Man is said also to be free from venomous creatures. The Mauritius, and I believe one of the Balearic islands, enjoys the same immunity."—pp. 115—119.

It is not perhaps, generally known, that the fat of the adder is sold sometimes among the lower orders in the country as a sovereign remedy for hurts and bruises. There are men

who employ themselves in hunting vipers for this purpose, one of whom, near Brighton, assured the author that he had frequently seen the young vipers take refuge in the inside of their mother, by running into her mouth, which she opens for their reception when danger is apprehended. Snakes have been known to swallow newly hatched chickens and frogs.

The caprice, or taste, whatever it may be, which birds sometimes show in selecting a spot for the construction of their nests, is frequently unaccountable. His present Majesty, when residing at Bushy Park, had a part of the mast of the Victory, against which Nelson was standing when he received his mortal wound; it was placed in a small temple in the grounds. A large shot had completely passed through this part of the mast, and while it was in the temple, a pair of robins built their nest in the shot hole! The author saw a swallow's nest built on the knocker of a hall door in Warwickshire. The mother was at the time employed in incubation, and whenever the door was opened, as it frequently was in the course of the day, the bird left the nest for the instant, but returned to it again the moment the door was shut. In this strange situation the young actually arrived at maturity. The migration of birds is a subject upon which we possess so little authentic information, that every accession to it is of importance.

"It is a curious fact that the males of migrating birds, or at least of some species, arrive some weeks before the females. An experienced and intelligent bird-catcher assures me that the male nightingale generally make its appearance in this country about the first of April, and the female about a month afterwards; and that his song increases in power, and is longer continued, when the period for the arrival of the female is near at hand. A favourite bush having been selected, the nightingale awaits the appearance of his mate in or near it, singing his song of love, and greeting her arrival with all the little blandishments of affection. When she begins to sit, his song is less frequent and less powerful, and ceases soon after the young are hatched.

"The black-cap, whose song is scarcely less pleasing than that of the nightingale, arrives also some time before the female, and calls her to him in the same poetical manner. I have one of these birds in my possession: his song is wild and sweet; and, as Mr. White says, when he sings in earnest, he pours forth very sweet but inward melody, and expresses great variety of soft and gentle modulations, superior perhaps to those of any of our warblers, the nightingale excepted.

"The bird-catcher above referred to showed me his call-birds, and gave me some proofs of their skill. On seeing some strange birds, they immediately begin their call, which is succeeded by their song, and this seldom ceases till the wild birds are trapped. He says the call-birds then show a degree of pleasure which cannot be mistaken; and he seems persuaded

sort. The men called them eels, but they might possibly be the genius of amphibia living in dark caverns, the Proteus, of which Sir Humphrey Davy has given an account in his "Consolations in Travel." I am not aware of any communication with the external world by which eels could reach the place where they were said to have been found."

that his birds are fully aware of the purpose for which their call and song are required.

"The wheatear arrives about the middle or end of March, and builds its nest in rabbit-burrows. At least they do so occasionally, as I have had one brought to me which was found in digging out a rabbit. A shepherd whom I met on the Brighton Downs informed me that these birds are annually getting less numerous, and forsaking those haunts which they most frequented.

"Magpies congregate in considerable numbers on the Brighton Downs, as we counted last winter from twenty to thirty in a flock. Probably the want of wood keeps them together as a precautionary measure: and they have a scout, like the crow, who looks out for danger while his companions are feeding. They seemed very wild, and took long flights on being disturbed.

"The periodical flight of birds is very curious. That in the spring is much less considerable than the autumnal one: September, October, and November being the chief months for the passage of various kinds of birds. Bird-catchers state that the flights take place from daybreak to twelve at noon, and sometimes from two o'clock till it is nearly dark. Birds fly against the wind during their passage, with the exception of the chaffinch, who flies across it. The male chaffinches are observed to fly by themselves, and are shortly followed by the females. This is also the case with the titlark.

"Birds flock together in February, for the purpose of choosing their mates; and probably in the autumn, for leading their young to places where they can procure food, or enjoy a climate congenial with their nature. Many flocks of birds, however, appear and disappear in places where they had not previously been seen for many years. In the month of December, 1818, a very large flock of the small wild blue pigeon passed along the coast of Sussex, and many of them were shot near Brighton. These birds were formerly very numerous in this country, but are, I believe, now seldom met with. The last I saw was a pair, about ten years ago, who had built amongst some rocks, in a small bay near Swansea. The most extraordinary instance, however, I have witnessed of the sudden congregation of birds, occurred in the summer of the same year, which was a particularly hot and dry one. No rain had fallen for some weeks previous to the 26th of July. Flowers of every description had entirely disappeared, and the ground was parched to an extraordinary degree. About six o'clock in the evening of that day some rain fell. I was at the time standing at a window, looking on the river Thames. In an instant the surface of the river was covered with an incredible number of swallows, which remained flying, some near the water, and others at a considerable height above, till the rain had ceased, when not one of them was to be seen. I have also observed nearly a similar circumstance on the roof of the Tennis Court, at Hampton Court. A vast flight of swallows have alighted upon it, and after remaining there for a few hours, have entirely disappeared. Sometimes they assemble and roost on the willows which overhang the

banks of the Aytes in the Thames, and I have also seen them settle in prodigious numbers on the turf on Molesey Hurst. Our assemblages of birds, however, are nothing when compared with the flocks of the passenger pigeon, (*Columba migratoria*), of America. Audubon, in his *Ornithological Biography*, gives a curious and interesting account of the flight of these birds. He says that in passing over the Barrens, a few miles from Hardensburgh, he observed the pigeons flying from north-east to south-west, in greater numbers than he had ever seen them before; and feeling an inclination to count the flocks that might pass within the reach of his eye in one hour, he seated himself on an eminence, and began to mark with his pencil, making a dot for every flock that passed. In a short time, finding the task impracticable, as the birds poured in in countless multitudes, he rose, and counting the dots already put down, found that one hundred and sixty-three had been made in twenty-one minutes. He then travelled on, and still met more as he proceeded. The air was literally filled with pigeons; the light of noon-day was obscured as by an eclipse, the dung fell in spots not unlike melting flakes of snow, and the continued buzz of wings had a tendency to lull his senses to repose. Whilst waiting for his dinner, immense legions were still going by, and on Mr. Audubon's arrival before sunset at Louisville, distant from Hardensburgh fifty-five miles, the pigeons were still passing in undiminished numbers, and continued to do so for three days in succession.

"Mr. Audubon makes the following curious estimate of the number of pigeons contained in one only of these mighty flocks. Taking a column of one mile in breadth, which he thinks is far below the average size, and supposing it to pass over without interruption for three hours, at the rate of one mile in a minute, it will give us a parallelogram of one hundred and eighty miles by one, covering one hundred and eight square miles. Allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have one billion, one hundred and fifteen millions, one hundred and thirty-six thousand pigeons in one flock. As each pigeon daily consumes fully half a pint of food, the quantity necessary for supplying this vast multitude must be eight millions, seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels a day. Nor is the account of their roosting places less curious. One of them on the banks of the Green River in Kentucky, was repeatedly visited by Mr. Audubon. It was in a portion of the forest where the trees were of great magnitude, and where there was little underwood, and the average breadth was about three miles. On arriving there about two hours before sunset, few pigeons were to be seen. A great number of persons, however, with horses and wagons, guns, and ammunition, had already established themselves on the borders. Two farmers had driven upwards of three hundred hogs from their residence, more than a hundred miles distant, to be fattened on the pigeons which were to be slaughtered. The sun had set, yet not a pigeon had arrived. Every thing, however, was ready, and all eyes were gazing on the clear sky, which appeared in glimpes amidst the tall trees. Suddenly there burst

forth a general cry of "Here they come." The noise which they made, though yet distant, is described as like a hard gale at sea passing through the rigging of a close-roofed vessel. As the birds arrived, they were knocked down by thousands by the pole-men. As they continued to pour in, the fires were lighted, and a magnificent, as well as wonderful sight presented itself. The pigeons, arriving by myriads, alighted every where, one above another, until solid masses as large as hogsheads were formed on the branches all round. Here and there the perches gave way under the weight with a crash, and falling to the ground, destroyed hundreds of the birds beneath, forcing down the dense groups with which every stick was loaded. The pigeons kept constantly coming, and it was past midnight before a decrease in the number of those that arrived could be perceived. The noise made was so great that it was distinctly heard at three miles from the spot. Towards the approach of day the noise in some measure subsided, and long before objects were distinguishable, the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that in which they had arrived the evening before, and at sunrise all that were able to fly had disappeared."—pp. 131—137.

Mr. Jesse's observations upon plants, seeds, and trees, are entitled to particular attention, as he has had many opportunities of noticing their peculiarities. Few facts are more curious than that which he states respecting the seeds of various plants and flowers lying dormant in the ground for ages, and which are accidentally brought to life by being exposed to the air, or by the action of some manure congenial to their nature.* Thus, in the course of trenching for a plantation, some ground having been turned up in winter in Bushy Park, which had probably not been disturbed since the time of Charles I. it was covered the following summer with a profusion of the tree mignonette, pansies, and the wild raspberry, none of which are found in the neighbourhood in a wild state. Thus too, a field which had previously scarcely any Dutch clover upon it, was covered with it after the ground had been much trampled upon and fed down by horses. In boring for water at a spot near Kingston upon Thames, some earth was brought up from a depth of three hundred and sixty feet; being carefully covered over with a hand-glass, to prevent the possibility of other seeds being deposited upon it, in a short time it was covered with vegetation. "So completely, indeed," says Mr. Jesse, "is the ground impregnated with seeds, that if earth is brought to the surface from the lowest depth at which it is found, some vegetable matter will spring from it." "I have always," he adds, with a becoming feeling, "considered this fact as one of the many surprising instances of the power and bounty of Almighty God, who has thus literally filled the earth

with his goodness, by storing up a deposit of useful seeds in its depths, where they must have lain through a succession of ages, only requiring the energies of man to bring them into action."

Many plants are attached to particular spots and will not flourish elsewhere, even in the very same neighbourhood. In looking over an old history of Middlesex, the author found mention made of a small mountain pink, that had been discovered on a particular mound of earth in Hampton Court Park. He went to the place pointed out, at the time of the year when those plants are in flower, and readily discovered this pretty pink; but beyond the circle of the mound it was nowhere to be seen. It is well known that the perfection as well as the nature of the colours of tulips, depend entirely on the kind of soil in which they are grown. The author mentions a striking feature which he observed in several of the old thorns in Bushy Park.

"While on the subject of trees, I will notice the present state of the old thorns in Bushy Park, from which it probably takes its name. These trees are generally supposed to have been in existence at the time of Oliver Cromwell, (the park being then used as a hare park.) As they increase in age, they have the property of separating themselves into different stems, some having four or five, and even six, which, as they separate, become regularly barked round, forming to appearance so many distinct trees closely planted together, except that they all meet at the butt of the tree. Some of the thorns are now undergoing the process of separation, having already thrown out one stem, while in other parts they are deeply indented with seams down the whole stem. These gradually deepening from opposite sides towards the centre, will at last split the tree into a number of separate stems, which are barked round. In other trees the seam is hardly visible, though none of them are without it. This peculiarity seems confined to the thorn, and as I have not observed it in those which appear to have been more recently planted, it is probably the effect of great age, though the trees are still flourishing, and I know of few sights more beautiful than the fine old thorns in Bushy Park in full blossom. The yew tree, I have observed, is sometimes strongly marked with seams, especially those which have arrived at a great age, but I have not seen any in which the separation has actually taken place.

"This remarkable property in the thorn is not noticed, as far as I can remember, in any work I have met with. It seems, however, to be worthy of some attention, and might be the means of throwing light on the age of those trees."—pp. 152, 153.

The reader will be pleased with Mr. Jesse's further observations on the trees which decorate several of his Majesty's parks.

"Perhaps the largest oak-tree in England is to be seen near the old stables in Hampton Court Park. It is thirty-three feet round, and

* See Museum, page 373.

its diameter, therefore, is eleven feet. I never see this beautiful tree, (and I often go to admire it,) without carrying my mind back to the time it was probably planted, and the ages which have since elapsed. The venerable old pollards, which were so sadly cut down on the enclosure of Windsor Forest, might have been thought to have sprung from, and not have been coeval with it.

"There is also a remarkably fine poplar tree in the stud-house grounds in the same park. The height of this tree is ninety-seven feet; and to look at it one might almost suppose that it was composed of several trees, so mighty are the branches which have shot up from the main trunk, within a short distance from the ground. This tree is fourteen feet in circumference, and near it is a thriving English elm, so called to distinguish it from the wych elm. There are seven hundred and ninety-six feet of solid timber in this tree. The trunk is forty-four feet in height, and eighteen feet in circumference. There is another elm near it, known by the name of King Charles's Swing, which has a most curious appearance. There are two enormous limbs growing from each side of the trunk, which, at a height of eight feet six inches above the ground, measures thirty-eight feet round. Each of the limbs are about forty feet high, and are so healthy, that they seem likely to become stupendous trees.

"I always regret seeing the wych elm planted instead of the English. This latter is more expensive, as it is obliged to be propagated either by layers or by grafting it on the wych elm. In a work called an Appendix to New Improvements and Planting, &c., by R. Bradley, Professor of Botany in Cambridge, published in 1736, there is the following passage:—"The elm, according to the forest terms, is not a timber tree, but is styled by the foresters, a weed."

"This seems to be a confirmation of the opinion that it is not indigenous, but is an intruder. That it is an exotic, I think is proved by the custom of nurserymen grafting it on the wych elm, which they would not do, could they raise it from the seed. Very few old elm trees are found in the royal forests.

"Cork trees flourish in Hampton Court Park, where there are two large ones. There are also some ilexes, or evergreen oaks, in Bushy Park, of a very large size, and apparently as hardy as any other tree there. The avenues in that park are perhaps the finest in Europe. There are nine of them altogether, the centre one, formed by two rows of horse-chestnut trees, being the widest. The side avenues, of which there are four on each side of the main avenue, are of lime trees, and the whole length including the circuit round the Diana water, is one mile and forty yards. The trees are generally in a healthy and thriving state, and when the horse-chestnuts are in full bloom, the appearance of the avenue is most beautiful. The fine fountain in the centre of the circular piece of water in the avenue does not appear to have excited as much attention as it deserves. The small figures and shells are of bronze. The upper part of the fountain is composed of the finest statuary marble, and the figure of Diana at the top, which is seven feet in height, is cast in

bronze. The attitude, proportions, and elegance of this figure, cannot be sufficiently admired. The pipes which conveyed the water to play from this fountain, have long since been destroyed, and it is a matter of regret that they have not been replaced.

"Near the Queen's house in this park is a very fine Spanish chestnut-tree, said to have been planted by Charles II.; and to have been the first which was seen in this country.

"The trees in Richmond Park are almost entirely oaks, and some of them of very large dimensions. Many of them, however, are pollards, in consequence of a custom which formerly prevailed very generally of lopping trees for browse for the deer. Two of the trees are called the "King and Queen," and are of very large size. The timber from the trees in this park is generally of a bad quality, probably from the wetness of the soil.

"The trees which at present form so much of the beauty of Greenwich Park, were planted by Evelyn, and if he could now see them he would call them "goodly trees," at least some of them. The chestnuts, however, though they produce some fine fruit, have not thriven in the same proportion with the elms. In noticing this park I should not forget to mention, that the only remaining part of the palace of Henry VIII. is preserved in the front of Lord Auckland's house, looking into the park. It is a circular delft window of beautiful workmanship, and in a fine state of preservation. There are also a great number of small tumuli in the upper part of the park, all of which appear to have been opened.

"Last year a certain portion of the turf in the park became suddenly brown, and the grass withered and died. On turning up the turf, an amazing number of the grubs of the long-legged gnat (*tibula oleracea*) were found, and which had evidently fed on the roots of the grass, as they were eaten off. This shows the correctness of what an intelligent writer, Mr. Stickney, has said in his treatise upon this insect, when he gave it as his opinion that the grub fed on the roots of corn and grass. It has generally been supposed that this grub is most destructive in marshy lands, but the devastation in Greenwich Park was on the high ground near the Observatory, on a bed of gravel. On mentioning the circumstance to one of the governors of Greenwich Hospital, he informed me that a part of one of the estates belonging to the hospital in the north of England, had been visited by an army of these destructive insects, who carried on their depredations in a regular line till they came to a river, which stopped their further progress. The mischief done by them in Greenwich Park was stopped by sprinkling salt on the grass, and afterwards dressing it with a slight coat of soil, and sowing grass-seeds upon it. In a note in Messrs. Kirby and Spence's Entomology, it is stated that two species of these insects are confounded under the appellation of the *grub*—the larvæ, namely, of *tibula oleracea* and *cornicina*, which last is very injurious, though not equally with the first. In the rich district of Sunk Island in Holderness, in the spring of 1813, hundreds of acres of pasture have been entirely destroyed by them, being rendered as com-

pletely brown as if they had suffered a three month's drought, and destitute of all vegetation except that of a few thistles. A square foot of the dead turf being dug up, two hundred and ten grubs were counted in it!—and, what furnishes a striking proof of the prolific powers of these insects, the next year it was difficult to find a single one.

"In the grounds of the lodge belonging to the Earl of Erroll in Richmond Park, there is a raised piece of ground known by the name of Harry the Eighth's Mound. It is supposed that he stood on this elevated spot to watch the signal from the Tower of London, which assured him of the death of Anne Boleyn. It is in a direct line with the Tower, which is readily seen with the naked eye on a clear day. The beauty of the grounds at this charming lodge with reference to their extent, is exceeded by few in this kingdom.

"The upper lodge in Bushy Park is also very agreeably situated. It was formerly the Ranger's lodge, and in the time of Oliver Cromwell was inhabited by Bradshaw the regicide. Charles II. gave it to a keeper of the name of Podger, who had shown his loyalty during the troubles of the commonwealth; and he afterwards partook of an entertainment from him at the lodge. On taking down lately the old church at Hampton, Podger's tomb was discovered under the reading-desk. It is now put up in the new church. The original lodge has long since been pulled down, but there is a painting of it preserved in the neighbourhood.

"The footpath from Hampton Wick across Bushy Park to Teddington, is particularly pleasant and healthy. A former ranger of the park (Lord Halifax I believe,) attempted to stop this path. A patriotic shoemaker, however, who had long enjoyed an agreeable walk amongst the thorn trees, thought he could not do better with the money he had scraped together, than leave it to be spent in recovering the right of way for the benefit of his neighbours. The money was accordingly so spent, and the right of way established. Some of the cottagers in the neighbourhood have portraits of this public-spirited cobbler, with an account affixed of the abovementioned circumstances.

"Among the records preserved by the Steward of the Manor of Hampton, is a strong remonstrance from the inhabitants of that place to Oliver Cromwell, complaining of his having encroached upon their rights by adding a part of their common to Bushy Park. This remonstrance seems to have had its effect, as a grant of some land in the neighbourhood was made to them in lieu of what had been taken from them. The ancient boundaries of Bushy Park are found in several places.

"In Hampton Court Park may be traced some lines of fortification which were thrown up to teach that art to the Duke of Cumberland, when a boy, and whose name was afterwards so much connected with the troubles of 1745. There is also an unfinished canal, which was begun by William the Third, and intended to correspond with the one in front of Hampton Court Palace. The spots still shown where the king's horse slipped, and occasioned his death.

"Hampton Court Palace is supplied with water from some springs in Coombe Wood. The distance is two miles, in the most direct line, and the leaden pipes which convey the water are carried across the bottom of the river Thames. There are two pipes from each conduit, making altogether eight miles of leaden pipes. These pipes were laid down by Cardinal Wolsey for the purpose of supplying his palace with water. A foot of this old lead weighs twenty-four pounds; and allowing one pound for waste in each foot since the time of Cardinal Wolsey, each pipe must have weighed 132,000 pounds; and eight, therefore, 1,056,000 pounds. This alone is a proof of the amazing wealth and resources of Wolsey. His palace is supposed to have been very considerably larger than the present one, the roof of which is covered with lead, which probably was by no means so plentiful in those days as it is at present."—pp. 153—161.

The attachments which animals of a different, and sometimes (in a state of nature) a mutually hostile species, form for each other, is an unequivocal proof of the power which accident or education exercises over them. A pigeon who was unable to procure a mate, has been known to attach itself to an old barn-door fowl, whose side it seldom left day or night. The connexion was even sanctioned by the cock, who never in any way molested the pigeon. A horse and a pig have associated together for want of better companions; and White, of Selborne, mentions a horse and a hen who spent most of their time together in an orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. The fowl would frequently rub itself, with apparent applause, against the feet of the horse, while the animal looked down with no less complacency upon its diminutive companion, and moved with the greatest caution, lest he should trample on it. At Aston Hall in Warwickshire, there was a cat and a large fierce bloodhound, who never seemed tired of each other's society. One of the most curious instances of these strange attachments, perhaps, on record, is that between a cat and a domesticated alligator; they were never happy but when they were together.

Colonel Montagu mentions the case of a pointer, who having killed a China gander, was punished by having the dead bird tied for some days round his neck. The female being left solitary, pursued the dog repeatedly to his kennel, as if to upbraid him with the murder of her lord. But in the course of a little time, a strict friendship took place between the two animals. "They fed out of the same trough, lived under the same roof, and in the same straw-bed kept each other warm; and when the dog was taken to the field, the lamentations of the goose were incessant."

We have here a very curious account of the rapidity with which mice sometimes are found to increase in young plantations, and of the havoc which they commit among the trees.

Soon after the formation of the new plantations, which were made some years ago in Dean Forest, and the New Forest, the number of mice that collected threatened destruction to the whole of the young plants. They would eat, in an incredibly short space of time, through the roots of five years' old oaks and chestnuts; they barked the hollies at the bottom, and in some instances were found feeding on the bark of the upper branches. The roots they ate through only where they obstructed free ingress and egress; their food was the bark of the trees. Many schemes for their extermination having been tried without effect, at length pit-falls were constructed for their capture, and it was calculated that in this way alone, upwards of 30,000 were captured and killed in three or four months. By various other modes, more than double that number were destroyed; and when the probable number of those consumed by their own species was taken into account, it was supposed that the total number of mice destroyed in the two forests exceeded 200,000. Many of the plants which they had bitten through were as thick as a man's arm. It is a remarkable circumstance, that the fox, to whom nothing comes amiss, was observed frequently hunting the mischievous vermin, and feeding upon them voraciously.

The history of the cuckoo is so little known, that we need make no apology for quoting Mr. Jesse's notes respecting that interesting bird.

"Perhaps few birds have excited more curiosity amongst naturalists than the cuckoo, and some rather contradictory accounts have from time to time been published respecting them. Dr. Jenner was the first who threw any light on the natural history of this extraordinary bird; and his account is most interesting and satisfactory. The fact of the young cuckoo turning out its weaker companions, the natural inmates of the nest, is now undisputed. This operation is, I believe, generally performed on the second day after the birds are hatched—at least, I have found it to be so in the cases which have come under my own observation. The young intruder seems to confine his dislike to his nestling companions to the act of discharging them from the nest. In one instance, which I had an opportunity of observing, the young birds, which had only been hatched two days, were so little hurt by a fall of four feet from the nest to the ground, that two of them contrived to crawl a distance of eight or nine feet from the place on which they had fallen. Sometimes the young cuckoo is hatched before the other birds: in which case he proceeds to discard the eggs, which he is enabled to do by means of a depression in the middle of his back. It seems, however, to have escaped the notice of those to whom we are most indebted for the agreeable information we already possess of the habits of the cuckoo, that the parent bird, in depositing her egg, will sometimes undertake the task of removing the eggs of those birds in whose nest

she is pleased to place her own.* I say sometimes, because I am aware that it is not always the case; and indeed I have only one fact to bring forward in support of the assertion: it is, however, connected with another relating to the cuckoo, not a little curious. The circumstance occurred at Arbury, in Warwickshire, the seat of Francis Newdigate, Esq., and was witnessed by several persons residing in his house. The particulars were written down at the time by a lady, who bestowed much time in watching the young cuckoo, and I now give them in her own words:—"In the early part of the summer of 1828, a cuckoo, having previously turned out the eggs from a water-wagtail's nest, which was built in a small hole in a garden-wall at Arbury, deposited her own egg in their place. When the egg was hatched, the young intruder was fed by the water-wagtails, till he became too bulky for his confined and narrow quarters, and in a fidgety fit he fell to the ground. In this predicament he was found by the gardener, who picked him up, and put him into a wire cage, which was placed on the top of a wall, not far from the place of its birth. Here it was expected that the wagtails would have followed their supposititious offspring with food, to support it in its imprisonment—a mode of proceeding which would have had nothing very uncommon to recommend it to notice. But the odd part of the story is, that the bird which hatched the cuckoo never came near it; but her place was supplied by a hedge-sparrow, who performed her part diligently and punctually, by bringing food at very short intervals from morning till evening, till its uncouth foster-child grew large, and became full feathered, when it was suffered to escape, and was seen no more: gone, perhaps, to the country to which he migrates, to tell his kindred cuckoos (if he was ungrateful as he was ugly when I saw him in the nest) what fools hedge-sparrows and water-wagtails are in England. It may possibly be suggested, that a mistake has been made with regard to the sort of bird which hatched the cuckoo, and that the same bird which fed it, namely, the hedge-sparrow, hatched the egg. If this had been the case, there would have been nothing extraordinary in the circumstance; but the wagtail was too often seen on her nest, both before the egg was hatched, and afterwards, feeding the young bird, to leave room for any scepticism on that point; and the sparrow was seen feeding it in the cage afterwards by many members of the family daily."

* "May she not do this in consequence of not being able to find a nest fit for her purpose, and therefore, from some extraordinary and powerful instinct, she removes eggs which would be hatched before her own, and the young birds from which, might become too strong and heavy to be ejected from the nest by the young cuckoo? It requires all the exertions and activity of a pair of water-wagtails or hedge-sparrows to provide for a young cuckoo. If there were other birds in the nest, some must starve. The female cuckoo, by ejecting the eggs, prevents this."

† "It could not have been the hedge-sparrow, as they are never known to build in a hole in a wall."

"This account (the accuracy of which no one can doubt, who is acquainted with the party from whom it comes) seems to prove the assertion which some persons have made, of cuckoos having introduced their eggs into the nest of the wren, or into nests built in holes in the wall; or, as Dr. Jenner asserts, in a wagtail's nest in a hole under the eave of a cottage. Some doubt has been thrown on the accuracy of this statement of Dr. Jenner's, in a new and very agreeable edition of Colonel Montagu's Ornithological Dictionary: at least, a hint is given that it was rather a singular place for a wagtail to build in. I have, however, found them in similar situations; and one wagtail built amongst the rough bricks which formed some rock-work in my garden. If the fact, therefore, is undoubted, that the egg of the cuckoo is found in the nest of a bird built in so small a hole in a wall that a young cuckoo could no longer remain in it, by what means could she contrive to introduce her egg into the nest? It appears quite impossible that she could have sat on the nest while she deposited her egg; and it is not easy, therefore, to form a probable conjecture how the operation was performed. Spurzheim, however, asserts in his lectures, that he actually saw an instance of a cuckoo having dropped her egg near a nest so placed that she could not possibly gain admittance to it; and that after removing the eggs which were already in the nest, she took up her own egg in one of her feet, and in that way placed it in it."—pp. 203—207.

The author is frequently afraid of appearing to receive with rather too implicit a faith, anecdotes that have been told him of the habits of animals on various occasions. We fear that the fastidious reader will turn away from more than one of the pages of this little volume, under the impression that the statements which they contain are somewhat marvellous. Natural historians are all liable to this charge, and Mr. Jesse will not be exempt from the common fate. At the same time it is but justice to observe, that there is throughout his work a vein of sincerity, and of downright honesty, which forbids us to think for a moment that he could have been a party to any thing like an invention, got up for the purpose of imparting additional interest to his labours. His book will be read with delight by every person who knows how to value true simplicity of mind, exalted by an earnest devotional temperament, which always directs its inquiries in the channel that leads from nature to nature's God.

There are some curious notes given at the end of the book, on some Roman antiquities which have been found in the neighbourhood of Kingston on Thames. These are followed by maxims and hints for an angler, and by some rules for tree-planting, which will be found the more useful, as they are all evidently the result of personal experience.

From the United Service Journal.

PHENOMENON AT ST. HELENA.

In the year 1821 I was a midshipman in His Majesty's ship *Vigo*, guardship at St. Helena, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Lambert, and commanded by Captain Thomas Brown, during the latter period of Napoleon's exile. I had charge of an excellent establishment on shore, called the stock-yard, for keeping a supply of fat cattle for the squadron after the arrival of the animals from the Cape, lank and lean. My party of men always slept on board, landing the next morning at daylight.

It was in the early part of May, a month rendered remarkable by the death of the Great Chieftain, which took place on the 5th day, that we were pulling in as usual in the launch, with several working-parties on board, but observing that the surf was too violent for the large boat filled with men to attempt a landing, we tried to accomplish it by a few at a time in the jolly-boat. A small number, including myself, got on shore in this manner. Shortly after, I was engaged in conversation with an officer of the Honourable Company's ship *Ganges*, surrounded by native women, some children, and Lascars, when I felt myself forcibly pulled by the arm, and heard a person exclaim,—“Look at the horizon, run, save yourself, we shall be all lost!”

I did look, and the sight I shall never cease to remember, it was so frightfully grand. On the horizon, from the north-west, appeared an immense undulation, or swell, resembling a bank of water rolling majestically in, directly in the wind's eye. Whether it was my anxiety for the boats, or that astonishment had paralyzed me, I cannot tell, but I felt riveted to the spot alone, and before I could attempt to save myself, as others did by climbing the rocks, I was whirled along with the rapidity of lightning in the midst of this dark wave. Almost in an instant I experienced a violent shock, which stunned me for a few moments; on recovering the perfect use of my senses, I found myself in the armourer's cave, with the forge lying across my thigh. To this circumstance I must draw attention, as, by its weight keeping me from going into the sea as the water receded, and from being dashed against the rocks, to it I owe my preservation. Near me were lying two Lascars, one was split up the middle, the other's skull was bent to pieces—both were dead. Fearing a return of the surf, as the sea usually rolls in quickly twice, and then comes with redoubled violence, I made the best use of my lungs; the carpenter fortunately heard my cries and rescued me. My clothes were torn to shreds, my ears, eyes, and nose filled with ashes and blood; but, with the exception of a few contusions, and lacerated hands, I was otherwise unhurt. One woman was drowned, and several men and children were picked up by the boats. This first swell that I have mentioned was the pre-

* By
1822. C

lude to a gigantic surf, which lasted three days.

This phenomenon (as nothing like it had ever taken place in the memory of the oldest inhabitants) was attributed to an earthquake. We had only telegraphic communication with the ship while it lasted. The fortifications were much injured in front of James Town; huge rocks were torn up and tossed into our little bathing-place to the left of the landing; the guard-house was abandoned, the sea reaching the upper windows; the ships rode with sails aback to keep them astern of their anchors; and, while it lasted, to see the mass of water burst upon the cliffs, as if to shake the island from its foundation, was the grandest sight I ever beheld.

There may be some who would connect such a singular occurrence with the last days of the expiring Emperor. Croly, if I recollect right, in his finely written history of George the Fourth, speaks of his soul taking its flight amidst the noise of the tempest and roar of the surf, comparing it to the crash of a battle and armies meeting.

From the Athenæum.

THE ALTRIVE TALES.*

THIS is the republication of the prose works of one of those extraordinary men who, by the vigour of natural genius alone, have given a literature to the peasantry of Scotland which more than approaches the lasting monuments of the learned and the polished. We have now in our hand the first volume of this very handsome book: the publisher has lavished outward attractions not a few; the frontispiece is a clever head of the poet, from the pencil of Fox; the print commences with a poetical dedication, of great feeling and delicacy, to Lady Anne Scott, of Buccleuch, which is followed by a singular Memoir of the Author, and by three compositions called, from the shepherd's dwelling on Yarrow, "The Altrive Tales." With the author himself we have been acquainted these six and twenty years: the man who has obtained the steady friendship of Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Lockhart, Professor Wilson, and others scarcely less distinguished, can need no recommendation of ours: we may, however, say, that his life has been busy and blameless—that, like Burns (whom he resembles in little save the accident of his birth,) he has had "misfortunes great and sma'," and of late occurrence; and that to him the success of this republication will be as the bread and salt of life.

One of the chief attractions of this volume arises from the Memoir—a very long and a very entertaining one—of the bard of Et-

trick himself, from his own pen. "I like," he says, "to write about myself: in fact, there are few things which I like better." We believe this: every page is impressed with it: he never loses sight of the hero of the narrative: he writes resolutely down his likings and dislikings, his changes of dress and his new suits of opinions; and when he can find nothing more pleasing, he criticises, and that with an unsparing hand, his own compositions. This unostentatious egotism gives to the Memoir what fragrance gives to the rose, an increase of sweetness: we are glad to see the bard lift the veil so fully from his instructive career, and like to hear his own tongue descanting on those dark days when he got his alphabet by heart on the hill side; succeeded in forming letters and words, and finally crowned his knowledge by bursting into song. If the poet, however, happens to imagine, that the sympathy which all must feel in reading his chequered story, will increase the popularity of his works, he must prepare himself for disappointment. It matters not to the world how and in what way a work of genius is produced. A picture may be painted with the toes—a statue may be scratched out of the block by means of a ten-penny nail, and a poet may write his poems with the pen in his mouth; yet, who will consider that the beauty of these works is increased by the difficulties overcome in creating them? We gaze on the *Venus de Medicis*, and never ask by what process so much loveliness was produced. Our estimate of the worth of Hogg's works is not influenced by his telling us of his hardships outwardly and inwardly: we admire not his "Kilmeny" the more because once on a time the wardrobe of the writer was scanty, and his toilette much neglected—in short, a poet, if such is his pleasure, may proclaim his sorrows to the world and show his miseries by the way-side, but he must not think that the said world will care a boddle about them. We shall, however, let him speak for himself—though other hands have been before us, there is much in his Memoir both to glean and reap: he commenced the "idle trade" in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

"The first time that I attempted to write verses was in the spring of the year 1796. Mr. Laidlaw having a number of valuable books, which were all open to my perusal, I about this time began to read with considerable attention;—and no sooner did I begin to read so as to understand, than, rather prematurely, I began to write. For several years my compositions consisted wholly of songs and ballads made up for lasses to sing in chorus; and a proud man I was when I first heard the rosy nymphs chaunting my uncouth strains, and jeering me by the still dear appellation of 'Jamie the poeteer.'"

Burns said that his own success had produced a swarm of ill-spawned monsters who

* By the Ettrick Shepherd. Vol. I. London, 1832. Cochrane & Co.

wallowed in his train: he at last inspired a spirit more akin to himself:—

"The first time I ever heard of Burns was in 1777, the year after he died. One day during that summer a half daft man, named John Scott, came to me on the hill, and to amuse me repeated *Tam O'Shanter*. I was delighted! I was far more than delighted—I was ravished! I cannot describe my feelings; but, in short, before Jock Scott left me, I could recite the poem from beginning to end, and it has been my favourite poem ever since. He told me it was made by one Robert Burns, the sweetest poet that ever was born; but that he was now dead, and his place would never be supplied. He told me all about him, how he was born on the 25th of January, bred a ploughman, how many beautiful songs and poems he had composed, and that he had died last harvest, on the 21st of August.

"This formed a new epoch of my life. Every day I pondered on the genius and fate of Burns, I wept, and always thought with myself—what is to hinder me from succeeding Burns? I too was born on the 25th of January, and I have much more time to read and compose than any ploughman could have, and can sing more old songs than ever ploughman could in the world. But then I wept again because I could not write. However, I resolved to be a poet, and to follow in the steps of Burns."

His first published song was "*Donald McDonald*:" there is a fine roll of words, but the poetry is ordinary: it obtained, however, great popularity:—

"There chanced to be about that time a great masonic meeting in Edinburgh, the Earl of Moira in the chair; on which occasion, Mr. Oliver, of the house of Oliver & Boyd, then one of the best singers in Scotland, sung '*Donald McDonald*.' It was loudly applauded, and three times encored; and so well pleased was Lord Moira with the song, that he rose, and in a long speech descanted on the utility of such songs at that period—thanked Mr. Oliver, and proffered him his whole interest in Scotland. This to the singer: yet, strange to say, he never inquired who was the author of the song!"

His first important work was the "*Queen's Wake*:" a poem of great original merit—weak as a babe in some parts, but strong as a giant in others: it raised him at once to a high station among the bards of his country. The greeting which he received on his success from William Dunlop, is characteristic of both:—

"Ye useless poetical deevil that ye're!" said he, "what hae ye been doing a' this time?"—"What doing, Willie! what do ye mean?"—"D—n your stupid head, ye hae been pestering us wi' fourpenny papers an' daft shilly-shally sangs, an' bletherin' an' speakin' i' the Forum, an' yet had stuff in ye to produce a thing like this!"—"Ay, Willie," said I; "have you seen my new benk?"—"Ay, faith, that I have, man; and it has lickit me out o' a night's sleep. Ye hae hit the right nail on the head now. Yon's the very thing, sir."—"I'm very glad to hear

you say sae, Willie; but what do ye ken about poems?"—"Never ye mind how I ken; I gie you my word for it, yon's the thing that will do. If ye hadna made a fool o' yourself afore, man, yon wad hae sold better than ever a book sold. Od, wha wad hae thought there was as muckle in that sheep's head o' yours? stupid poetical deevil that ye're!" And with that he went away, laughing and miscalling me over his shoulder!

He succeeded nearly as well in prose. His "*Winter Evening Tales*" are easy and natural. He then tried his hand as an editor, and gave to the world his "*Jacobite Relics*." Of this undertaking he speaks with as much satisfaction as the work deserves:—

"The native Highlanders were so jealous of a Sassenach coming plodding among them, gathering up their rebellious scraps, that, had it not been for the influence of the ladies over the peasantry of their respective districts, I could never have succeeded. But, in the end, I am sure I produced two volumes of *Jacobite Relics*, such as no man in Scotland or England could have produced but myself. I assert it, and can prove it; for besides the songs and histories of events and persons, I collected all the original airs over a whole kingdom, many of them among a people whose language I did not understand; and that work I dedicated to the Highland Society of London in a poetical epistle."

The vicissitudes of his fortune were equal to the variety of his works; but such is the equanimity of his temper, that nothing ruffled him:—

"One may think, on reading over this Memoir, that I must have worn out a life of misery and wretchedness; but the case has been quite the reverse. I never knew either man or woman who has been so uniformly happy as I have been; which has been partly owing to a good constitution, and partly from the conviction that a heavenly gift, conferring the powers of immortal song, was inherent in my soul. Indeed, so uniformly smooth and happy has my married life been, that on a retrospect I cannot distinguish one part from another, save by some remarkably good days of fishing, shooting, and curling on the ice. Those who desire to peruse my youthful love adventures will find some of the best of them in those of '*George Cochrane*,' in the following tales."

Though he aided mainly in planning and establishing *Blackwood's Magazine*, and till of late continued to write for it, he dislikes the notice taken of him in the "*Noots*," and desires much to have a lawsuit. These are his words:—

"For my part, after twenty years of feelings hardly suppressed, he has driven me beyond the bounds of human patience. That Magazine of his, which owes its rise principally to myself, has often put words and sentiments into my mouth of which I have been greatly ashamed, and which have given great pain to my family and relations, and many of those after a solemn written promise that such freedoms should never be repeated. I have been often urged to restrain

and humble him by legal measures as an incorrigible offender deserves. I know I have it in my power, and if he dares me to the task, I want but a hair to make a tether of."

He touches with a sarcastic hand the characters of Constable, Miller, Blackwood, and Longman & Co., booksellers,—with all of whom he has had dealings; but his chief pleasure lies in drawing the characters of his friends and associates. The person of Wilson he sketches with a clever, but a caricaturing hand:—

"All I could learn of him was, that he was a man from the mountains in Wales, or the west of England, with hair like eagles' feathers, and nails like birds' claws; a red beard, and an uncommon degree of wildness in his looks."

Scott he has given more at length, but not with much felicity. When collecting the *Minstrelsy*, Sir Walter was introduced to the mother of the Shepherd, that he might hear from her lips the fine historical ballad of "Auld Maitland."

"When he heard my mother sing it he was quite satisfied, and I remember he asked her if she thought it had ever been printed; and her answer was 'Oo, na, na, sir, it was never printed i' the world, for my brothers an' me learned it frae auld Andrew Moor, an' he learned it, an mony mae, frae auld Baby Mettlin, that was house-keeper to the first laird o' Tushilaw.'"

"Then that must be a very auld story, indeed, Margaret," said he.

"Ay, it is that! It is an auld story! But mair nor that, except George Warton and James Steward, there was never ane o' my sangs prentit till ye prentit them yourself, an ye hae spoilt them a'thegither. They were made for singing, an' no for reading; and they're no ither right spelled nor right setten down."

"Heh—heh—heh! Take ye that, Mr. Scott," said Laidlaw."

Hogg had his own luck in coincidences—he was born on the same day of the month as Burns: he was married on the same day as Lockhart, and is just five months and ten days younger than Scott, whom he is resolved, it seems, to survive, for the sake of drawing his character at full length.

"There are not above five people in the world who, I think, know Sir Walter better, or understand his character better than I do; and if I outlive him, which is likely, as I am five months and ten days younger, I shall draw a mental portrait of him, the likeness of which to the original shall not be disputed. In the meantime, this is only a reminiscence, in my own line, of an illustrious friend among the mountains."

Of Southey he speaks as all men must who have the honour of knowing that eminent person:—

"Southey certainly is as elegant a writer as any in the kingdom. But those who would love Southey as well as admire him, must see him, as I did, in the bosom, not only of one lovely family, but of three, all attached to him as a

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father, and all elegantly maintained and educated, it is generally said, by his indefatigable pen. The whole of Southey's conversation and economy, both at home and abroad, left an impression of veneration on my mind, which no future contingency shall ever either extinguish or injure. Both his figure and countenance are imposing, and deep thought is strongly marked in his dark eye; but there is a defect in his eyelids, for these he has no power of raising; so that, when he looks up, he turns up his face, being unable to raise his eyes; and when he looks towards the top of one of his romantic mountains, one would think he was looking at the zenith."

Wordsworth seems but little of a favourite with the shepherd: a joke of no very brilliant kind, hazarded by the former, occasioned this unhappy breach between these two originals. The character of Lockhart is not sketched with the tact which we expected: he dwells more upon his youthful propensity of quizzing and mystifying, than seems necessary or fair: though he does justice to his talents and unaffected kindness of heart. We believe he has made a mistake—though one of no moment—when he says, that Allan Cunningham recited some of his own poems when he visited his shealing on Queensberry Hill: Allan, we assure him, did no such thing—he never recited his verses to any one; and, at the period alluded to, he had not written a word. Of Galt he speaks with much kindness; and, indeed, he speaks ill of no one, though sometimes the temptation to do so seems almost irresistible. On the whole, we like this volume greatly: we hope that all those, and they were both titled and numerous, who sought the shepherd's company in London, will patronize this beautiful reprint of his works: it is the best possible way of showing respect for the man and the poet.

From the Monthly Magazine.

ON THE STATE OF CRIMINAL JUSTICE IN FRANCE.

THE code of laws, which, in France, regulates the prosecution and punishment of crimes and offences, is one of iron-handed oppression. Bequeathed by the expiring despotism of the French empire, to the restoration of the Bourbons, it has outlived the ascendancy of that infatuated race, to form, at the present day, a strange anomaly with the principles which led to the revolution of 1830—with the constitution then framed—with the free institutions upon which the French monarchy now reposes.

Napoleon, in the zenith of his power, framed the *Code d'Instruction Criminelle* rather as a means of arbitrary government than a preventive of crime; and with this view, he exempted public functionaries from its operation. With the semblance of providing against all undue exercise of power, this code

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tends, in reality, to keep the community in awe by the terror of its oppression. No individual, however free from reproach, who does not belong to the class of functionaries, is beyond the reach of its lash; for no evidence is required to deprive him of his liberty, it being a doctrine of French criminal law, that an accusation must in itself warrant provisional imprisonment until proof of the fact can be found. Thus any citizen may be incarcerated upon a mere alleged culpability, and kept in confinement, *without a trial*, during an indefinite lapse of time, even to the term of life itself, provided an interrogatory, or any other act of instruction take place once in every ten years.*

The due execution of this monstrous code is entrusted to the discreet vigilance of a body of the high magistracy, consisting of the several *Procureurs Généraux, Procureurs du Roi, Avocats Généraux, Avocats du Roi*, and *Substituts*. These officers constitute the *Ministère public*, or agency of public prosecution, of which each *Procureur Général* is the chief within the jurisdiction of the *Cour Royale* to which he is attached. They exercise a variety of functions, and are invested with a power over the liberties of the subject, almost beyond control, and entirely free from personal responsibility. A French *Procureur Général* is at the same time high magistrate and public prosecutor, accusing from the very judgment seat; he unites in his single person the character of judge with the duties of high sheriff and chief constable, and thus holds in one hand the scales of justice, and in the other wields the sword of executive power; his *réquisitoire* consigns to jail whomsoever it may please him to tax with crime;† or even incipient criminal intention, and no acquitted prisoner can be liberated but upon his warrant, which he may at all times withhold. He exercises, moreover, a special *surveillance* over the criminal judges, and with it a necessarily strong personal influence, much increased by the great patronage he enjoys, as the judges look forward to preferment through his recommendation.

In French law, the *action civile*, and the *action criminelle*, resulting from the same fact, are quite distinct, and the right of criminal prosecution is vested solely in the public prosecutor.‡ The person injured cannot arrest the action of the *Ministère public*, and if he join in such action, he can become a party, only so far as regards his civil interests; but he is bound to pay all the costs, should the accused be acquitted.

* *Code d'Instruction Criminelle*, 637.

† *Code d'Instruction Criminelle*, 47, authorizes the *Procureur du Roi* to accuse and incarcerate, no matter how he may have acquired his information. See, also, same code, 22, 27, 47, 249, 274, &c. &c. &c., relative to the functions of the *Ministère public*.

‡ *Code d'Instruction Criminelle*, 279.

§ Same code, 1, 3, and 4.

The formidable attributes of the *Ministère public* being, as we have already observed, unattended with responsibility, are the more dangerous, because every functionary invested with them, holds his appointment at the pleasure of the crown. Hence they become an engine of cruel oppression in the hands of a corrupt government. But the most common inducement to exercise them with undue, not to say unjust and inhuman severity, is one of personal interest—the hope of preferment to higher rank. The promotion of an officer of the *parquet*,* depends, after his subservience to the existing government, upon his skill in detecting the existence of crime, and his success in obtaining convictions where the justice of conviction is doubtful. To prove criminality without evidence, is a test of talent which leads to distinction and celebrity.

Neither is transcendent eloquence, nor forcible reasoning, a necessary concomitant of success in such cases. A plausible man, of very ordinary talents, may easily succeed in misleading an unsuspecting jury, because every thing connected with the administration of justice, in a French *Cour d'Assises*—nay, the very law itself—assists the public prosecutor in his attempt to maintain the truth of that which he knows to be false, or, to use a milder expression, in his endeavour to present as true that which he doubts. The criminal law of France is founded upon the doctrine of constructive crime, and the investigation made by a judge of instruction, instead of being confined to the proof of a specific charge, extends to the whole previous life of the person implicated; by which means a mass of facts, independent of each other, and presenting not in themselves a shadow of criminality, may be so connected and arranged as to form a specious semblance of guilt. It matters not whether these facts be brought to bear upon the identical imputation which gave rise to the proceedings, or upon any new charge, provided a crime of some sort be framed out of the materials collected; because the title of the accusation is not fixed until the instruction is terminated, and the party ready for trial.

The labours of the judge of instruction, selected in each case by the public prosecutor himself, depend, as to their duration, upon his mere will, or, perhaps, upon that of the *Ministère public*, to whom he is always obsequiously subservient. An incarceration of several years before trial is an event of common occurrence;‡ nor, after conviction, is this previous captivity, termed provisional, ever taken into account, much less is any indemnity obtained on acquittal. During the period of such punishment by anticipation, the

* Office assigned to the members of the *Ministère public*.

† There are twelve judges of instruction at Paris.

‡ M. Bourbon-Leblanc, a distinguished French Advocate, to whom Peyronnet, formerly Minister

judge of instruction may apply every species of torture short of the actual rack. Solitary confinement in a dark cell—long and harassing secret examinations—privations beyond those usually inflicted in prisons—all communication prevented with family and friends—beset by spies day and night, and every casual expression tortured into self-accusation;—such, and many others equally cruel, are the means resorted to by judges of instruction, and persevered in for years, in the hope of overcoming the patience of the accused, and inducing an avowal of what perhaps does not exist. "*Nemo tenetur se ipsum accusare*," is a maxim of our own law; so it is of the jurisprudence upon which the French pretend to have founded theirs; yet it is spurned in the practical criminal law of France, where so much importance is attached to an avowal or admission of crime on the part of the accused, that to obtain it every mean stratagem is employed.

The proceedings are carried on, in secrecy, under the direction of the public prosecutor, and the accused denied all access to them. The law even provides, that each witness summoned by a judge of instruction shall be heard, *out of the presence of the accused*, who is thus kept ignorant of the charges against him. In a word, the leading principle of the *Code d'Instruction Criminelle* seems to be, that the means of accusing and prosecuting shall be subject to no restraint, and those of defence confined to the narrowest possible compass.

The judge of instruction terminates his share of the prosecution by a report to the Chamber of Counsel, composed of five judges, over whom he himself presides. If the accused is to be discharged, there must be unanimity of opinion in this chamber, a single vote being sufficient to send him before the *Cour Royale*. Thus the opinion of the judge of instruction, when unfavourable to the prisoner, decides the point, and his report is always signed by the other judges, as a matter of course.

When the proceedings are transmitted to the Chamber of Accusation, which is a section of the *Cour Royale*, the accused is called upon to furnish, within five days, a written justification, without, however, being allowed to see the proceedings, or to know the specific charges against him. This is quite a mockery of justice, as likewise is the decision of this chamber, which is always given upon the report of one of its members delegated to ex-

amine the case. All the proceedings of the Chambers of Counsel and of Accusation are secret; and the secret deliberations of judges in France, are, to use the words of an eminent lawyer of that country "*des échanges d'égards et de procédés avec Monsieur le Procureur Général auxquelles on sacrifie impunément, dans le secret du conseil, l'honneur et le repos des familles.*"

The report of the judge of instruction, confirmed by the Chambers of Counsel and of Accusation, contains, in too many cases, broad allegations, unsupported by the slightest evidence; and to such an extent is this carried, not only in such report, but likewise in the *Procureur Général's* act of accusation, that facts are assumed, and false inferences drawn, for the mere purpose of presenting a case to the jury.* It may readily be imagined that such statements, coming, as they do, to the jury with all the weight of judicial authority, often make an undue impression upon the most impartial, and the honour, perhaps the life, of an innocent man may be sacrificed to the selfish ambition of the accusing magistrate.

By means such as we have described, the public prosecutor in France obtains a very powerful auxiliary to his personal talents. But this is not all. In a French *Cour d'Assises* there are no protecting rules of evidence; neither is there any humane participation by the presiding judge in the defence of the accused. The bench generally take a decided, and often disgraceful part, against the latter. Prior to the trial, they study the case from the materials collected by the judge of instruction; and it is notorious that their minds are made up upon the merits of the accusation, from these ex-parte materials, before the prisoner has had an opportunity of offering any defence. A general bias of the assize judges in France in favour of the prosecution arises from this vicious system; and the resuming or summing up of the evidence by the president has several times been noticed in the French legislature as an additional pleading against the accused, and, as such, subversive of the true ends of justice.

With regard to evidence, none is really required to convict. "The law," says the *Code d'Instruction Criminelle*, Art. 342, "does not inquire how, or by what means the jury have become convinced. It prescribes to them no rules by which they are to fix the plitude

* This may appear too highly coloured, but it is, nevertheless, literally true. The public prosecutor and the judge of instruction have, to use a French expression, "*la tête dans le même bonnet*;" and when an individual, however innocent, has been detained in prison twelve or eighteen months, these worthies will strain every nerve to get him condemned, in order to justify his previous detention. In 1828, Count Portalis, then Minister of Justice, stated in the Chamber of Deputies, that a prisoner was seldom detained more than twelve months without a trial, unless the *Ministère public* felt sure of getting him convicted!

or sufficiency of a cause. The only question is, have they an intimate conviction?" In short, the law authorizes their coming to a conclusion without any evidence whatever, and upon mere circumstantial inference. This is termed the *omnipotence* of the jury.

It cannot be denied that such a system is highly dangerous to public justice; for it actually breaks down the safety-barrier, with which the necessity of proving ought to surround and protect the accused, who is otherwise exposed to the errors and imperfections of human judgment, unbridled by those wise laws of evidence, which serve as a counterpoise to its fallacy. The French legislator has, either wilfully or inadvertently, laid down a wrong principle—having confounded intimate conviction with mere opinion formed on hypothetical reasoning. Conviction can proceed only from certainty, and certainty cannot exist where a doubt is possible. Intimate conviction of a physical fact can, therefore be obtained from physical proof alone. To be intimately convinced you must be as sure as if you had yourself seen or heard; and such actual certainty, if not the result of your own senses, must, by the evidence of other people's senses, be brought upon your mind in the same manner as your own seeing or hearing would do. This last kind of proof is that submitted to the jury in judicial trials; and in England, where its principles are so well understood, it is subjected to rules which, so far as human foresight can extend, have provided against every chance of error.

Certain it is, that where no evidence is required—where all the advantages belong to the prosecutor, and none to the accused—where the judges take a decided part against the latter, and *have the last word* against him—the jury may, in their pretended omnipotence, be inveigled into an act of injustice; but when a power above the law itself is applied by the presiding judge to any particular view of the case, which the ex-parte statements of the prosecution may have made him take, it becomes still more difficult for the prisoner to burst his toils; he must show innocence in a twenty-fold ratio ere he clear himself from imputation. This formidable power, termed *discretionary*, is given to the president by the *Code d'Instruction Criminelle*, Art. 268. Being undefined by the law, it is exercised to an unlimited extent. By it, the president is enabled to dispense with all protecting forms of law, and actually to set aside the solemn judgments of his own court, in which he has concurred as president, but whose effect he paralyzes, *en vertu de son pouvoir discretionnaire*.* Added to this, is the

faculty, which the law ascribes to the presiding judge, of wording the questions put to the jury; and this is sometimes done so artfully as to produce conviction where acquittal was evidently intended.

During the reign of Napoleon, the operation of these laws was comparatively mild, because their most oppressive enactments, being principally applied to political offences, were not accompanied by that reckless thirst for condemnation, which has so disgraced the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. Since the restoration of the Bourbons this code has been applied to party feuds, prostituted to private malice and revenge, and made a stepping-stone to ambition. The *Ministère Public*, has actually revelled in the wantonness of his uncontrolled authority; the most delicate family secrets have been cruelly forced upon the notice of the public—the venial faults of youthful indiscretion, long ago forgiven and forgotten, have been revived and magnified into heinous offences: in short, the honour and peace of families have been, and are still, at the absolute discretion of men who ought to be made personally responsible for the exercise of a dangerous and unconstitutional power, which they are too much inclined to misuse.

It might have been expected that the revolution of 1830,* would have put an end to a system so contrary to its principles. M. Barthe, the present minister of justice, and his predecessor, M. Mérilhou, have both oftentimes admitted the discrepancy between the *Code d'Instruction Criminelle*, and a constitutional government. Nevertheless, this code has been suffered to remain, in all its native deformity, as an appendage to constitutional freedom, whose exuberance it is, no doubt, intended to check. The only improvement in the criminal laws, which the Perier administration has deemed expedient, is a partial revision of the penal code, whose operation is merely dependent upon that of which we have endeavoured to point out some of the defects. Casimir Perier comprehends not the wants of his country—he misunderstands the revolution of 1830, which he would fain degrade to a modified restoration of the Bourbons; and he, perhaps, finds use for such an engine as the *Code d'Instruction Criminelle*, whenever he would smother the cry of popular discontent. How much longer a system so hostile to the institutions of a free people may be tolerated, is beyond the scan of human foresight; but from the manner in which it bears upon the French community, they who sanction its oppressive operation may perchance in the end, "draw the string a little too tight."

* A disgraceful instance of this occurred in 1830, at the *Cour d'Assises* of the *Département du Lot*. It is recorded in the "*Gazette de Tribunaux*," and also, with severe comments, in the "*Censeur Judiciaire*." Our limits prevent our giving the particulars of the case.

* When order was restored after this revolution, M. Bernard de Rennes accepted the office of *Procureur General* at Paris, and M. Barthe that of *Procureur du Roi*. But these distinguished individuals soon discovered that such offices were not in unison with their high-minded notions of honour and delicacy, and they retained them only a few weeks.

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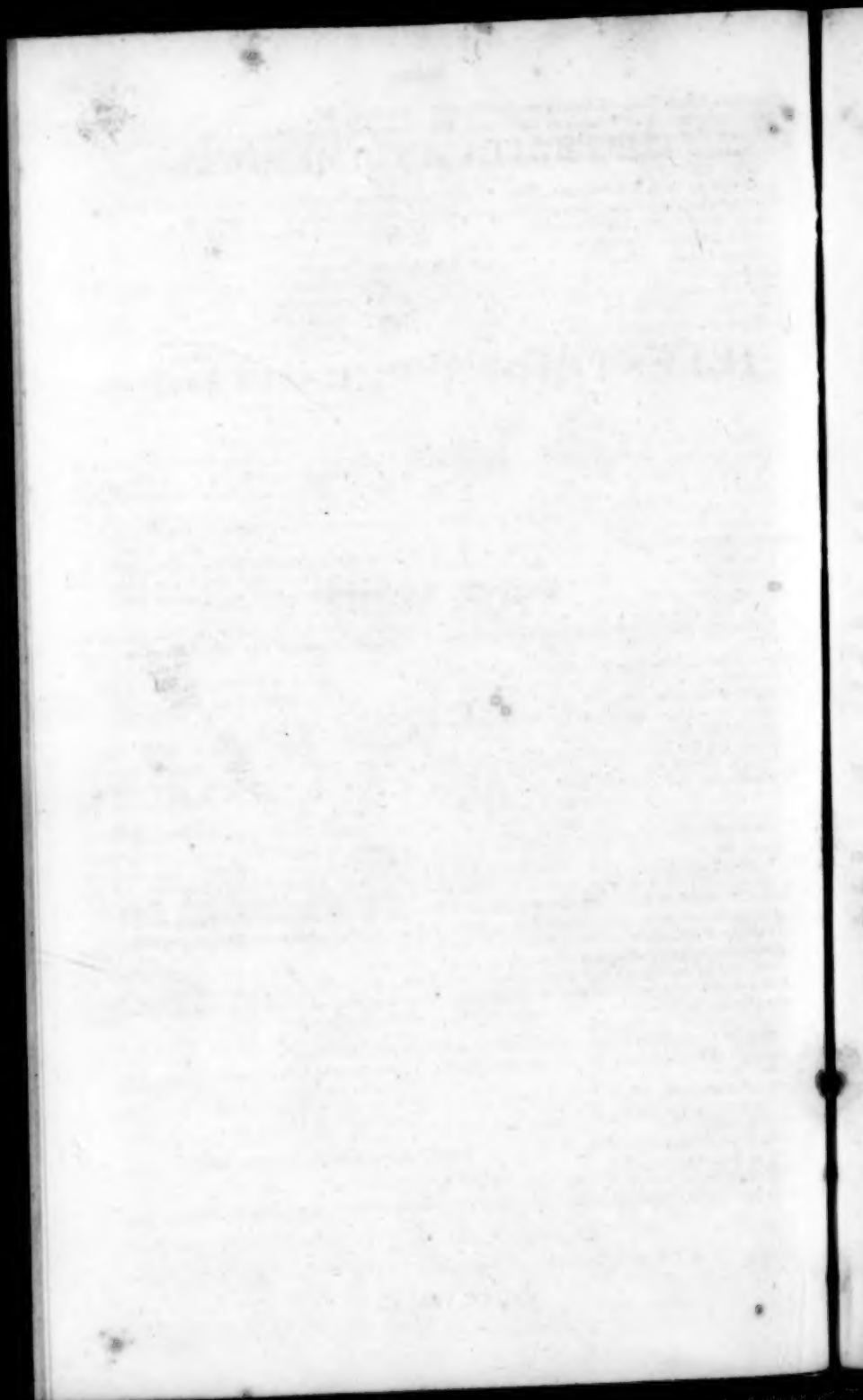
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These testimonials of the value of the Work itself it would be waste of time to amplify; but the universal favour with which it has been received, induces the Publishers to add the following reports which appeared in the Public Journals.

FROM THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

"THE title of the work sufficiently indicates its plan, which is, to give an exact copy of the portraits of the most illustrious personages of British History, engraved with the strictest attention to excellence of execution and faithfulness of similitude, from the finest and most authentic pictures which are extant of them. To obtain this distinction, one course alone seems to be adopted throughout; for, as portraits of the illustrious personages of our country have in general descended with titles and estates to their posterity, and are consequently to be found principally in the galleries of the ancient nobility, or in the national collections, we find every portrait to have been executed from authorities of this nature, which are at once sources of the highest authenticity, and productions of the most exquisite art. Thus we perceive portraits of the Howards to have been contributed from the Norfolk Gallery; those of the Russells by the Duke of Bedford; those of the Hamiltons, whose loyalty so long upheld the royal cause in Scotland at the period of the Rebellion, from the palace of their noble descendant, at Hamilton; and of the Historian of this turbulent period, and companion in exile of our second Charles, from the collection of his descendant, the present Earl of Clarendon. The Episcopal Palace of Lambeth and the British Museum have contributed portraits of three of the most distinguished primates that ever upheld the Protestant faith—Archbishops Warham, Cranmer, and Laud. From Oxford we find portraits of Thomas Bodley and Cardinal Wolsey, engraved from the original pictures, which are preserved in the magnificent establishments of which they were the respective founders. In short, this work is a costly proof of the extent to which private enterprise may be carried in this country, when it depends upon, and is deserving of, public patronage for support; for the most valuable collections of pictures throughout the empire appear to have been visited, and thence the portraits of illustrious characters have been selected for the enrichment of this gallery of British worthies.

"It is but justice to state, that all the impression which could be anticipated from an admirable union of literary biography and engraved portrait has been achieved to the full extent of the author's promise. He has, indeed, acquitted himself most ably and satisfactorily in both branches; and we are sure it will be felt that his exertions have raised a splendid monument to de-

parted greatness—a tribute to the dead, a stimulus to the living, and an honour to the arts of England.

"We have perused the biographies with as much interest as we have looked at the plates with admiration; and we know not when we have experienced a stronger influence than their combination has exercised over our minds.

"We were much gratified the other day with a view of the beautiful gallery of portraits of the most illustrious personages of English history. It is impossible to conceive an exhibition more powerfully interesting to all the dignified and intellectual branches of the community. To the man of rank it is interesting, as illustrative of the numerous and intricate connexions existing among all the noble families in the country; to the man of letters it is interesting, as tending to elucidate and even to review his acquisitions of historical knowledge; to the man of taste it is interesting, as presenting an assemblage of characteristic portraits, many of them from the pencil of distinguished artists, and diversified by all the varieties of costume which belonged to the periods at which the originals respectively flourished. The ambitious, the philosophical, the brave, the compassionate, the learned, the witty, the loyal, the patriotic, may all here find appropriate subjects of contemplation; and with reference to the youthful mind especially, it is not indulging too much in fancy to say, that in this gallery emotions may be excited which may have an extraordinary influence on the future destinies of those by whom they are experienced."

FROM THE TIMES.

"ALL the subjects represent illustrious personages, connected with the History of Great Britain; and it is impossible, in our opinion, to imagine a collection more interesting in an historical point of view. It presents at once to the eyes of the spectator, those great men whose names are as 'familiar as household words' to every one who thinks as he ought of the past glories of his country. The champions of liberty, men whose intellectual brilliancy shed a light upon times which, without them, would have been dark indeed,—warriors and sages, whose memory is associated with all that is dearest and most glorious to Englishmen, and whose example marked out the path by which freedom might be won, and the means by which it might be kept,—the embodied principles by which Britain has been made that which, until their names are forgotten, she will ever continue to be. The importance and interest of such a collection are obvious. It is true, that the brilliant events of history, and the endearing inferences which are drawn from them, would not cease to influence the minds and conduct of men, even if no such memorials as these existed; but it is a high gratification to that natural and noble curiosity which is universally felt, to know the figure and mode of such personages, to have their 'complements externe' before our eyes. Of a collection so extensive, we can give, in a cursory description only, an adequate idea. To be properly appreciated it must be seen, and seen more than once.

The proprietors intend to re-engrave all these portraits, (the original plates belonging to Mr. Lodge's work, for which they were made, having been destroyed,*) and to publish them in such a shape as may make them as

* The publication here referred to was the first edition of this Work, in folio, which being necessarily brought out at a price extending to nearly TWO HUNDRED GUINEAS, excluded it from the attainment of all but the inheritors of the most princely fortunes, and led the way to the present republication of it, like the Waverley Novels, in cheap Monthly Numbers.

universally accessible as they deserve to be. It is intended also to continue the series, and to bring them down to the present period. This design, when carried into effect, will have furnished the history of England with such a Series of Illustrations as no other country can compare with, and the art of historical engraving, already carried very high among us, will have received additional glory.

"The drawings commence from the earliest period at which portrait painting was known in this country, and are continued down to a very recent period. They comprise the most illustrious of the persons who have figured in English history, and their interest is in a very great degree increased by the recent addition which the proprietors have made to them of some portraits of persons connected more immediately with our own times, and with events which even now influence this nation's interest.

"It is hardly possible to praise as highly as it deserves the spirited design which has now not only been brought to a conclusion, but which has had the rare good fortune of meeting with the encouragement and reward to which it is so well entitled. The labour and expense of the undertaking may be conceived, from the fact of the originals from which those drawings have been made lying scattered all over the kingdom. Its value as a national work, presenting at one view the series of those personages who most adorn or characterize this country in its most interesting periods, is obvious; and the execution of the drawings is in all respects worthy of the subjects. As a mere exhibition, it is one of extraordinary merit and interest; with reference to the work with which it is connected, it is an honour to the country in which it is produced.

"Of the literary merit of the work, so much has been said, and so deservedly, that it is almost superfluous to add one word here. The united testimony of the most celebrated authors of our times has awarded to Mr. Lodge the praise of being a most elaborate, learned, and judicious antiquary, and he has bestowed the best talents he possesses on the work in question. The credit of having made it accessible to the general public, and, by the moderateness of its price, of having placed it within the reach of every one who is interested—(and who is not?)—in the history of his own country, belongs to the spirited publishers of this work, which in its origin must have been most costly and laborious; and we are sincerely glad to find that in the present instance the encouragement which they deserve has attended, and is attending, their undertaking."

FROM THE ATHENEUM.

"THE object of forming this collection was to have the pictures engraved for a work in which the portraits were to be accompanied with Memoirs by Edmund Lodge, Esq., Norroy King of Arms,—and a more interesting purpose could not be named. This object was answered by the publication of such a work, in a succession of folio parts, the whole cost of which, when completed, would amount to nearly 200*l.* sterling, which, of course, placed it out of the reach of all but the very wealthy. As, however, there must be hundreds in the well-educated classes, to whom the same work, in a less expensive form, would be most acceptable, it has been determined to re-engrave the whole series for the purpose of publishing a similar work in *monthly numbers*, and at less expense, so as to bring it within the reach of all classes."

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